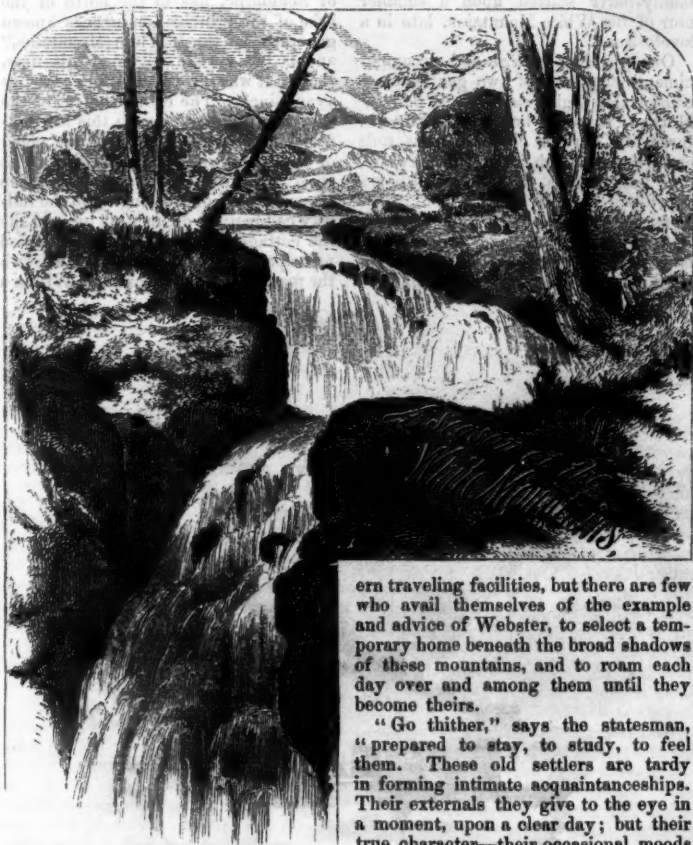
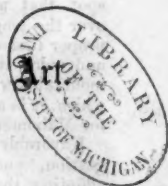


*Putnam's magazine*

## PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

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ern traveling facilities, but there are few who avail themselves of the example and advice of Webster, to select a temporary home beneath the broad shadows of these mountains, and to roam each day over and among them until they become theirs.

"Go thither," says the statesman, "prepared to stay, to study, to feel them. These old settlers are tardy in forming intimate acquaintanceships. Their externals they give to the eye in a moment, upon a clear day; but their true character—their occasional moods of superior majesty—all that makes them a real refreshment, a force, a joy for the rest of your years—they show only to the calmer eye—only to him who waits sufficiently long to unthink his city habits, and bide their time.

**T**HE casual visitor, who whirls to and over the White Hills of New Hampshire, is amazed and gratified with the solid grandeur and the varied beauty of the scenes through which he may be borne, even with the hot haste of mod-

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Expend the same money at some one spot, that might otherwise be spread over the lengthened journey; take the proper times for driving out to examine and enjoy the best positions; and the mountains will certainly come to you—which, it is averred, they declined to do for Mahomet."

Favorably impressed with the suggestion, and with the intention of adopting the spirit of this apparently very appropriate counsel, our little family-party started upon a summer tour of the White Mountains, late in a lovely June.

Our traveling *cortège* and accompaniments consisted of two gentlemen, a comfortable light carriage, a pair of Morgan boys, a brace of Mantons, three of Conroy's choicest trout rods and gear, a sketch-book, two servants, nine huge trunks, as many band-boxes (confound them!), two hampers of St. Perey, and—three ladies.

After leaving the pretty city of Portland, Me., the size of the villages northward perceptibly grows smaller, and the

population more sparse, as you proceed towards Island Pond—the town of Gorham, N. H., being the point, on the way thither, at which pleasure-seekers "do mostly congregate" in the summer season, and whence the pilgrim on his journey to Mounts Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Moriah, commences his toilsome but romantic and exhilarating march upward.

The present town of Gorham, which, until within a few years, formed a part of Shelburne, lies to the north of the base of the principal eminences known generally as the "White Mountains," and is but a rude village at this time, though it was incorporated some twenty years since. The establishment of the railroad (running through this town directly to Montreal) has had the effect of building it up, somewhat; though its chief features, now, are the Alpine House, a fine hotel belonging to the railway company, a *dépôt* near by, and the few cottage dwellings around, occupied principally by persons connected with the road, in that neighborhood. Within a



few years, great numbers of travelers select this route to the mountains; and, in the vicinity of Gorham—that is to say, within easy carriage-drives, over very excellent roads—are located some of the loveliest spots in that lovely country surrounding the granite monarchs of northern New England.

Mount Moriah lies upon the edge of Shelburne—the town adjoining Gorham—and, from which, the latter-named place is but a “set-off.” Near the centre of Shelburne, and within pleasant driving distance of the “Alpine,” may be seen a curious precipice, or ledge of rock, rising from its base to a height of some seventy feet—in an angle of fifty degrees—called “Moses’ Ledge.” It is told that this cliff received its name from the fact that, during an early survey of the town, the authorities offered to bestow the best lot of land in the precinct to the man who could readily climb to the top of this rock. A person by the name of *Moses Ingalls* removed his boots, and scrambled up to the crown of the ledge, amid the cheers of the surveying party—and hence its cognomen.

A drive over a very fair road to the northwest, from the “Alpine,” distant some seven miles, brings you to another locality of much interest—Berlin Falls.

This charming spot is now resorted to by hosts of travelers, who cannot fail to admire the wild and magnificent scenery which surrounds this madly-driven torrent, as it rushes, with tremendous force, through the gulch that forms its craggy, bouldered bed. It is called *Berlin Falls*—but the writer considers this a misnomer.

The sketch here presented is an accurate view, taken in the month of July, at a point below the bridge which has been thrown across the torrent. From a distance above the bridge, the river comes tumbling down, over a rugged bed of huge rocks, the descent, for several rods, being sharp and rapid; but not presenting what is generally understood by the abrupt term of a “fall” of water. Rapids, or torrent, would decidedly be more appropriate to this locality, although the fall of the waters—for a distance of some hundred rods in



the immediate vicinity of the bridge—is very considerable, yet comparatively gradual. And still, but few spots in the whole tour of the White Mountain region strikes the beholder with deeper awe than this wonderful leaping of flood over its cragged bed of boulders, clefts, and time-worn rocks.

Returning by the carriage road from Berlin Falls, or Berlin cataract (as the reader pleases), we passed, or halted to examine, many beautiful streams that gushed from the mountain ridges, along the right or left, and saw three or four miniature cascades that the ladies greatly admired. As we turned an angle in the road, we came in view of the river again, a mile or more below the bridge. The current set rapidly around this point, and one of the young ladies suddenly descried a paddle whirling in the eddy, near the shore. This little incident suggested inquiry among our fair companions, and our guide—an old mountaineer—related the following, in reply to the question, where this isolated oar could have come from:

"I can't say, mum, whar *that* oar 'rig'nated; but I can tell you 'bout another that was found here, in the 'Scoggin; and how it came round that a beautiful young lady 'tempted to do a man's work, and—and missed of it, mum."

"O, delightful!" responded the ladies, instanter. "Pray, let's have the story. Do—Mr. Guide."

"Well, mum; it was all for love—"

"So much the better," rejoined the ladies, "and you shall hear."

"So much the wuss, mum, I think, for *her*," said the guide, gravely.

"But, how's ever, you shall hear."

"It was on one o' them awful nights that we have here in the mountains, sometimes; dark, and stormy, and fearful to witness—to say nothing of bein' caught out in it—that this young woman undertook to run away from her father's house, and 'lope with a Canadian that her parents didn't fancy."

"He was on the other side of this river—just below the falls—waiting for her. They had 'ranged to meet there, privately, on this particular night, you see—and they hadn't calculated on any postponement on account o' the weather, you understand. She was to cross over, in her father's boat, and he had horses ready on t'other side—just yonder, for instance—for both of them; by which means they expected to escape, and afterwards were to be married."

"Well; he came, and she came. He lit a signal on t'other side of the river. As I told you before, it was a man's work—yes, mum, and more—to paddle a boat 'cross the roarin' stream that night, amidst the 'white caps.' But, you see, mum, the young woman was in love; and so she was bound to risk it. She saw the fire-light, and, as her heart jumped into her beautiful throat, she jumped into the canoe-boat, and pushed out for the opposite shore, where her Canadian lover waited her."

"A brave girl she was, too!" exclaimed the ladies.

"Yes, mum; but disobeyed 'ent, you see. Her father was a keen old mountaineer, and lov'd her. Well, he kep' a sharp watch over her movements, and suddenly missed her that night. He 'spected that somethin' was a goin' on, and he happened to run out to the river—'cause he'd got an idee runnin' in his head that his daughter *might* commit suicide, you see; 'cause she'd been wild-like, and unmanageable, for some

time—and the first thing he see was the gal in the boat out on the river!"

"And what did he do?" anxiously inquired the company of listeners.

"Do? Why he yelled to her to come back, o' course. But she looked over to t'other side, and the other fellow told her to come across—to have courage—and all that sort o' thing. But, she was a poor creetur, any how," continued the guide, sympathetically, "she couldn't do n'ither one thing or t'other! Her boat whirled round an' round—veered off into the mad current—shot down stream with the rush of waters—struck a boulder—and went over and over before the wind and storm!"

"And what became of the young lady?"

"Drowned, of course—drowned, mum," said the guide softly. "Next day, in one of the eddies, just like this, the paddle was found, and the boat was got five miles below here, badly stove up. The young woman was never heard of a'gin. It was a awful storm, mum—certain!"

A sigh escaped the lady-listeners to this pathetic "tale of the Andros-coggin," as the party entered the carriage once more, and turned toward the Alpine House.

A week after our arrival at Gorham, Mr. Greene proposed that our fishing-gear should be brought into requisition; and after divers and sundry unsuccessful efforts, on the part of this gentleman, to "show us how to kill trout," we chanced one morning to meet with Tom Barnett, a fisherman of the old school, who had been bred at the mountains, and who knew where the speckled dainties dwelt—ay, every spring and brook and hummock they inhabited—throughout the entire trouting country.

Tom is a crude specimen of the *genus homo*, but a good-hearted, common-sense fellow, whom everybody learns to like. We chanced upon him as he returned from a fishing trip, with a noble string of sparklers in his hands, and we at once inquired where he obtained them. And he replied, good-naturedly, "over there."

"Over there" might seem to Tom Barnett very clear and intelligible; but, to Mr. Greene, the locality named was altogether unsatisfactory, and the term appeared very inexpressive!

"How long have you been out?" insisted Mr. Greene.



"Three days," said Tom.

"Three days!" exclaimed Mr. G.

"How far away?" I inquired.

"Two-and-twenty miles," rejoined Tom. "Capital sport, too. Sixty-five trout—weigh five-and-forty pound's. One day's fishing—one day out, and one back."

The results of Tom's excursion were quickly disposed of, at the hotel, and Mr. Greene directly entered into negotiations with the roughly-attired stranger, in reference to another trip.

Tom Barnett sported a hat that, at some remotely anterior period, might have been of beaver, but most probably it was a Kossuth, originally. It had long since seen its best days—though



Tom declared that it was a most excellent arrangement still—inasmuch as all the water that came in through its dilapidated top ran off through the long-time parted seams that gaped at the rim. His coat (originally a *paletot*) was a "pelter," (so he called it) of English pilot cloth, and evidently had weathered many a harsh and driving storm, with good-natured Tom inside of it. His boots were of heavy cow's hide, his

pants of leather, his shirt of buck-skin. His beard and hair were worn *au naturel*, and covered his face almost entirely. He carried an old hog-skin portmanteau, upon all his excursions; and a large double-barreled pistol in his girdle—to defend himself against bears and other "varmint," as he wandered about—completed the costume of this "original."

Tom's fishing-rod was always cut from the nearest sapling upon the ground. For bait, he usually shot a partridge en route to his favorite pond or stream. His manner was rude, and his *tout ensemble* forbidding to strangers, yet his disposition was kindly in the extreme; and, though he knew little of the courtesies of civilized life, he was,

certainly, in his own way, "a trump"—as brave as a lion, and as hardy and reliable as he was brave. Tom had been reared in the mountain forests. Stalwart in form, and possessed of an iron will, as well as sinews, he felt himself, single handed, a match for the biggest b'ar in Hampshire, and feared neither hardship, weather, beast, nor "human."

My youthful friend, Mr. Greene, as has been hinted, was resolved upon a fishing excursion. He listened to Tom Barnett's stories of the fabulous numbers of trout he had killed at different times, and arranged with the veteran angler to accompany him, next day, upon "a little jaunt" into the forest—a "pleasant walk," as Tom termed the prospective trip—where the sport would be "extra'onnery fine."

When Mr. G. made his appearance upon the hotel piazza, the next morning, he certainly was a model of a trouterman. His delicate silver-tipt Conroy rod was of the latest pattern; his snugly fitting fishing-frock was a triumph; his pants, and boots, and gauntlets were unimpeachable; his chapeau sat light and jauntily upon his handsome forehead; his creel was ample in length and breadth; his *impériale* was faultless; and, altogether, he looked remarkably



"foine," and well put up. Indeed, Tom Barnett himself, when he saw him in readiness to start, with a curl on his lip pronounced him a "nat'ral curiosity."

The fishing-party, of three, took the up-train of cars, at nine A.M., and, after a ride of some fourteen miles, were set down by the roadside. Tom, with his portmanteau and double-barreled pistol; Mr. Greene, with his fashionable traps and "regimentals;" and his friend, with a well-filled cigar-case, matches, and sketch-book. Crossing a narrow strip of meadow, Tom plunged at once into the forest beyond—flanked by his favorite dog—and bade us follow.

The thick underbrush and briars we encountered at every step, rendered our passage exceedingly difficult, though Tom thrust his way along with such strides as compelled him, at every turn, to halt for us to come up. Greene's twenty-dollar rod had been ruined, at the outset, by contact with the scraggy bushes through which we had been forced, and he panted and blowed like an over-driven horse, at the end of the first half mile.

"How far is it, Tom?" he asked, out of breath.

"How fur is *what*?" rejoined Tom.

"How far to the pond?"

"Seven mile," replied Barnett. "Come along."

At the end of the third mile, which we made after two hours hard scrabbling, and wearisome toil with hands and feet, Mr. Greene avowed his utter inability to proceed further, and sunk down, disheartened and absolutely "used up" with his exertions.

The dense mass of brush and bushes that were here matted together, and which completely covered the ground the whole distance we traveled, rendered the walking exceedingly laborious, not to speak of the incessant entanglement to which our limbs were subjected, at every other moment, and out of which we were obliged to draw our feet by main strength, at times. The atmosphere

was heated, too, the weather being quite too warm for comfort, without exertion; and the small trees and numberless saplings were so closely and intimately interwoven one with another that, but for the fact that Barnett led and beat down the way for us, to a considerable extent, we should have found it impossible to proceed at all.

Occasionally, the trunk of some huge tree, that had fallen in the forest, would obstruct the passage obstinately; and, in one instance, Mr. Greene well nigh "yielded up the ghost" as he met with, and became entangled beside, a monstrous log, which he finally crossed, after the severest struggle, amid the painful scarifying of his face and limbs, and the destruction of his coat and hat and nether garments.

I halloosed for Tom, who was considerably in advance of us, who put about and returned.

"Anything happened?" he asked, as he reached the spot where I was resting.

Mr. Greene having come up, now animadverted rather fervently against scrub-forests in general, and in reference



to this one in particular, and informed Mr. Barnett that he could proceed no further; but requested to be "shown out" of that "infernal entanglement" forthwith.

Tom smiled, uttered some words of encouragement, averred that there were a million trout within three miles' distance, that this sort of traveling was "mere fun," and we at length moved slowly forward once more.

We proceeded sluggishly, through the tangled briars and dense woods, another mile, when we were forced to halt again—and recalling our guide, we sat down to rest a second time—Mr. Greene protesting against this sort of "fishing-excursion" in most emphatic language, and positively declaring that on no consideration whatever could he now be dissuaded from taking the "back

track," as soon as he was able to walk.

"It's near five mile to the rail," said Tom Barnett, quietly, "an' it's on'y two an' a half to the fishing-ground, young gentleman. Better go for'ard, after you've rested a wile—hadn't you? Besides, it 'll be night afore we git there, sartin'. An' we must git out o' these woods, sure, afore it's dark."

"Why?" exclaimed Mr. Greene, suddenly.

"Oh, nothin'," said Tom. "Nothin' in partic'lar. But sometimes there's b'ars round, after dark."

"Not here, Tom," said Greene, earnestly.

"No, not here 'specially, but in the woods, you know. That's whar the b'ars live gen'ally."

"But you are not afraid of bears,

Tom, are you?" insisted Mr. Greene, feelingly.

"No, I am not. But they are uncomfortable customers to young gentlemen who arn't 'quainted with their ways, you see."

This kind of inuendo had the desired effect, and Tom had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Greene "upon his taps" once more, an hour later. We trudged on through the compact woods again, and, some time before sunset, the trout-ing ground hove in sight, to the north of our starting point.

"Here we ar', boys!" cried Tom, exultingly; "an' now for a sit-down. Strike a light; let's have a fire at the clearing yonder, and then a pipe and a quiet snooze till daybreak."

All this was accomplished in a brief space of time—that is, the light, the

who accompanied us from Gorham, was heard in the thicket near by, yelling most frantically.

Tom sprang to his feet in an instant, suspecting what might be the cause of the sudden disturbance; and, examining the cones of his pistol hastily, plunged aside into the wood.

It seemed the work of but a single moment of time. Tom made for the spot where the dog was barking so furiously, and there he found Pompey, yelling at a bear, that stood wedged stern-wise between the boll of a large prostrate tree and a huge rock, which formed an angle, and into which the beast had backed away when the dog discovered him. As Tom reached the side of the fallen tree-trunk, pistol in hand, he saw the condition of affairs, and, without an instant's hesitation, he "let fly"



fire, and the pipe being quickly got ready—and we were just about to commence the quiet sit-down, when the dog "Pompey," who had followed Barnett in many a rough ramble before, and

the contents of one barrel directly, into Bruin's face and open mouth.

The slugs penetrated the animal's brain, and he rolled over upon the ground, as Barnett quickly sprang for-

ward and delivered the contents of the second barrel promptly into the brute's right ear, thus finishing his business effectually, just as Mr. Greene and his companion reached the scene of the *rencontre*—the former demanding vociferously, but nervously, "What's the row, Barnett?" as they came up. Upon seeing a very respectable sized bear at Tom's feet, in its final death struggles, Mr. G. was unfeignedly astonished, and at once declared that the prospect for a quiet night *en bivouac* was, in his opinion, a decidedly dubious proposition.

The carcass of this bear weighed full two hundred pounds. Barnett proceeded to cut the monster's throat immediately, and subsequently secured his skin and claws, which was all the weight he could carry home conveniently. Then,

having quieted Mr. Greene with the assurance that the lightning didn't often strike twice in the same spot, and that it was quite as uncommon an occurrence to find two bears in one place on the same night, we all returned to the edge of the little lake, which was destined to be the scene of our piscatorial efforts on the morrow, and replenished our fire just as the sun's final glimmer was paling away beyond the rose-tipt crowns of the distant western hills.

The evening was not cold, but a chill was on the air, such as we were unused to in July—for it had now got to be near the "Fourth"—and we had originally determined to pass the anniversary of American independence upon the top of Mount Washington, if possible. The atmosphere was clear, however, and dry,





and in our location there was no wind stirring. Notwithstanding this, the warmth and the light of our camp-fire were both acceptable to our bodily comfort, and cheerful to our spirits; and, whatever were Mr. Greene's other shortcomings, on this occasion he is entitled to the credit of having kept up a most excellent fire, an incessant burning, brilliant and glowing, from sunset to day-break.

As soon as it was thoroughly dark, we found ourselves in front of the cheering blaze, each enjoying his own thoughts, and thankful for the opportunity to rest and recuperate a little, preparatory to the succeeding day's business.

Tom Barnett busied himself with roasting a slice of bear-steak, artistically cut from the haunch of the recently slaughtered Bruin. This delectable tit-bit was selected from the upper round of the haunch, and was cut about an inch and a half in thickness. Thrust-a white-oak sapling through its edge, Tom squatted before the bright fire, and roasted his precious morsel "to a turn." The unctuous juices spirted in the blaze, and Pompey watched proceedings with interest and an anxious eye. The dog had eaten nothing since morning. His master and companions had fared much better than this.

The artist, seated upon a stone near by, enjoyed a whiff at Barnett's pipe during the process of cooking supper; while Mr. Greene, disconsolate and greatly fatigued, indulged in another Havana, as he sat moodily gazing alternately into the camp-fire, or out upon the darkness, calculating the chances of being devoured by bears before morning, perhaps, or dying with over exertion in prospective.

We gathered around the savory meal, at length, and did ample justice to the supper provided so acceptably by our admirable *cuisine de montagne*. Tom gorged himself. I say it, with no disposition to defame that worthy voyageur, but if he eat an ounce, he devoured fully two pounds of that bear—the gourmand! And, ten minutes afterward, he lay at full length, with his huge cow-hides to the fire, snoring like a Dutch trooper.

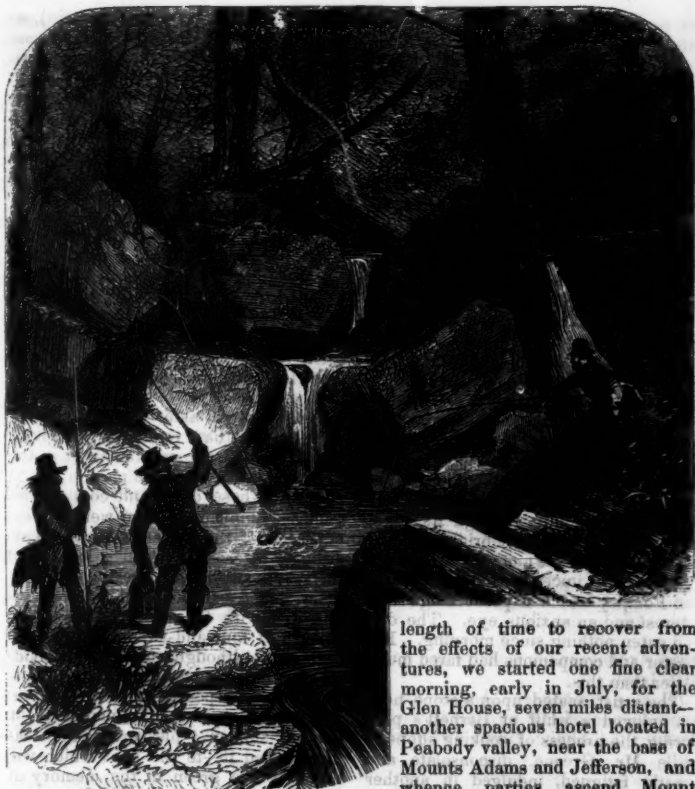
The spot chosen by our piscatorial conductor for the next day's sport was called "Round Pond"—a local name, only—distant about twenty-one miles from Gorham Centre. It was one of

the loveliest little lakes imaginable, and proved to be well stocked with fine large trout—much larger, in the average, than any that are obtained in the frequented mountain streams. We returned to our camp-ground at three o'clock, with about eighty-five fish, seven out of every ten of which were taken by Tom Barnett, at any rate.

I hastily made the following sketch of Round Pond and its pretty vicinity. Why it was called "round" I did not learn, as its only rotundity existed in the semi-circular pool that was formed at the foot of the little torrent which gushed from the hills beyond it, and emptied its sparkling waters into the basin from which our fish were taken. The lake itself covered a considerable expanse, and was fringed with masses of birch, alder, and scrub-oaks, peculiar to that region. Numerous "well-holes" of considerable depth were accessible from the margin of the pond, in whose clear and cool waters immense numbers of trout were secreted—some of them, Tom said, of extraordinary size. The pond is located in the very heart of the forest, and is but little visited except by those well acquainted with the country there. A sojourn of four-and-twenty hours upon its banks—although we secured a goodly quantity of superb trout meantime—did not so prepossess me in its favor, however, that I shall be ambitious of another similar "pleasure jaunt"—as Tom called it—to the spot which will certainly live green in the memory of my companion and myself for a long season to come.

We "struck our tent" at four, and pressed our way through the woods to the southwestward. Weary and worn out with his two days' exertion, Mr. Greene declared that the excursion was anything but "funny;" and, if ever he were again deluded into the attempt to follow Tom Barnett upon a similar trip, he might "write him down an ass," and he would enter into contract not to resent or deny the imputation!

By the time we had got through the last stretch of woods—which embraced a mile of the vilest of briery underwood and tangled scrubs—Mr. Greene was a mass of shreds and tatters. With a badly crushed hat, and broken spirits, he emerged from the forest. His coat and pants were nearly torn from his body, his creel was shattered, his boots



were broken from the soles, and altogether he was especially woe-begone, and generally "wrecked."

"You call this *sport*—do you, Mr. Barnett?" said Greene, at last, sulkily.

"Capit!!" said Tom, holding up his bear-skin, and pointing to his trout—"capit!e, to be sure. Don't you?"

"No, sir," responded Mr. Greene, firmly. "It's an infernal imposition, sir. And when you catch me venturing upon a similar undertaking, Mr. Barnett—just tell me of it—that's all!"

We reached the hotel, at length, in safety, however, and Mr. Greene's passion for trout-fishing was satiated for the present. We heard nothing further from him in reference to his qualifications (or his exploits) with the rod!

Having tarried at and enjoyed the hospitalities of the "Alpine" a sufficient

length of time to recover from the effects of our recent adventures, we started one fine clear morning, early in July, for the Glen House, seven miles distant—another spacious hotel located in Peabody valley, near the base of Mounts Adams and Jefferson, and whence parties ascend Mount Washington, who approach from the northerly side.

This house is built upon what was formerly known as Bellows' Clearing—a gentleman by that name, from Vermont, having been the pioneer there. The present hotel is of ample dimensions, modern in style, and is well conducted. From the balcony of the Glen House may be had a superior view of two of the three highest peaks of the White Mountain range—Mount Adams and Mount Jefferson standing in front of the house, in all their sombre grandeur; the one conical, in a measure, and the other of an oblong rotundity, at the apex. Far away beyond, to the left of these, and "towering to the skies," looms up Mount Washington—the hoary-headed patriarch of the group, whose bald and storm-beaten crown is elevated more



than six thousand feet above the Atlantic's level.

Having preengaged horses for the convenience of our own party, before leaving the Alpine House with which

to ascend the mountain), we were greatly at our ease upon this somewhat important point before arriving at the Glen—my agreeable traveling companion, Mr. Greene, consoling himself and us frequently, *en route*, with the assurance that, at all events, we should be "well mounted."

"I have been there," remarked Mr. Greene, complacently.

"Indeed?" exclaimed Miss Georgette, "I am so glad, dear Mr. Greene; and you are always so thoughtful, too."

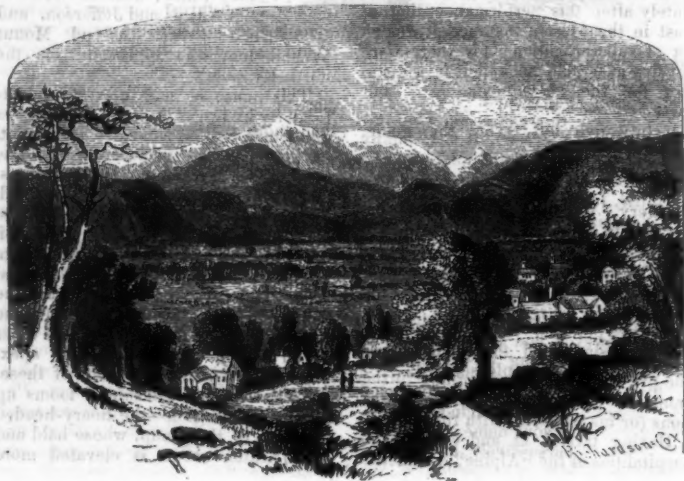
"But, Greene"—I suggested, with some surprise, "this is news. I thought you were a stranger in this region."

"In general terms," said my friend. "I spoke in a general way, only. I have traveled, in my day, you know."

"Then you *haven't* been there?" I insisted, inquiringly.

"No," said Greene. "That is, not exactly *there*. But I 'have bin there,' in the common acceptance of this term, nevertheless," persisted Mr. Greene.

"The sentiment is a vulgarism, Mr.



Greene," I added. "And, though you may have 'traveled,' you 'have yet a good deal to learn.'"

"Yes, I see," continued my friend, coolly.

At this point in the conversation, we reached the Glen House stables, where we ascertained, a few minutes subsequently, that parties to the number of over forty-five had accomplished exactly what the enterprising Mr. Greene had done, but some time in advance of him, however. The agreeable feature, therefore, in this preparatory arrangement, (which had been so confidently and so dexterously effected by my friend) was that, in our case, the animals thus "bespoken" by our accomplished cicerone were the very *last* that were engaged. Our party, with Mr. Greene at its head, were in consequence supplied, without delay, with Hobson's choice. Mr. Greene had "been there," perhaps, —but not in this precise spot!

Immediately on leaving the carriage, Greene (who *had* traveled, in his time) made himself agreeable among the ostlers and guides congregated there, and who were awaiting the arrival of our party at the "Glen;" it being desirable, ordinarily, that as many visitors as is convenient may ascend the mountain together. Mr. Greene, having distributed, with unsparing hand, among the crowd, the fees which he contended was one of the first of considerations with "traveled" persons, learned immediately after this performance, that, at least in the present instance, it was an act of supererogation; for there were but five miserable hacks left in the stables for the accommodation of our party!

"On'y five left," said the guide, politely.

"How very precise!" remarked Mr. Greene.

"Very," was the response. "Allers jess so, sir. Five pussons—five 'orses."

"Yes, I see. Exactly five horses here," continued Greene, calculatingly. "Five times four are twenty. That is to say, ten pairs of legs. Five animals—five persons."

"Yes, sir," said the guide, "an' we're all ready—'f'u please, sir."

"O, yea—I see, I see," continued Mr. Greene. "You couldn't, Mike—I think you said your name is Michael," added Greene, persuasively, as he thrust another coin into the guide's hand,

"you couldn't contrive to manage to exchange—that is to say, provide us with five animals a shade better, that is, different from these—eh? could you Mike?"

"Couldn't, possibly," responded Mike, as he quietly thrust the coin into his watch-fob. "All gone—an' besides, sir, these is the best in the stables. Last *allers* best, sir."

Mr. Greene scanned the poor jaded ponies, and exclaimed, half-unconsciously, "if these are the best, heaven help the others!"

"Ready, sir?" inquired Mike, a moment afterwards, "ladies all mounted, and gone on, sir."

"Bless me! You don't say so," ejaculated Greene.

The signal was at length given for the march, and the party moved slowly away in a line, "single file;" and crossing the river, a few rods below the front of the Glen House, the leading guide (at the head of his motley battalion) turned up the roadway, and commenced the ascent to Mount Washington.

Mr. Greene stood beside his sorry nag, in readiness to mount, but evidently a little shy and suspicious either of his beast, or of his own horsemanship.

"Ave a care!" suggested Mike, kindly to him, as he placed his foot in the stirrup. "She's a good 'un, but she's apt to run back'ards a leetle, at fust. You ken ride, can't you?"

This home-thrust, at my pleasant friend's accomplishments as an equestrian, was rather ill-advised; for, if there were any one thing in Mr. Greene's "traveled experience" upon which he prided himself more especially than another, it was that he could ride well.

"O, yea—I see, I see. Thank you. Capital seat, capital," said Mr. Greene, bravely. "Never better—never!" he continued throwing his right limb gallantly over the saddle, and jerking himself upon the unruly creature's back, briskly.

But at the instant he performed this graceful feat in mounting, his erratic pony, sulking, sprang violently backwards, and by the retrograde movement brought the nose and chin of Mr. Greene very suddenly and unceremoniously between the brute's ears, at the same time knocking his hat from his head, uncivilly.



"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Greene, greatly disconcerted, but quickly regaining his seat in the saddle, "Bless me—what a horse!"

"Best horse in the crowd, sir," insisted Mike, coming to the rescue, and seizing the animal by the head, with an emphatic "whoa!"

"There—Michael, don't chafe her," exclaimed Mr. Greene, soothingly—"don't! There—that's better. Hold on to her now, a moment," continued Greene, putting another coin into the guide's hand. "Don't let her run back again, Mike."

"No, sir—"

"No—don't," repeated Mr. Greene.

Then turning to the crowd who remained behind at the hotel, and who had enjoyed his trifling discomfiture vastly, he resumed his castor with the remark that he "deemed it but civil to uncover in the presence of so many fair ladies, at starting;" and, followed by three hearty cheers, he forced his unwilling Rosinante into a sharp gallop down the valley, to the mountain road, overtaking the party

as it disappeared from view of the company at the "Glen."

Your party winds along, in Indian file—one horse behind the other—through the varying scenes of wild and natural beauty which crowd upon the view at every turn, and you cannot cease to admire, to exclaim, to wonder, or to praise, as you pass slug-gishly on towards the peak.

Surrounded on both sides, at first, by the forest, you shortly find your way flanked by trees of a lesser magnitude, but thickly set; and soon after, the





stunted growth of savins and scrub-oak appear; then you encounter patches of aged and grim dwarfs, now blasted and torn by the lightnings, now uprooted by the mountain storms, and laid prostrate in your path, or by the sides of the road: now appear clumps of cedar and other hardy evergreens, all withered and apparently sapless, as you get higher up the mountain side, where the size of the trees is now reduced to the merest shrub; and soon all sign of vegetation ceases.

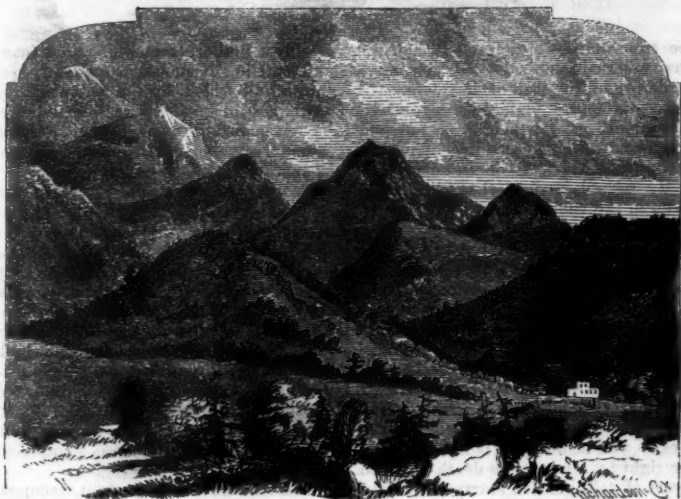
Now you encounter a sharp hill for several rods—now a ragged knoll, and now a gulch, through which the spring rains and melting snows have been tearing for weeks, perhaps, and at sight of which even your well-bred donkey starts, or bolts, or halts outright; now, a lively spring or miniature torrent gushes madly out from some rocky fissure at the way-side, and your jaded beast thrusts his head into its cool waters "with a will." Now you meet a chasm in your way, over which your dull nag leaps with the agility of a lame cow, causing your hair to stand on end at your awkward escape from a momentarily anticipated breaking of the neck! And now, rollicking and shouting with the ladies—heaven bless them, how admirably well they endure the fatigues of this journey!—and still moving forward slowly, measuredly, but surely, upon the backs of those sullen, dogged,

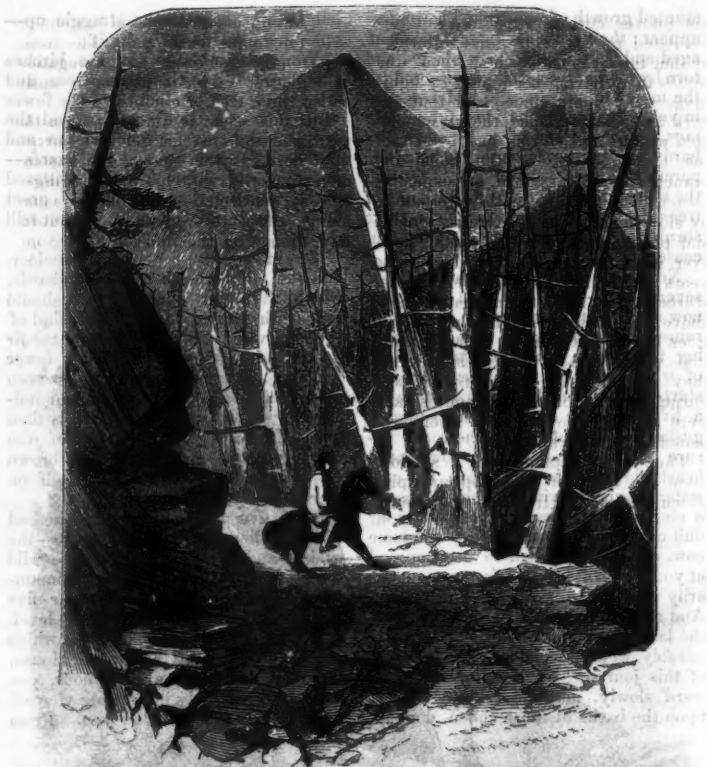
but faithful ponies, you straggle up—up—up—towards the summit.

You leave behind you the birches and the maples, the beech-trees and the firs, the few hemlocks and the fewer white-pines, the aspen-poplars and the mountain-ash, the spruce bushes and the savins, the scrubs and the dwarfs—and now, only a few sparsely scattered plants, and lichens, and mosses, greet the eye for a mile or more, as you still ascend.

The atmosphere is perceptibly colder, and the cambersome coats and shawls, which the guide insisted you should take with you at starting, you find of great service. As you proceed, the fir bushes and stunted shrubs grow fewer and further between, and are now seen only in the sheltered crevices and hollows of the rocks. A little grass is then met with, along the margin of the springy spots, and finally the brown moss, even, refuses to show itself on the sides of your pathway.

Some five miles distant from the bed of the valley stands Bald Ledge—the wildest and most *outré* of all the wild scenes to be witnessed upon the mountains. At an elevation of near five thousand feet above the ocean's level, it is a rocky, barren spot, over which you pass in reaching the Summit House, and from which, in a clear hour, you have a surprisingly interesting view of the hills and valleys below you. From





the front of the Glen House, when the atmosphere is unobstructed, you catch a glimpse of the trail of travelers as it passes around a bluff just beyond its plaza, and from this height, *ex passant*, you may turn in the saddle and obtain a charming view of the mountains already passed, and of the scenery far down in the valley below. The line of travelers can thus be seen from below only for a moment; but against a clear sky they are very distinctly defined; and signals are here exchanged between those who are bound up, and who may have left friends at the public-house in the glen—the latter, from the hotel piazza, being on the lookout for their companions, with the telescope.

"Bald Ledge" itself is an uncharitable, cheerless, barren mass of broken rocks—well named. It is flanked upon the right by a miserable death-stricken forest of tall, gnarled stumps, standing

thickly together, from which the leaves and bark has been stripped, evidently, for years, and which, by the action of the extreme cold weather and storms there, have become bleached to a chalky whiteness, from the roots to the highest branches. The trees are shapeless; or, rather, of every conceivable shape into which the pitiless winters of that region, aided by the thousand storms that have spent their fury around, could possibly contort them; and there they stand, along the sharp brink of the ledge, upright or embracing a neighbor, twisted and shattered, isolated or in clumps—but entirely *white*—root, boll, and branch, throughout the whole forest; like so many blanched and blasted ghosts, halting there with outstretched arms and scrawny fingers, to fright one from his propriety as he is compelled to pass by this desolate region.

Various theories are current, account-

ing for the curious appearance of this desolated forest. Our guide informed us that the trees had been burned—the woods there having been fired by lightning, many years since—and that the bark being thus crisped, the subsequent cold winters and storms had beaten off the outer coating of the bolla and branches, and they had subsequently bleached out to this deathly whiteness, by slow degrees. The more reasonable and philosophical cause is found, however, in the statement that, during the years 1816 and '17, the thermometer scarcely rose, in that immediate region, above the freezing point; and these trees having put forth no foliage during that entire season, it is believed that they remained *congealed in the sap* during a period of sixteen months; and were thus destroyed, and afterwards blanched by time and storm.

The traveler stands with a shudder upon the verge of the deep precipice which flanks this frightful and dreary

spot, but for an instant—and hastens on with quickening pace, again. The scene so strongly resembles a congregation of "ghosts," that it has been aptly called the "Den of Ghouls."

But this scene is quickly left in the rear, and the traveler gladly "hurries up," here, as the busy guide hastens along cheerily with his encouraging—"Now, gentlemen—come along, come along; almost there, ladies. Beautiful day, dinner on the table at the 'Sum-



mit,' and 'Tip-top.' Better going, by-an'-by—hurry up, hurry up!" and you turn the bluff once more, still ascending, more rapidly than before.

From this point, the bridle-path is narrowed to a mere line, formed over the continuously rocky way by the hoofs of the horses, and is but a single stretch

(without variation in character) of loose stones, and small boulders irregularly thrown together, upon which the donkey treads with increased caution, picking his way up and onward, with the most commendable moderation and care—planting first one foot and then another, as he goes, and skillfully calculating the chances of the trip or misstep that might tumble himself and his usually nervous rider headlong over some ugly precipice on his right or left, as he advances thus sluggishly along, panting, and puffing, and toiling upward to the summit halting-place, which he remembers so well.

For the hundredth time you ask the guide if that mound or that cliff beyond you is the *last*? You have been in the saddle four or five hours, laboring continually up hill; and, though you can admire the magnificent scenery that you are permitted to behold, yet your appetite has been strangely sharpened (at least, such Mr. Greene declared to be his "innermost sensations"), and you are right well inclined to test the quality of the viands prepared for and awaiting your arrival at the Summit and Tip-top

Houses. Within forty rods of the doors of these hospitable buildings, erected at the very peak of Mount Washington, there stands a rude pile of rocks, some eight or nine feet high, which arrests your attention, and which is thrown up by the hand of friendship to mark the scene of a painful occurrence which took place in the fall of 1855, upon that spot.

Miss Lizzie Bourne, of Kennebunk, Me., in company with a small party of her immediate friends, started from the Glen House, at a late hour one day during the month of September, in the expectation of reaching the "Summit" before dark; where they intended to tarry till the following day.

They passed the "shanties," and Mr. Myer's cottage (below the ledge), in excellent spirits, but Mr. M., who had long been a resident of the mountains, deemed it too late for them to reach the summit. They hastened on, however, and a sudden storm came up, which increased as they continued to ascend; and they finally found themselves bewildered with the sleet and snow, entirely at a loss to determine

which way they should turn. Night succeeded, the dreary darkness enveloped everything around them—and still, under the guardianship of the gentleman of the party, they struggled on, and upward. Wearied out, at length, and absolutely lost in the blackness of the night and the storm, they were compelled to halt, and shelter themselves as best they might—under the terrible circumstances—beneath the comparatively friendly lee of a large boulder they discovered.

The physical strength of Miss Bourne, evidently, was not equal to the task of ascending Mount Washington on foot, at all, her health being fragile previous to this effort. They crouched beyond the rock, however, as far out of the reach of the wind as it was possible to retreat; and there they remained, amid the howling and raging of that fearful storm, during the entire



night, the unfortunate young girl reclining upon her protector's knee. When daylight broke, the party discovered themselves within forty rods of the Summit House—but Miss Bourne had perished during the darkness! They had ascended without a guide; and the sufferings of that little company can scarcely be imagined, as they clung together during the weary hours of that long and fearful night. One of them died on that spot, and the health of the others was seriously periled. This monument has been thrown up to mark this shocking incident in the history of the mountains.

You turn away, with a sigh for "poor Lizzie Bourne," and the voice of your guide cheers you with the shout of "ere we are, gentlemen!" The summit is reached, at last.

A world of magic-like beauty lies around you; you behold a myriad hues that you have never dreamed of before; you see a widely-stretching field of gorgeous landscape which pen or pencil never has and never can de-

picit, a wonderful blending of curious light and shadow that artist never conceived, and cannot portray. You realize more in a single instant of sunshine, upon the crest of old Washington, than you can feel or imagine in a lifetime of study of all the "masters" in Christendom. Drink in the glorious inspiration that floats around and beneath you, and make haste to enjoy the rich voluptuousness of this once-seen-and-never-to-be-forgotten pantoscope—for a veil is passing over its outskirts; and even while you gaze, the cloud approaches again, the magnificent picture is shut from the view, and you find yourself enveloped, haply, in mist, or sleet, or rain!

This is but temporary, however. The order is given to mount, for the descent, and you are soon threading your way down the bridle-path, en route to the Glen House once more. Before leaving, you take a look at the little "squatty" Summit House, where you have so comfortably dined, and which will not be forgotten by you. It was built by



Messrs. Hall and Rosebrook (well known mountaineers), of rough stones, blown out of the crown of Mount Washington itself, and is secured to the rocks by four cables which are drawn over the roof and are fastened into the mountain near the foundation. It is rather plain in exterior, but is substantial, and answers its purpose until the new buildings (contemplated by the road com-

pany) shall be erected to supersede it.

Descending the mountain, on horseback, is a vastly more uncomfortable process than that of ascending. In the sharper defiles and gulches along the bridle-path, it is nice work for the tired animals to keep upon their feet and maintain their burden also—the larger portion of those, whom they thus convey



to and fro, being but indifferent riders, or totally unpracticed in the saddle. Yet these animals manage their uncertain loads with great show of ease, and but very few accidents occur, notwithstanding the difficulties of the journey both up and down this tortuous acclivity.

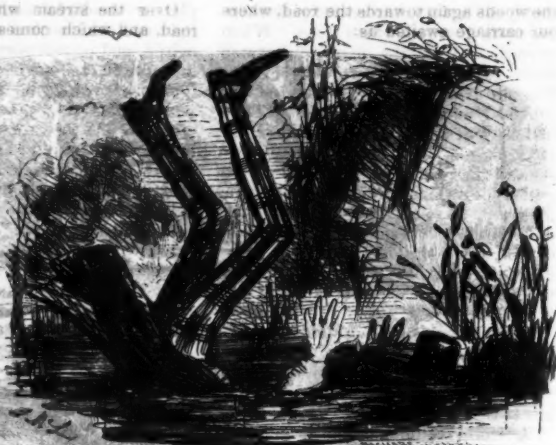
My friend, Mr. Greene, was particularly struck with the beauty of the Crystal Falls, and leaped about, upon the rocks below them, with a precision and celerity that would have electrified a chamois, to the infinite gratification of the ladies, who freely admitted that Mr. Greene was a vast deal more agile and juvenile than they had hitherto given him credit for. Indeed, we found it impossible to control his activeness at all, though suggestions were repeatedly thrown out to him, both by his companions and the guide, in reference to the deceitfulness of his foothold upon the rocks, which, in many places, were covered with a mossy slime, upon which it was unsafe to step, without great caution.

He mounted the side of the very precipice itself, and stood upon the level of the upper rocks, whence the waters came tumbling down, where he waved his hat to us more timid gazers-up below him, in very triumph at the achievement. Then he descended the rocks again, declining the proffered assistance of the guide, with his—

"Pooh, pooh! my dear sir—no! Haven't I been round a bit in my time?"

"But you might fall," persisted the guide, politely—"and I wouldn't like to see you in the drink, you know."

"Never mind me, sir. I know," said Mr. Greene, with a pirouette that would have shamed Papanti himself; and, missing his good intentions, Mr. Greene, without another syllable, popped head foremost into a bend of the pool, to



the great alarm of his friends, and the subdued but evident amusement of the anxious and really attentive guide!

We sprang to the rescue of Greene amid the frantic shrieks of the ladies, who were desperately alarmed for his safety. But Greene was born not to be drowned, plainly; for he rolled over like a huge porpoise, and was drawn from the pool by the skirts of his coat, without any detriment whatever, except the inconvenience of the involuntary cold-bath. As the guide jerked him rather unceremoniously ashore, he repeatedly remarked, "I told you so, sir—I told you so." To which assurances the ungrateful Mr. G., as he blew the water from his mouth and nostrils, only responded, "A pretty guide, you! What the devil did you push me in there, for?"

"If I push you in?" exclaimed the guide, astounded.

"Yes, sir—yes! Push me in, and get a fee for helping me out. I see, sir. It won't do—won't do with me, sir. I've traveled too much for that. Don't try it again, sir—I won't give you a penny—not a red, sir!"

Heartily as we sympathized with Mr. Greene in his little misfortune, we were compelled to laugh outright at this ludicrous misconception on his part, and the turn he thus gave to the accident. And in the midst of our rejoicings that it was no worse, and the jokes which his misstep unavoidably occasioned, we started briskly on through

the woods again towards the road, where our carriage awaited us.

Over the stream which crosses the road, and which comes down from the

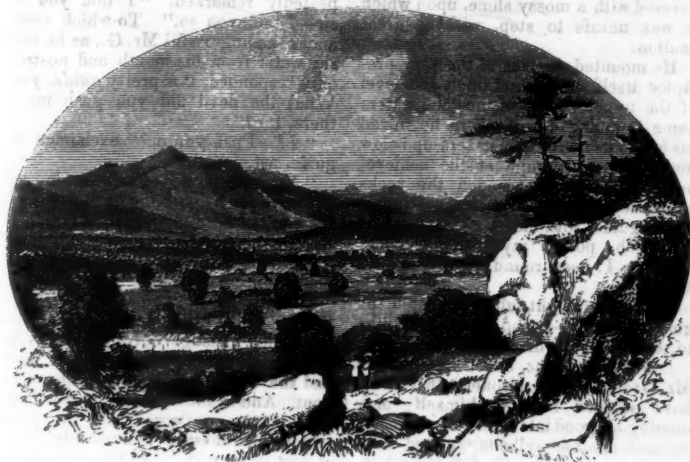


cascade described, is placed a log-bridge. At this point you enter the wood, on the right. This is another pretty spot, overarched by high trees, whose foliage shadows the cool water that passes noiselessly away at this point, and flows on through the forest and the valley to the southeastward. In the early spring-time, this stream is alive with trout, and excellent sport may be had by "dropping a line" in the numerous pools along its banks.

Numerous and fanciful are the old

legends connected with these hills; and one of the superstitious Indian traditions relating to the *origin* of the White Mountains, is not uninteresting.

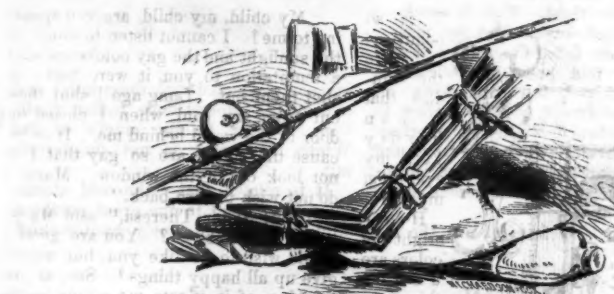
It is related that "the cold storming was abroad in the great northern wilderness, and a lonely hunter-chief



found himself far away from his wigwam without food, chilled and cheerless amidst the wintry blasts. He could find no game, and the dark clouds over his prospects rendered him life-weary and disconsolate. He sank beneath the chilling snows, and slept. In his dreams, he was borne away to a green and beautiful valley, where the streamlets sang joyfully, and birds and game were abundant. His spirit cried with joy! The Great Master of Life then awoke him, and placed in his eager grasp a flint-pointed spear. Then giving him a dry coal, told him that he might dwell upon the shore of the placid lake near him, and kill fish with his spear, and kindle fire with his coal. One dark night, when he had lain down his coal, and built his customary fire, there suddenly arose a blinding smoke, and a terrible voice was heard from out the rising flame. Then succeeded the fearful thunder, the earth was rent, and there

rose up a huge mass of broken rocks, which piled themselves to the heavens. A cloud rested upon the summit of this suddenly-formed cliff, from which poured down a thousand sparkling streams, which quenched the fire again; and the astounded hunter heard the voice again, in peaceful and loving tone, exclaim: 'Rest here! The Great Spirit will dwell with you, and watch over his favorite children!'

We left the cascades, and the rustic bridge, and the cool streams of Ellis and Peabody behind us, and hastened homeward; for our friend was in no condition to enjoy even the lovely scenery we met, after his recent unsolicited immersion! He had listened to the legends told by our guide, as we hurried back, in moody silence, and as we stepped into the hotel again, he bowed to the ladies, and passed on to exchange his saturated dress, with the simple and classical sentiment, "Ala-bama!—Here we rest!"



"WE."

**O** LOVE is left in days gone by;  
And yet there is no broken vow!  
"We" met of old, but "you and I"  
'Tis sometimes meet each other now,  
A quite indifferent "he" and "she,"  
Tho' once enshrined in lovers' "WE!"

That time!—'tis now "Long, long ago!"  
Its hopes and joys all passed away!  
On life's calm tide three bubbles glow,  
And pleasure, youth, and love are they;  
Hope paints them bright as bright can be,  
Or did, when you and I were "WE!"

## THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.



T is so beautiful outside the window that I can hardly keep my eyes upon my work.

How bright the colors are under this warm sky! The leaves shine, they are so very green! Then, how brilliant the scarlet flowers

look that climb up round the lattice! And the birds are gay and bright! But when I look inside, all is very gloomy. The walls are thick, and heavy, and dark. Oh! Sister Theresa, why will you wear that black, dreary dress? And, your face, oh! it would be so beautiful, but, dear Sister Theresa, that cap is hideous!"

"My child, my child, are you speaking to me? I cannot listen to you. If the sunlight and the gay colors are such a temptation to you, it were better to shut them out. Long ago I shut them out from my soul, when I closed the door of the world behind me. It is because the colors are so gay that I do not look out of the window. Marie, I do not wish to turn back."

"But, Sister Theresa," said Marie, "shall I ever be so? You are good, I would wish to be like you, but must I give up all happy things? See, at just thinking of it, it sets me crying!—the tears are all over my embroidery. There's one in the very midst of the pattern!"

"It is better to work tears in your embroidery," said Sister Theresa, "than flowers. Flowers spring from the earth, and rain falls from heaven. Holy souls have been made pure by the many tears that have washed away the sins that might have stained them."

"I will work over these tears," said Marie; "see, I have filled up one little circle; that is where I have buried one of my tears. In all my little life I have not shed a great many. Some day some stranger will come into the convent to buy a piece of the nuns' embroidery, and, perhaps, he will be willing to buy my handkerchief. For, Sister Theresa, I am really beginning to embroider quite

like one of the nuns. How clumsy I was at first! But I do improve, and some time or other I may be allowed to work upon those glorious altar-cloths that you delight to make so beautiful!"

"It is not merely outward grace that is needed for them," said Sister Theresa; "oftentimes I am not fit to touch that which is set apart for so holy a use. I wait until I have wholly submitted myself, and every thought within me, to the sacred purpose in which I am engaged."

"Ah, me," said Marie, "I shall never learn to submit my thoughts. In the first place, I cannot submit myself. I want to go wandering up and down in the garden. Whenever Sister Ursula calls me into her cloister, I directly think I would rather go into the arbor; and if she tells me to sit in the arbor, I suddenly discover I would rather not be there. I can't even keep my eyes quiet. When I sit on the stone-bench, to an-

swer the questions, this way, that way, they go to Sister Lucie's rosary, or Sister Ursula's profile."

"Poor child," said Sister Theresa, "ears, and tongue, and eyes, and feet! you cannot keep any of them under control! When, indeed, can the heart and soul come under subjection!"

"As for my thoughts, dear Sister Theresa, how could I ever keep them still?" continued Marie, "I have so many of them, and I like to have them wander about. I love to embroider, better than when I came, because now I can stitch my thoughts into my work. Whenever I come to this ivy-leaf in my pattern, I think of the heavy vine that covers up the dark-gray tower, and of the frolic I had beneath it one day with the porter's little girl when they let her come into the garden. And then this forget-me-not, as I call it, though it doesn't look much the shape of a flower, it reminds me of a little garden-border



I had, long ago, in my dear old home. Oh! Sister Theresa, may I tell you about that place?"

"Little child," said the other, "I would rather you would teach your thoughts. See how you have taught

your hands that were so clumsy when you first came. Now you can, as you say, embroider almost as well as Sister Ursula."

"That is because the patterns are so beautiful, I love to look at them," said



Marie, "I could never learn to weave that delicate hair-work; I should never have the patience to braid all those chains and bracelets that Sister Ursula weaves out of hair. It makes me fidgetty just to look at her. She braids little fine hairs with her fingers, that would break a thousand times in mine. I would not do it for the world; then I couldn't give my thoughts to it. I like to think of the pleasant things that may happen some day; all sorts of fancies come into my head. I like, too, to think of the old times. Oh! Sister Theresa, if you would listen while I tell you of my pretty home by the Hudson!"

"I listen to you, child, already, too much," said Sister Theresa. "I am afraid that I let you carry me back into the world."

"Oh! the place where I used to live was not the world," answered Marie, "papa and I lived there quite alone. There was a beautiful lawn, and the river went by the house, and boats passed many times a day, and we had such pretty brown horses, and I

had a pony, and everybody was so kind to me, and they all let me do just what I pleased."

"Alas, my child!" said Sister Theresa, "does not everybody let you do as you please?"

"Oh, everybody is kind to me," answered Marie, "and nobody does contradict me, but sometimes the sisters shake their heads at me and look very grave. At least they try to, and seem to think I am often very wicked. Nobody thought I was wicked at home, though I did nothing but laugh and sing. I have not told you what made me think so much of home, nor what I saw the other day. I was in the garden when I saw Barbara go towards the gate that leads to the street. I never looked out of that gate before."

"It is forbidden, Marie," said Sister Theresa.

"Well, dear Sister Theresa," said Marie, "I did the forbidden thing. Barbara was talking with a man with vegetables at the gate, and at first there was nothing better to see than his old



donkey, but presently a young man passed by—"

"A young man!" exclaimed Sister Theresa.

"He only passed by, though he looked in," said Marie, "and he started and looked astonished a minute, at least I think he did; for I was startled, too. I had seen his face once before, three summers ago, at home. Barbara shut the gate directly, and I had only this one glance; but that glance brought back to me the day when my father brought home with him a friend of his from New York. The day, I remember perfectly, was a lovely summer day, and this Mr. Philip admired everything. He admired the smooth lawn, and the flower-border, and me, perhaps, too!"

"Marie, one forbidden act opens the way for many forbidden thoughts," said Sister Theresa.

"But I may love my father," said Marie, "and I may love his friends, too; and what harm is it, just to look out at the gate once?"

"Marie, you know when you left the school to live with us here," said Sister Theresa, "you were willing to submit to our rules."

"Oh! dear Sister Theresa," exclaimed Marie, "I am willing to do everything to please you, and to give up everything. I was so tired in that dreary school, where the girls talked nothing but Spanish, and where they were so vain and idle. That day when we came to visit the cloisters, I fell in love with you. How could I help it, when your face looks so like the picture of a beautiful nun! Then they told me it was your voice that I had heard at vespers and in the masses. When the same voice spoke kindly to me, I thought, if I ever should be good in the world, it would be when I should see you all the time."

"I was willing you should come here," said Sister Theresa, "though it seemed a strange thing, that when I was living here still and cold, dead to the world, striving to live only to God, it was strange that I should be willing to let you enter here—to let you be with me at times. You, Marie, are gay and joyful—I am grave and sad; oh! may it not be a sin to me to take you so near my heart—I, who have vowed to have no heart but for One!—I, who believed I had chilled all earthly love! Marie, I close my ears when you are

speaking; I close my eyes when you come before me. Little gay flower, you twine around the gray turret; some day you will be plucked away from me."

"But you, dear Sister Theresa," cried Marie, "you are not like the gray turret—you will not always be so cold—you have not always been so cold!"

"What I have been—that matters not," said Sister Theresa. "I know only four years—the four years that I have lived on this island. The walls around me have shut me in, and have shut out the world; and beyond the walls the sea cuts me off from other life. You, poor little one, long for a glimpse through the opening of the gate into the little world that is round the convent-walls. Ah, let the stone walls shut you in! There is one way that is not barred: that is upward. The broad heaven is not shut out; you are not fettered from that, except by sin."

"Four years, dear Sister Theresa," said Marie; "and I have been here only one, and that has seemed very long. It is two years since we left our old home; there it was pleasant a whole year that we lived in France. Not a word of English did I speak that year, for papa would not allow it; and we did not see a single American or Englishman. I suppose he thought it was better for my French, but I would have liked to talk to him in English. Now the French comes so easy, that is why I like to talk to you instead of the Spanish school-girls. And yet I think I know enough Spanish to please papa, when he comes back for me. I wonder where he will take me next. I would rather not wander any more; I don't care to know any more languages; I believe it is because I speak French that you are willing to listen to me; and yet we never talk about France, your own home! Therese! Therese! ah, now you are not listening to me; you have gone back unto your visions again. Why did I say anything? why did I not let you go on and talk to me of yourself?"

"No, it is better to let your voice go murmuring on," said Sister Theresa; "I must not always listen to it. It comes in like the evening breeze, gently through the window. It woos me, but I do not ask it to caress me."

"So you listen to me no more than to the wind," said Marie; "there go more tears down on my work! I wonder if

this handkerchief will ever wipe away as many as I have shed upon it! Sister Theresa, I believe you like me to embroider, because I use this cotton; how pretty it is, with this mark upon it—the mark of the cross! that is why it is called nun's cotton, I suppose. But I will not work any more or cry any more to-day. Your evening breeze, Sister Theresa, is going down into the garden, to play."

"My little Marie," said Sister Theresa, "I would do all things for your good; this is the way I excuse myself for having you so near me."

"Ah, yes; and perhaps some day I shall leave off being a butterfly," said Marie, "though that is not the way in the garden; there the ugly worm comes out into the pretty butterfly. But I shall grow into the worm—that is, I shall put on the ugly worm's dress, and cut off my long hair. Now, don't look shocked, dear Sister Theresa, though you did hear those naughty words. If I could be with you more hours a day than I am, I might be better; but you must be either in that tiresome hospital or—"

"I give too little time, now," said Sister Theresa, "to mercy or to devotion. Go away, little child; if you would only pick the flowers alone, and not the weeds!"

"In a convent," thought Marie, as she ran away, "there can be neither flowers nor weeds; but I would like to be good, for Sister Theresa's sake."

She went bounding through a large hall, and found collected there a knot of the sisters. They were eagerly talking over some matter of deep interest. Marie did not mean to linger long, as Sister Theresa had taught her not to join the little gossiping circle that formed itself in the hall whenever the daily news came; for gossip and news of the day penetrate even within the convent walls. The little citadel had its hours of exchange and its moments of prattle. Sometimes the subject was the illness of one of the sisters, its causes, and her probable indiscretion; sometimes it was the bearing of a new comer—a novice—from the world. There were little quarrels with the porter, little jealousies among each other. Even these little sins the convent walls do not shut out.

To-day the talk was of the great news of the peace from Europe, and

Marie was attracted by the exclamations that were made.

"Father Ignatius will tell us when he comes," said Sister Ursula, "whether it is for good or for evil that peace is made."

"The war was better, it seems to me," said another, "if they were fighting for the Holy Church. How can they lay down their arms!"

"How the Holy Church should ever need the help of those heretics, the Mussulmen, I could never understand," said Sister Martha.

"It was undertaken with unholy means; that was why it failed," said another.

The more sober were discussing in this way the great event of the close of the war in Europe, which had happened many months before; but the younger sisters were listening to the account of the last battle, lingering over the names of the dead.

"M. Benin among the killed!" one exclaimed; "is that the father of Madeline?"

Yes. She had come to the convent when her father left France with the army. She was not one of the little circle present, though every one looked round cautiously. Already the mother must be telling her the sad news.

Sister Theresa must be told; she was from France, too. Yet Sister Theresa had never spoken of friends or home. She had often chided these younger ones who had talked lingeringly of father, brothers or sisters left behind—even of mother. "You have chosen the Bridegroom; you have left all to follow him," she had said.

Marie, after listening to the tale a while, went back to Sister Theresa. She met one of the others who had been to distribute the news; to tell of the peace, or to read out the list of the dead. Marie went in to where she had left Sister Theresa sitting.

She was still in the same spot; leaning back in her seat. Marie went to embrace her, and found her chill and cold! She called her to speak; called, too, for help; but no one heard her. She covered Therese with kisses; she could not bear to leave her.

At last she seemed to breathe a warmth into the cold form; the stiff eyelids relaxed, there was a smile upon the thin lips. Presently, a low voice said: "Speak to no one, Marie; there is



no help." Her words came feebly and slowly, but she clung to Marie's hand.

"Child, child," she said, at last, and interruptedly, "I was trying to turn my soul to God, but it clung to earth; it followed one I loved. They read me of the death of Madeline's father, and of one other, still nearer to me, than he to her. Now we shall pay our vows together before God. Now, I can love him, since he is no longer on earth. I think the summons has come, yet I know not how soon I am to go. Pray for me, Marie! I could not shut him from my heart, though I had turned my heart to ice. I did not know how I still loved him, I did not know how he still lived in my prayers to God, even. Now he has risen up above the walls that separated me from the world. Now can I love him. God has chosen to lift him up to where I should raise my eyes. God forgive me for my unfaithfulness! My heart did not turn towards Him; now has he kindly broken it. Child, I did not mean to deceive you; I deceived myself, also. Forgive my sin, and pray that God, also, will forgive me!"

The tired eyelids closed, the lips fell into a gentle smile. Marie was terrified by the coldness of the hand that held

hers still, and ran, at last, for help—it came; but it was unavailing. The physician spoke of a sudden disease of the heart. Sister Therese had always appeared delicate. No one wondered at so sudden a death, though it gave a shock to the quiet community. Marie wept bitterly as the dear, beautiful form was placed beneath the pavement. The gray convent walls appeared more sad and dreary than ever, and she went back—away from them—to her *pension*.

## II.

"I KEEP on with my work," said Agnes, "because you will keep on with your walking up and down the room in that moody way. I expect to be entertained; and if you won't entertain me, why, my work must. Do sit down, Philip, a few minutes; how can one carry on a conversation with a walking steam-engine?"

"Here am I, opposite to you; what will you do with me?" asked Philip.

"I should like to do something to make you less dolorous," answered Agnes. "I expected to enjoy your coming home again, and talking with you. But it is not nearly as exciting

as looking out for letters from you, even when, half the time, they didn't come! To be sure, I couldn't read them when they did come, written on both sides of that foreign paper."

"It is a pity you couldn't," said Philip; "it would have spared some words."

"How economical you have grown," answered Agnes. "I suppose you regret the many you threw away in your youthful days. But, do you know, you have appeared such a dolorous knight since you came home, that I have heard it hinted that you felt badly about my marrying George."

"It is the only thing that has made me happy this long time," said Philip; "I could have asked nothing better."

"Thank you! that's complimentary!" answered Agnes. "George is your friend. George is a good fellow, and he deserves good fortune—so, it pleases you. But, why that should be your only bright spot, I can't understand. Is it so very dark to come home again after traveling all over the world and seeing everything, to settle down with plenty of money, and nothing to do but enjoy it!"

"I haven't traveled for pleasure, I haven't seen what I wanted to, I am not ready to 'settle down,' I don't care for the money, and I don't know how to enjoy it," answered Philip.

"Well! I should say that was positive, if it were not so negative!" cried Agnes. "You mean you will be unhappy anyhow. That is easy enough to manage! One can make a poor dinner off anything. Here in New York there is no sort of necessity of seeing the sun; you may sit in the gloom all day. One may choose to be pricked by the points of the best joke, or find an acid in the flow of the liveliest spirits. It is easy enough to be morose; but, dear Philip, isn't it rather commonplace?"

"You won't answer?" she continued. "Well! that is a resource! Yet it is a disappointment to have you turn out one of that sort. Why, my weakest-headed partner at a ball can talk about life's being a bore!"

"Thank you, Agnes, you need not set me down in that set," answered Philip. "I have a real trouble which is enough to color the rest of my life."

"Oh! forgive me! A real trouble! That is an unusual thing. How could

I suspect it! I saw you were gloomy, but I supposed you were moody. This is the dark mood, I thought to myself; by-and-by our moon will turn round, and we shall see the bright side. Everybody ought to be allowed their moods. Sometimes I don't talk for two hours. But there you go, Philip, up and down the room again. Do sit down, and tell me about your real trouble. I am your best friend; you have not any sisters; there is nobody else you can tell. And you know, if I do talk, I never tell anything."

"It is a pity you can't do my talking for me," said Philip; "and, indeed, you can't help me."

"Why, what is it? Have Grimm & Co. failed? Don't your consignments come to hand? That's the kind of thing that worries George. Did you lose your heart on the peak of Teneriffe, or your trunk at Calais?"

"If it were a game of twenty questions you would soon guess it," answered Philip; "that would save me the trouble of telling you."

"Then I came near, did I? It was the heart, after all, I do believe. Now, tell me all about it!"

"It is not a heart that is lost, but a person. I had the clue, and I have missed it," said Philip.

"How romantic!" said Agnes; "a sort of Fair Rosamond. I hope there is no Queen Eleanor on the track!"

"Do you remember Mr. Grayley whom we used to know?"

"What! Grayley the defaulter, who went off a few years ago with everybody else's money? That is, it turned out he did not carry off the money—because he had spent it all before—but he went off just the same. I remember, he was a friend of yours at one time; you went to his pretty place on the Hudson."

"That was just before I went to Calcutta," said Philip. "I told you about his pretty place; and did I tell you of his pretty little daughter?"

"A pretty daughter? I declare you did not say a word of her," said Agnes.

"She was a young girl—a mere child," answered Philip, "at the time she attracted me. She lived away from the world; yet was loved and petted by the whole household. At the time, as I tell you, she did not impress me strongly; but, after I had left home, in my travels, her face and figure often



came before me. On my way home, you know, I came overland, and through Spain, passing by the Azores. We had a short time for the town of Fayal. Frisbie and I went on shore for a slight exploration of the town. We passed up a narrow street, under some heavy convent walls. Suddenly a gate opened, and an old portress appeared to talk with some one outside. It was a pretty enough picture; the laden donkey in the street, the suddenly-opened archway, a garden revealed inside, glowing with flowers and fruits, and the picturesque old woman in the door-way. But there was added another feature; there appeared, in the background, a light, youthful figure, and the face was familiar! The gate closed suddenly. I stood fixed before it. It was the little Marie—Marie Grayley! I knocked at the door, but could not get admission. Frisbie thought I was suddenly crazy, and, persuading me that I was, got me off upon the ship. Not till after we had sailed did I convince myself that it was surely Marie that I had seen. At first it seemed impossible that she, whom I had seen so happy at home, should be shut up in a convent; but I reflected that, in my two years' absence, many changes might have taken place. In short, how could I but believe my eyes. I could think of nothing else—she haunted me in my voyage night and day. The first news on my return home was of Grayley's misfortune."

"Misfortune!" exclaimed Agnes, "please don't burden Dame Fortune with his misdeeds!"

"At least, be willing to judge an exiled man kindly, Agnes," answered Philip; "I can't believe that he was the only wrong-doer. But, anyhow—my first thought was of his child. I made inquiries of his family. He had none but this one child. He had deserted his country—sent; not a servant could give a trace of his departure. I entered upon the search carefully and thoroughly. The only clue that, at last, I could find was a vague report that he had gone to Havre. But the probability that I had seen Marie became a certainty. Grayley must have left the country a poor man; and this poor child, brought up in the midst of luxury, he might very probably have placed in the school of a convent, while he wandered away himself."

"Was there no grandmother, or

maiden aunts who would know something or do something for the child?" asked Agnes.

"I took the next vessel for Fayal," continued Philip.

"Yes, you did not indulge us with a good-by," interrupted Agnes.

"We had a long, tedious voyage," Philip went on, "and after I had arrived it was long before I could gain admittance to the convent. At last I was admitted into the parlor, where were displayed articles for sale made by the nuns. In return for some little purchases, I learned that such a young girl had been at the school and had left that very week. I went back into the town and made some inquiries. Mr. Grimshaw, who had been consul at the Cape of Good Hope, or somewhere at the south of Africa, had stopped at Fayal with his four daughters, to take home with them the youngest, who had been at school in the convent. I saw the broad-faced Mr. Grimshaw and some of the daughters. They were so pleased with the island they were going to wait for the next vessel. But I, disheartened and disgusted, took my passage the next day. Now I am eager to go back again."

"The only trophy I have is this embroidered handkerchief I bought at the grating of the convent. It has a strange effect upon me. Whenever I look upon it, it brings back to me the vision of the little Marie as I saw her in the stone archway of the garden."

"Let me look at it. What exquisite work!" exclaimed Agnes. "Oh, Philip, do you remember that beautiful winter we passed in South America? Oh, no, you were not with us. I was an invalid, you know. How delicious it was to lie on my couch and look out upon the blue sea, upon the point of land, and the cocoanut-trees that rose up from it. For yes, there were truly cocoanut-trees there; and below, such rich foliage and flowers glowing, so that it almost pained one's eyes to look upon them. But I asked nothing better than to look all the time, to lie quietly and dream as my eyes feasted upon the glory and the beauty; and in those beautiful quiet days, I gained such strength and refreshment. It recalls to me all the resolutions I made to be no longer a mere butterfly, but to live a better and higher life. Then I had nothing to do but think—to think over the past, and

over a better future. I wish I could keep the thought by me. It seems like a gleam of summer coming out upon the hard frozen ground. Those gorgeous days! Oh, Philip, I am dreaming them all over again; what is there that carries me out of this wintry New York into that beautiful southern climate. And I, who felt sad and happy all that time, feel sad and happy now—"

The door of the room was suddenly thrown open, and the cry of fire was heard.

"There is fire in this wing of the hotel! Save yourselves!"

"Go! go! Philip, see if it is true!" cried Agnes. "What a noise! what confusion! I will look for George's papers. I have the handkerchief!"

But she had scarcely time to save herself. She ran for a box of valuable papers of George's, then was hurried down the stairway through the crowd in front of the house. Philip placed her in a carriage, and then went back to see if there were anything else to be saved.

The handkerchief clung to the dress of Agnes, as she hurried through the crowd and fell upon the pavement as she was put into the carriage. There it lay trampled upon by heavy feet, covered with mud, unperceived, until a boy with his eyes on the ground suddenly discovered it, picked it up, and looked around in vain for an owner.

"What a pretty thing! I will take it home to sister Martha, and ask her about it."

He left the scene of the fire, and hurried on through narrow lanes. He went up three flights of stairs before he reached his home. "Where's mother?" he demanded. "Out washing! I hope I did not wake you up, Martha! I might have known you would be lying here trying to sleep."

"Never mind; how came you home at this time?" asked the languid voice of the sister.

"There's a fire up town, and a jolly row," said the

boy. "I was trying to get a glimpse of it, and down in the street I saw this handkerchief or something. I thought I would bring it home to you. It's a queer thing. It's enough sight better than mittens; it warmed my hands, it did, thin as it looks. All the way home I was thinking of last summer, and 4th of July, and boating expeditions in the sun."

"Let's look at it," said Martha. "How beautiful it is, and such fine stuff as it is made of. Oh! Jemmy, that is what I miss now I am sick. It is good to be at home, and have mother care for me when she has time for it, but—it is wicked for me to say so—everything seems coarse round me! Out at service anywhere, even at Mrs. Flint's, where there were hard words enough, it was pleasant to see the fine furniture and the beautiful clothes; and Miss Julia used to look so lovely when she was dressed. Oh! Jemmy! when will I get well?"

"Well, the doctor said this kind of fever lasted five or six weeks, and then—"

"But how beautifully this is worked,"



Martha went on, "it is finer work than any of Miss Julia's handkerchiefs. Oh! I like to hold it in my hand. It is but a few weeks before Robert will be home, and now he must be sailing by those warm countries he has told me of. Jemmy, he promised to bring me home one of the bright, gay birds they have in that country. If I could only go to meet him there! The warm air that he tells of would make me well again. When I close my eyes, I seem to be

I have done it up beautifully, and I never enjoyed doing up anything more in my life. Somehow it took me back to the old place. Oh! Jemmy! will you ever be as good looking as your father was when he came to see me Sunday nights in the old house. And quite as handsome, I thought him, out at work in the fields! Well, he's out of his hard life, now," she said, wiping her eyes with her apron. "But I've wasted plenty of time thinking. You

must find the owner, Jemmy. Poor lady, she must have cried hard enough at losing it, and no handkerchief left to wipe her eyes with after all!"

"Phew!" exclaimed Jemmy, "she's got handkerchiefs enough! But give me the flimsy thing; let's see if it will warm me up again; may be I will speak to a police."

Jemmy proceeded first to the scene of the late fire. Here his active eyes discovered an advertisement on one of the neighbouring walls:

"**LOST.**—A valuable embroidered handkerchief. The finder will be richly rewarded by bringing it to No. 61 St. Nicholas Hotel."

Jemmy at this hastened his steps. "If I get anything by the concern," he soliloquized, "see if I don't buy some fireworks. Martha talks about the warm country; I'd be satisfied with sitting under

a rocket, eating an orange, may be a cocoanut if it was the season."

His quick steps soon brought him to the hotel, and, after some repartee, in answer to supposed insults from the porters and waiters, he found his way to No. 61.

One or two ladies were in the room, who were surprised at Jemmy's errand.

"A lost handkerchief! It must belong to the people who were in the room before us—we only came to-day. Let us look at it."

"Let me see it, Isabel; you know I lost a handkerchief last spring, at the opera. But this is a different affair. What a lovely vine round it! and how



there and he with me, to care for me with beautiful breezes! You can leave me, Jemmy; with this handkerchief over my eyes, I am sad and happy both. It makes me sad to think that Robert will find me sick when he comes home—and happy to lie here and dream of him."

Jemmy hurried away. He had errands to run, and his master kept him very busy. He could not go home again for some days, much to his mother's sorrow.

"I've been looking out for you these three days," she said, when she saw him at last; "you must find who it is that has lost this elegant handkerchief.

graceful these flowers are! Is there a perfume in the handkerchief? Perhaps it is sandal-wood; oh, Isabel, doesn't it make you homesick for New Orleans?"

"I don't observe a perfume, but there is certainly—"

"Mrs. Stacy, my mother, did it up," spoke up Jemmy; "she clear-starches and takes in muslins, three stairs up—"

"Oh! we must go back to New Orleans, this winter, Isabel. How can we stay in this cold climate? Think of the roses, of the warm sun; think of the early violets."

"Indeed, I never forget them; I seem to feel a breeze of warm air that makes my head faint;" and Isabel threw herself upon a sofa, and covered her eyes. "I think of the jessamine vine that grew by my window, and those early violets—the perfume comes back to me now. Oh! Annie, we have done wrong to live away from home so long. This round of pleasures we have lingered in has confused us, and made us forget old ties. I have grown heartless; if I could only be simple once more—could only be again in that fragrant air! Annie, I was very thoughtless towards Arthur; I know he loved me; do you remember those beautiful spring days?"

"Hush! Isabel," interrupted Annie; "how you do go on; and here is this boy waiting."

"That is just the way my sister Martha talks when that thing is near her," said Jemmy; "and as for me—"

Jemmy was interrupted by the appearance of a lady and gentleman at the door. The lady came forward into the room.

"I hope you will excuse me," she said, "but I find that my cousin, before he left town the other day, advertised the loss of a handkerchief we valued, and referred the finder of it to these rooms. I didn't know of it when I left them this morning. But, Philip, see! it is here," said Agnes, as Isabel came forward to meet her, with the handkerchief in her hand.

"I shall be sorry to part with it," she said, "though it has done its work. It has carried me home again. I cannot tell what is the strange power it has. Perhaps there is the same in all things, did we open our hearts to receive it; it has melted away ice that was gathering in my soul."

Meanwhile, Philip was standing in the doorway, in a happy dream, as he held

the handkerchief in his hand. But there was another interruption. A party of travelers were passing through the entry, and about to ascend the stairs close by.

"The Grimshaws, from Fayal," whispered Annie, as a short gentleman led the way, followed by a number of ladies. Four of them passed along, showily dressed; but they were followed by another—a young girl—heavily laden with carpet-bags and packages. Her figure was slight, her face very sad in its expression. It seemed as if the eyes had worn themselves out with weeping, and the lips had forgotten to smile. She looked up wearily for a moment, but suddenly let all that she had felt to the ground, as her eyes turned towards Philip.

Philip, who had moved away hastily, when he heard the Grimshaws mentioned, started as he looked upon the figure before him.

"Marie!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Philip! is it you?" cried the poor little Marie.

The Grimshaws turned back.

"Marie! Miss Grayley! what does this mean?"

"Is this indeed the little Marie for whom we have been looking so long?" exclaimed Agnes, as she went forward and seized her hands. "Perhaps these ladies will let us come into their room to explain all," she said to Isabel and Annie; "and the Misses Grimshaw will excuse Marie for a little while to the friends who have found her."

Isabel and Annie willingly retired. Agnes led Marie into the room; Philip followed dreamily. The Misses Grimshaw picked up their fallen shawls and veils, while their father scolded the porters. Jemmy seated himself on the stairs, thinking he could afford to wait awhile, in the prospect of the "rich reward."

When they had entered the parlor, Marie went up to Philip.

"Is it true?" she said; "will you be a friend to me? My father—my poor father—" She could not say any more. Agnes drew her towards herself, while Marie burst into a flood of tears.

"We are your friends, indeed," she said, caressingly; "Philip has been trying to find you."

"It was Mr. Philip, then, I saw," said Marie, at last. "Oh! I have thought so much of that day; I have



hoped, indeed, that one of my friends was living to take care of me."

"Alas! you have suffered much," said Philip.

"It is only since a little while," answered Marie, "that I have been so sad; but sorrowful enough then for many years."

"Where have you been?—when did you go to that convent?"

"It is little more than a year since I have been at Santa Maria, and for a time I was very happy there. But a few months ago, I lost my best friend. I thought it was sorrow enough when Sister Theresa left me; she was too beautiful to live long; she was heavenly always, so I ought not to feel sorrowful for her. But I did feel very sadly; I didn't know there were such heavy troubles left behind."

"How came you with these Grimshaws?" asked Agnes.

"Oh! my father, my dear father!" cried Marie; "I did not see him again—"

"It is not possible—" Philip began.

"Yes, yes, I shall never see him again. They came to tell me in the school that there was some one to see me from my father. Oh! how joyfully I went to see my father's friend! I should be so glad to know one who had known him! At first he spoke to me kindly, and, perhaps he did not know better—and, indeed, what difference would it have made in the way he told me that my father was dead! Oh! that is the first time I have said that terrible word. He had been in Africa; and, indeed, I ought to like this Mr. Grimshaw, for it was at his house that my father was taken sick. He was going to write to me—he meant to write to me, but every day he thought he should be better—that he should come to me himself. Only once he said that if anything happened to him, would Mr. Grimshaw come and take me home. Another time he spoke of a letter he had written to a friend of his that he had not yet finished, which I should bring home myself. This letter Mr. Grimshaw brought to me; but alas! there was no



address. So I seemed quite friendless, though I did not know it myself. I was so overwhelmed with my great sorrow that I knew only that, or, indeed, scarcely knew the depths of that. I believe I was wild—was passionate; yet I submitted to Mr. Grimshaw when he told me he must carry me away with him. I wished to go; I did not care where. Yet, after we left the school, we lingered awhile—”

“And I was there,” interrupted Philip. “Oh! why was I so blind!”

“But was it not terrible that I should never see my father again?—that he could not come to me to bid me farewell?—that his last words I should learn through a stranger! The letter of his, I believed must be to you, Mr. Philip; yet I did not know your whole name. I studied it as his last wish.”

“Let me see it,” said Philip, eagerly; “a letter to me?”

“It is here,” said Marie; “they are his only words. He could send me no other.”

“My dear young friend,” the letter said, “you are the only person who can know me by that name; the only person, I believe, who would be willing to call me a friend. Even your friendship for me I would not put to the proof, but in behalf of my child, of whom, I believe, you must have kind remembrances. I recall myself to you. You know the circumstances under which I left home; I have tried to keep from her a knowledge of them. I hope to leave behind me some resources for her, that she may not have to blame me for her neglect. Philip, you remember her gay, young, and happy, in the midst of luxury and ease; you will find her alone, without friends, in discomfort; perhaps this may touch your heart, and make you willing to take her into your guardianship. My affairs—”

This was all the letter contained.

“Your father has left me your guardian,” said Philip, joyfully, “and you will give me your consent, too?”

“But—no,” said Marie, looking down; “Mr. Grimshaw tells me that my father left behind him nothing for my

support. Indeed, I cannot tell you the hard words he said of my father—my own father! It chilled all the feeling I had begun to cherish towards my father’s friend. To think I was a burden to any one; oh! that was heavy enough; but to have his memory charged with anything wrong! I told Mr. Grimshaw—I told them all, I would work for them day and night—that I would rather work; it was a happiness for me that he left no fortune behind him, because I needed to work, I should be so unhappy now he was gone.”

“And so they made you an upper servant,” exclaimed Agnes, “and loaded you with their parcels.”

“They have no claim upon you now,” said Philip. “I am your guardian by your father’s will. It is, indeed, fortunate that there is no property besides, or my title to take charge of it might be disputed. While a young, tender girl—I will go to them directly.”

“You shall be my sister,” said Agnes; “I am Philip’s cousin, and you shall work for me, too; only it shall be such pretty work as you love—like that delicate handkerchief that has bewitched me so much. What charm did you work into it?”



The handkerchief! what had become of it? Philip had let it fall from his hand when he recognized Marie. He opened the door; in the entry was Marie's little trunk, deserted by the Grimshaws, and the disconsolate Jemmy, just leaving. Philip called him back, and Agnes and Marie listened to his errand. He did not go away till his claim to the reward was fully satisfied.

But the handkerchief! As it lay in the corridor, a sudden gust of wind from an opened door had blown it down the entry. A servant picked it up, and carried it, broom in hand, to the window, to examine it.

"Sorrow! and is not that beautiful!" she exclaimed; "it is as thin as the cobweb mistress just showed me; it's the prettiest thing I have seen since I came to this country. Why ever did I leave my own? Sure, it was for following you, Patrick; and if I should be always going after you, I should not be at rest yet. The grass was green there,

and the birds used to sing. It was not all up-stairs and down, as I have to go all day now. Why ever did I leave my home? And such a long way to come here, too! I can't remember the months. And will I never go home again? I will never know my way back. I would like to see the good old country once more, just to know it is better there than here. Sure, it was warmer to my heart. Here there's no Patrick—nobody else that is like my old home."

She tried to wipe her eyes with her apron; the dust-pan and broom fell from her hands. The light, thin handkerchief, too, left her grasp, and floated out of the window.

"There it goes!" cried the girl, as she watched it floating beyond her reach; "it looks like a white dove; and I think it must be a bird from the old country, to set me dreaming of home. It has fallen on the ground!"

"No, it is away again! Where will it go now?"



#### THE OLD MUSEUM.

**K**EPT in awe by battered portraits frowning over the balustrades, and exposed to detection and arrest by a mysterious step in the stairway, which communicated with a bell above, we fancy that no young man under twelve years of age ever gained access to the Old Museum in the Exchange without first advancing a shilling. One forward youth—well read in a Dick Turpin class

of literature—we are aware, accomplished the feat by climbing the lighting-rod, and descending through the observatory; but this was an exception as well as a deception—a move that moral principle or a fearfully projecting cornice rendered impracticable to the common run. (The youth who did it dared to go anywhere; and he once passed a tempestuous evening on the

top of a tall steeple in process of erection.) It was a golden epoch in your life when the requisite amount of coopers had accumulated in your stone money-jug, to enable you to ascend the stairs with impunity, and to return the stare of the old lamp-black heroes that leaned from the wall to guard the entrance.

But, after all, it was somewhat fearful to find yourself *alone*, surrounded by the silence and immensity of this wonderful place—knowing that a real stuffed alligator lay concealed somewhere, and that Miss McCrea was constantly being murdered by Indians somewhere else. The grim heads began to be cheerful company, when contrasted with the unknown horrors beyond—occupying a locality favoring flight, in case anything wicked or supernatural should suddenly appear. It was this feeling of indefinable dread that prompted you to study a whirlwind of paint denominated a naval engagement, in which Decatur was supposed to be leaving his ship in a jolly-boat (although nothing of the kind could be made out), with a very uneasy sense of satisfaction. It would have been presumptuous to have doubted the merit of that picture then; but, as you have since picked up some knowledge of art, the conviction has forced itself upon your mind that it was no more than a miserable daub; and that old Time, considering it unworthy of those mellowing touches it is his wont to bestow on paintings, had, in a fit of indignation, knocked it black and blue at once. You mustered a little courage, slowly, and ventured to look around.

That case of ancient shoes, with an astonishing variety of heels and toes, attracted less of your attention, perhaps, than did a large, jagged, sulphur-suggesting rock, which, you were assured by a label, came down from the sky! Even now, you do not feel particularly grateful to the Old Museum for that bit of scientific information; for a duplicate stone has acted a prominent part in numerous dreams, and you have, more or less, expected it to come crashing through the roof of your dwelling, sometime in the night season. Those strange, dingy men-of-war, every rope perfect, made by sailors, while off on tedious whaling-voyages, were deeply interesting, but not so marvelous, perhaps, as a long wooden chain, the links

of which were interspersed with balls, in impossible situations. The chain was especially fascinating, for the reason that it was executed with a jack-knife, in the hands of a convict, whose original sentence had been commuted to imprisonment for life, and who employed his leisure moments in this ingenious manner, in order that he might keep his mind occupied, and live through it. A light bark canoe, ornamented with beads, and containing savage-looking war-clubs, came in for a share of inspection, and you felt bound to believe that whole families of sanguinary South-Sea Islanders had paddled the affair in various directions, for the purpose of feeding upon the members of other tribes, with whom they had a hereditary misunderstanding. The old continental coat said to have been worn by General Putnam, when he clattered down the rocks at Stamford, and the crimson-clad British fired from above, conflicted slightly with the account in the school history, showing as it did, if we recollect, sixty-three perforations in the back (done by the royalists, the Christian proprietor claimed), of which the compilation for youth made no mention: thus leaving it an open question, whether the historian, the owner of the museum, or the moths had the right of it. There was an electrical machine in one of the apartments, and a camera-obscura up in the cupola—but these were so shockingly out of repair that they left no vivid impression upon the mind. If you mounted a chair, stood on tip-toe, and dislocated your neck, highly-colored pictures of cities could be seen by gazing through little round windows—London, Glasgow, Paris, Naples, Rome, Peking, and so on; but as there was a good deal of sameness in these pictorial cities, you concluded it was just about as well to live in your native town, as to “see Naples and die.”

A baby with two largely-developed heads, dancing a polka in a glass jar, and habitually under the influence of spirits, was too fantastic to be looked at for any length of time; and it was pleasant to turn to the contemplation of a ferocious wild boar, with glaring eyes and tremendous tusks, which seemed on the eve of attacking a wonderfully large and majestic elephant, just opposite. The mammoth shark, suspended from the ceiling, you strong-



ly suspected of being the same old fish that bit off the legs of Mr. Campbell (as related in the National Reader), when he very imprudently disregarded the advice of friends, and, at the close of a sultry day, plunged from the deck of a ship into a tropical sea, and had an end put to his foolish existence. Passing the ruins of a mastodon—skillfully constructed from the osseous portion of the before-mentioned elephant, and patched with the bones of that useful animal, the horse—the youthful visitor arrived at a window-fronted room, and, shading his eyes, saw the most horribly-attractive combination of curiosities that the Old Museum had to offer, at any price. No young person, who ever saw them, can have forgotten those painted and feather-bedecked savages, brandishing tomahawks and scalping-knives around the disheveled head of the kneeling Miss McCrea, or those two tears of the magnitude of marbles, resting upon her pale and beautiful cheeks! And there was Black Hawk, in a blue frock-coat, adorned with glittering U. S. navy buttons, a long red sash, and other evidences of refinement. Why, oh! why rushed he not in to save the unfortunate

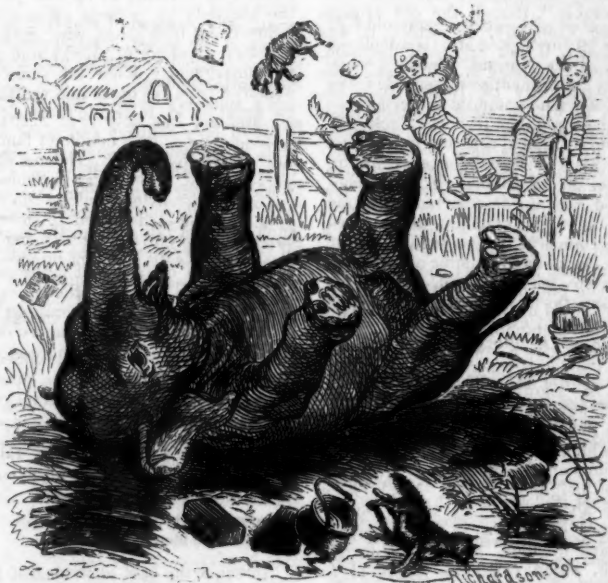
young lady, instead of standing in one corner of the forest, watching a fragment of ragged anaconda, and a poor, dusty little pelican?

We sincerely believe that group of wax statuary has only been surpassed in modern times by a couple of families once owned by the St. Helena showman: one of which was intended to illustrate the evils of drinking too freely, and the other designed to show the blessings likely to flow from using cold water exclusively as a beverage—but both so excessively disagreeable that the spectator was left in doubt as to which domestic circle had the advantage.

When you came out of this collection of wonders, and stood in the sunshine and bustle of the principal street (after a seeming absence of several days), you could not but feel a mingled sentiment of surprise and pity towards a school-mate, who was squandering his property for a pine-apple, at the corner confectionery, as the money thus invested would, more wisely expended, have carried him triumphantly into the Old Museum. Very likely he had already been in. Yes, but why didn't he go in again?

The Old Museum was not a remunerative enterprise—museums never are—and one day an auctioneer scattered the rare and valuable things all over town—some of the more antique and delicate specimens (like birds) to the winds. The elephant, we remember, was run up to a high figure, in a jocular way, and knocked down, seriously, to a young gentleman of limited means and exuberant animal spirits. As the elephant, notwithstanding its enormous size, had been the germ of the museum, the rest of that excellent institution had gradually grown up around it, and the huge quadruped had come to be shut off from the outer world by an exceedingly complicated series of improvements; and the rash bidder nearly ruined himself in paying the host of men required to cut away partitions, lower his prize from the fifth story of the Exchange, and transport it to his residence—for years and years had passed away since the imposing brute, glorious in scarlet and silver, had led the van of a caravan, rolling to the clang of cymbals and bugles, and his hide was as rigid as sheet-iron. The aggregate outlay was essentially increased by the building of an elevated

mound of earth and masonry for the majestic animal to stand upon, in the garden of its owner. But the young and volatile citizens soon ceased to admire the grandeur of the spectacle, and devoted their hours of recreation to hurling stones at the venerable effigy; and so the possessor, having contracted a deep disgust for his purchase, and no little anxiety for his life, secured the shavings and sticks with which the monster was stuffed (ivory previously removed) and had the whilom wanderer among African jungles tipped, legs up, into an adjoining lot. The noble beast, however, still retained its shape, and, with its feet in the air, appeared to be throwing out the pantomimic invitation to community: "Come on, with your dead oats and all sorts of contemptible rubbish—it won't be noticed while I am here; this is the spot for rusty stove-pipe, defunct dogs, and lobster-shells; here's the place for trash—come on!" And then the neighbors entered a complaint; and that was the reason, which has never before been satisfactorily explained, why the nuisance-committee took hold of the matter, and made the owner of the brave old elephant pay a heavy fine.





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IN former times—or, to name a definite period, we shall say in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, ere paper money was introduced—it was customary, in the great commercial cities of Italy, and very likely, also, in those of other European countries, for a bag, purporting to contain a certain sum of gold or silver money, to pass from hand to hand, without its contents being examined or counted, on the credit of the little label attached to it, specifying how much there was, or ought to be, within. This saved a great deal of trouble; and when, at length, it might become necessary, from any cause, to count the money, and a deficiency should be found, either in the tale, weight, or standard, why, then, the holder had his remedy against the person from whom he *got the bag*, and might recover from him the deficiency—if he could. What the label was to the old leathern money-bag, such has been the term “Venerable” to the character, literary, moral, and religious, of the old monk of Jarrow. From the customary influence of this little word “venerable,” though the old Miracle Trading Company, by which it was sanctioned, if not originally imposed, has greatly declined in credit; and from the ponderosity of Bede’s bag, his works, to wit, in eight volumes folio, appalling to even the most assiduous *teller*, its contents have been very seldom examined; and, though hints have, from time to time, been given by a few who had had the curiosity to look into it with some degree of attention, that it was not filled exclusively with the precious metals, it has yet been *sealed up* again and put into circulation at pretty nearly its old nominal value. Dropping here the metaphorical bag, we shall proceed to give a few particulars relating to Venerable Bede, illustrative of his times, his knowledge, and his writings.

Bede was born, A. D. 673, in that part of the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland which now forms the county of Durham; and, according to tradition, in the neighborhood of Monkton, a village about two miles to the south-westward of Jarrow, in the monastery of which he died, A. D. 735. Jarrow church, which originally belonged to the monastery of Jarrow, is one of the

oldest in the kingdom; it was founded, in 681, by Benedict Biscop, who had founded another monastery at Wearmouth, dedicated to St. Peter, about seven years before. According to an inscription, of the period, now placed within Jarrow church, over the arch of the tower, it was dedicated “to St. Paul, on the 9th of the kalends of May, in the 15th year of King Egfrid, and in the 4th of Ceolfrid, abbot of the said church,” that is, on the 22d April, 685.

The form of religion, which then passed for Christianity, having been introduced to the Saxons of the south by the monk Augustine, under the auspices of Pope Gregory the Great, in 596, and those of the north having been converted also by the monks, within the course of the succeeding forty years—the bishopric of Lindisfarne having been founded in 635—a profession of monkery appears to have become extremely prevalent among the new converts, and more especially those who were of royal or noble birth. Monasteries were founded in various parts of the kingdom by persons of wealth or influence, of both sexes, who, gathering together a colony of monks and nuns, not unfrequently under the same roof, withdrew from the cares and vanities of the great world, to devote themselves to a life of holy celibacy and pious seclusion, and, possibly, to enjoy the pleasure of administering the affairs of a little world of their own. That many good and sincerely pious persons found in such places a refuge from the anxieties of secular life, there can be no question; but it is also certain that many of the professed still retained the vices and bad passions which they brought with them, whether from the country or the court; for, since to “a spotless mind and innocent,”

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Into this monastery (Wearmouth), Bede entered as an *alumnus*, or pupil, when he was only seven years old. At the age of nineteen he was ordained a deacon by John of Beverly, then Bishop of Hexham; and at the age of thirty he was ordained a priest by the same prelate. Shortly after his admission to the priesthood he appears to have removed to the brother monastery of Jarrow, where he continued to reside till the time of his decease, diligently employing himself in compiling glosses and expositions of the Scriptures, and in composing works for the edification both of himself and his brethren. At that time there were six hundred monks belonging to the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, and in most of the other monasteries of the kingdom their number appears to have been proportionably great. Most of those monks were not priests, but a kind of intermediate class between the clergy and laity bound by a vow to yield obedience to their abbot, and to live a chaste and holy life.

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Under his instructors Bede acquired such a knowledge of the Latin language as to be able to write it with clearness and ease; and it has also been said that he had a knowledge of Greek: if he had, it was very small, and certainly not beyond a mere knowledge of words as synonymous with others of Latin. From the Greek he derived no knowledge of things; for of all that is most interesting and permanently valuable in Greek literature, he was wholly ignorant. We are informed that the genius of Bede embraced the whole cyclopædia of human learning; that he acquired his knowledge of natural philosophy and mathematics from the purest sources, namely, from the works of the Greek and Latin authors themselves; and that he had a *competent* knowledge of poetry, rhetoric, metaphysics, logic, astronomy, music, cosmography, chronology, and history. By one writer he is represented as "trimming the lamp of learning, and irradiating the Saxon realm of Northumberland with a clear and steady light;" while another, who has recently edited a translation of a portion of Bede's works, professing to amend the language of the text, and in his own slipshod introduction supplying proof of his incompetence to perform the task, says, in his own peculiar style, that it "seems not a little surprising that one who had scarce moved further than the place of his nativity should so accurately

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describe those at a distance." The correctness of description, it is to be observed, is here taken for granted: the correct transcription of a portion of Gulliver's Travels by the master of the City of London School, would be just as surprising as Bede's accurate description of "those at a distance." For a specimen of such accuracy, we beg to refer the reader to Bede's tract, "*De Locis Sacris*," which the learned editor has, most unaccountably, neglected to cite.

The writer, who described Bede as "trimming the lamp of learning," might have represented him, more truly and graphically, as a good-natured, garrulous old monk, of great but not accurate memory, beguiling the long winter nights by reading to the other monks, in the common hall, with the aid of a rushlight, a huge volume of extracts, compiled by himself, from the works of the fathers; varying his course of lectures with a chapter of his own Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation, "stuffed here and there with thumping miracles, for which he must be pardoned," as Bishop Nicholson charitably observes; and occasionally rousing them, when he perceived that they were becoming drowsy, with a narrative from the life of St. Cuthbert, which, as he has represented it, was nothing but a series of miracles from beginning to end. To speak without figure, he is, in his purely theological works, the mere transcriber of earlier authorized opinions, without ever venturing to inquire into the reasons on which they might be based. His ecclesiastical history is, in many places, where opportunity is afforded of testing it by other authorities, extremely inaccurate, while it abounds in passages which, at first sight, are perceived to be purely fabulous. That he did not invent them may be a salvo for his honesty; but then the fact of his recording them, as he has done, must be admitted to be a proof of his being no less blindly credulous than the most illiterate of his countrymen. This work is also infected, though in a slight degree, with that loathsome impurity which is often to be met with in the writings of monkish authors, both of the Greek and Latin church. That which was shameful for a layman to do or even mention, the cloistered monk often seems to have felt a depraved pleasure in recording. The portion to which we

allude is that in which Pope Gregory the Great answers the queries of Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bede's life of St. Cuthbert is a perfect specimen of that kind of biography which, when served up by writers of a later period, is usually classed under the head of "pious frauds." Strange, that those who are most eager to magnify the extent and value of Bede's learning and knowledge should seek to absolve him from the charge of pious fraud, on the plea of pious ignorance! It cannot be said that the miracles which he records of St. Cuthbert were consecrated by time, for Cuthbert was living when Bede was born, and did not die till 687, when Bede was thirteen years old. As Bede had many more to imitate the fictions which he recorded, than to be edified by his facts, it may be truly said that the light which he contributed to diffuse was of that kind which renders man blind, rather than enables him to see.

Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, speaking of the legendary lives of the saints, says that St. Gregory the Great and Bede, whom he erroneously dubs "St.," "showed the way to the rest, and by their own credulity and want of judgment gave a pattern and encouragement to all the monkish tales and impostures afterwards." This is not, however, exactly correct; the way was previously shown by St. Athanasius, in his life of St. Anthony, the patron of monks, and by Sulpicius Severus, in his life of St. Martin, of Tours. It has, indeed, been denied that the life of St. Anthony was really written by Athanasius; yet the genuineness of no one of the works ascribed to him depends on better authority.

It is related that, shortly before the Reformation, a French bishop, in returning homeward from an embassy to Scotland, visited, on the same day, the shrines of St. Cuthbert and Bede, in Durham Cathedral; that at St. Cuthbert's he offered a small copper coin, saying, "St. Cuthbert, if thou art a saint, pray for me;" and that at Bede's he offered a French crown, requesting his prayers because he was a saint indeed. This anecdote, and its quotation by certain shrewd persons, for the purpose of depreciating Cuthbert and exalting Bede, present a curious exemplification of the manner in which the mind, though conscious of a fallacy



*somehow*, *e*, is yet unable to disentangle it, and, cutting boldly, cuts wrong. Cuthbert is, to a certain extent, regarded as an impostor; while in this case the real impostor is extravagantly honored; though it be owing to his fallacious narrative alone that the mind has become impressed with a confused idea of the former having pretended to have done or said that which the false or credulous biographer has recorded of him. He who really thinks Bede a saint is bound to receive Cuthbert as a saint, also. A man pays but a left-handed compliment to the knowledge and piety of a friend, by treating a person as if he were a cheat, merely because he was highly revered, and his saintly virtues much extolled by that friend.

Bede was very highly esteemed in his own age for his great learning; and William of Malmesbury says that Pope Sergius wished him to come to Rome, in order to consult with him on ecclesiastical affairs. From what circumstance he first acquired the title of "Venerable" has not been determined. According to one account, he obtained it from the following circumstance: When he was old and blind he was led about by a young monk, who once took him to a heap of stones, telling him that they were country people waiting in reverent silence to hear him preach. He forthwith began, and at the end of his discourse the stones saluted him with "Amen, Venerable Bede!" The other is, that one of his scholars, when engaged in writing his epitaph, could not complete it for want of an appropriate word; but leaving it at night thus,

"Hac sunt in fossa Bede . . . ossa,"

he found, next morning, the blank filled up with the word "*venerabilis*." It is equally credible that *both* those accounts are true.

Bede was interred at Jarrow; but about the year 1023 his remains were "conveyed" to Durham, and placed beside those of St. Cuthbert, by Ælfred, a brother of that monastery, who was an enthusiastic collector of reliques, more

eager to secure possession than scrupulous about the means. "It seems," says the late Mr. Surtees, in his History of Durham, "that a propensity to 'conveying, as the wise it call,' was no less inherent in those ancient collectors of rarities than in their modern representatives." An old chair, said to have been Bede's, is still preserved at Jarrow. The seat, which is of oak, of great solidity, and rudely hollowed out, is unquestionably *antique*; the back and sides are more modern, the originals having been *several times* carried off in small pieces, by visitors, as portions of Bede's chair.

About the year 1370, Bede's remains, which were inclosed in a shrine of gold and silver, appear to have been removed from the feretory of St. Cuthbert, and placed on a marble table in that part of the church called the Galilee. This shrine was defaced at the Reformation. His bones were buried beneath the spot where it stood, and over them was erected a plain table monument. In 1831 the tomb was examined, when several bones, reputed to be Bede's, were discovered; that they really were his is uncertain, seeing that several monasteries, both in England and on the Continent, could boast of having some of them.

We have not said all that we could have wished to say respecting Bede, but our paper is out. That the opinions which we have expressed concerning Bede may not, however, be misconstrued, we beg to say that we have no desire to unfairly depreciate a Saxon relique; we only wish to ascertain its real value and use, not only with reference to the standard of times past, but also to that of times present. An acre of land might be purchased for a shilling in the time of Bede; but he must be grossly infatuated with the love of antiquity who would now give an acre of land for twelve Saxon pennies. To draw to a point. Oh, Wiseacre! part not with thy mental freehold upon such terms; and ever as thou lovest correct accounts, trust not implicitly to the label, but examine the contents of the bag.

## EARLY RISING.

"GOD bless the man who first invented sleep!"  
 So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;  
 And bless him, also, that he didn't keep  
 His great discovery to himself; or try  
 To make it—as the lucky fellow might—  
 A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep  
 (I really can't avoid the iteration);  
 But blast the man with curses loud and deep,  
 Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,  
 Who first invented, and went round advising,  
 That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"  
 Observes some solemn sentimental owl—  
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said;  
 But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
 Pray just inquire about their rise—and fall,  
 And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folks to be abed,"  
 Is in the morning, if I reason right;  
 And he, who cannot keep his precious head  
 Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,  
 And so enjoy his forty morning-winks,  
 Is up—to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said,  
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;  
 But then he said it—lying—in his bed  
 At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason  
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,  
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—  
 Awake to duty, and awake to truth—  
 But when, alas! a nice review we take  
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,  
 The hours, that leave the slightest cause to weep,  
 Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world a while  
 For the soft visions of the gentle night;  
 And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,  
 To live, as only in the angels' sight,  
 In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,  
 Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So, let us sleep, and give the maker praise;  
 I like the lad who, when his father thought  
 To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase  
 Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,  
 Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising—  
 The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

## MIZZEN-TOP MUSINGS.

THE staunch old ship "Good Cheer" lies at her wharf. She has come in from a long and tedious voyage, during which she has met with unusual buffeting, and she now seems resting from toil and danger, and recruiting her energies for another adventurous tour of the world. As some old gentleman, when wearied with his long tramp through crooked, crowded, and dusty streets, rejoices to reach his home, and there, in order to enjoy his leisure to the utmost, unbuttons his coat and vest, stretches out his legs, and rests his aching head against the wall, so does it seem to me that the ship "Good Cheer" has determined to make the most of a few short weeks of inactivity, and has thereto placed herself in negligent attitude and attire: stripping off her sails, folding up her bowsprit and studding-sail booms, loosening her rigging, opening her hatches, as though for breath, and throwing out upon the wharf the heavy cargo which for months has held her head pressed down into the waves.

It is a pleasant sight to see the old ship again, even under the negligent air of easy contentment. She is far from being in 'trim order, to be sure; nor does she appear to the same advantage as when, once upon a time, I was wont to watch the spray fly to either side, as she dipped into the brine, or, leaning against the bulwarks, gazed upon the graceful swell of the distended sails, enjoying, all the while, the pleasant rolling motion. She lies now almost as lifeless as the dingy warehouses which line the shore. She floats in a pool of unhealthy-colored water, in which the sport of dolphins and albacores is usurped by the rotation of a wretched circle of cocoanut-husks, chips, and half-decayed lemon-rinds. Men, in miserable little punts, bump up against her sides, and she has no power to resent the familiarity. Hideous steam-tugs fly past, and snort defiance; but she is helpless as to reply. And, if the truth must be told, her deck is very dirty. But, even in the midst of such discouraging influences, I can recognize here and there a trait to awaken my old fondness, and fill me with pleasant associations of the past. Here, lashed behind the wheel, is the old double-cask life-preserver, upon which I have so

often sat, and, leaning over, watched the play of the phosphorescent water of the tropics. There is the quarter-deck hand-rail, scratched from one end to the other with tallies of unnumbered games of cribbage. And there, up aloft, is the mizzen-top, where I so often sat, and read, or played, or mused, or watched the horizon, in the vain hope of being the first to signalize myself by discovering a strange sail. And now, moved by a passing whim, I leap over the quarter-rail, cling to the shrouds, and begin to ascend. It is harder work than it used to be. Either I have grown more portly and less elastic in my limbs, or else it is the fault of my long-skirted coat and high-heeled boots, which, indeed, are not well adapted for climbing. But I resolutely persevere, rise from ratlin to ratlin, swing myself clumsily over, and at length seat myself once more upon the mizzen-top as of old, with my right hand grasping the shrouds, and my feet hanging over the edge.

\* \* \* \* \*

Would you like to know, Tom, what I thought of when seated up there? I thought, at first, of you, and how that it might have been a good thing for you if you could have been there with me. I fancied that, as we recalled the past, some bright spot might have glowed in your encrusted heart, and made you, at least for a little while, something like the man you were when we two sailed together; for I do not believe that you are yet entirely lost, Tom. It is true that you have changed—that you have become that idol of the world, a practical, unimaginative, business man—that your delight is now in dingy counting-houses and mouldy ledgers, and that your conversation is always upon the price of stocks and corner-lots. But I believe that there may yet be a tender spot in your soul—a relic of your other life; and that there are glimpses of the outer world which may yet have power to recall you to yourself, if properly presented to you. Hard and unromantic as your heart has been growing for the last ten years, I do not believe, Tom, that you could have stood upon the mizzen-top with me, and have heard me talk to you of past adventures, and have

looked with me down upon the deck which once so pleasantly rolled beneath us, and not have thought of something besides the number of chests of tea and barrels of flour our good ship could carry.

Well, you were not there, Tom, and so I will tell you what I recalled. You may not read this—you probably will not. I believe that of late your only reading has been the price-currents, and interest-tables, and that you affect to despise all lighter influences. But it may happen, by some strange chance, that you are at some time placed where you must necessarily see these pages—in a car or stage, for instance—where you can get no stock-lists, can find no commercial friends to talk with, and so must either listen to me, or be idle. And if that time does come, Tom, remember that I write this for you, with pity for your present fallen state, and a feeble hope that the only remaining tender spot in your heart may glow once more with something of its old native fire, and burn off the hard crust with which the world will soon smother every spark of pleasant reminiscence forever.

And I thought, first, of the time when the brave little ship "Good Cheer" cast off from the shore and carried us out upon the ocean, which, until that day, we had never seen. Shall I recall that picture, Tom? We stood together at the stern. Around us, and, like ourselves, gazing towards our rapidly-disappearing home, were a number who were to be our companions for many a month—some friends from our native place—a German, with long, red beard, flat cap, and hooded traveling-cloak—a Frenchman, short and withered—a Scotchman, from the very bosom of the Tweed—and many others. The ship, with her broad sails set square, gayly broke her way through the white-crested waves, which hissed madly against her sides, and then fell behind, baffled and frowning. At our right, far off, was a speck—our pilot-boat, already in search of another prize. At our left, a long, low steamer trailed her wreath of smoke through the air. In advance, and rapidly drawing near, was an inward-bound bark, toilsomely beating towards the land, and rolling up and down in the yeasty sea-trough, until we could even see the yellow planking of her deck. Behind, and slowly sinking below the horizon, were the heights of

Nevesink, with a few white dots at their feet, where cottages stood, and two white lines above, for light-house landmarks. And, as we gazed, the sun touched the mountain brows, a flood of brightness streamed up from the west for a few brief moments, and then sank into dim twilight; the swift-faced night came on and shut out the sight of our native shores, save where the glimmer of light-houses began to mark their position, and the blue of the sea changed to blackness, while the waves seemed to leap and hiss more madly, and with a more sullen moan than before. There we stood—sad but excited—with a timorous instant of dread throbbing in our hearts, and an exulting gleam of courage leaping to our eyes—with eyelids moistened with regret at the fading away of that land which we might never see again, and a secret joy swelling the soul at the thought of the wild and daring life of excitement which our hopes had so lavishly spread out before us. And so the night closed in above us.

Tom, I am afraid that if we once again stood thus together, and saw spread out before us the same rich glories of wave, and shore, and sky, you would only complain of the cold, draw your cloak more tightly about you, and go below.

And now recall a certain tropical night, that even you long remembered. The air was warm, the waves light, and the wind feeble; and our good ship was slowly forging ahead, with a gentle, rocking, lullaby motion. From deck to truck she was one pile of canvas, narrowing gradually to the light sky-sail, which, with every swell, described its little arch upon the heavens; while, at the sides, the studding-sails projected far out, until, as a heavier roll than usual now and then swept along, they dipped their corners carefully in the water. Behind us, the vessel left a trail of fire, as she ploughed up the phosphorescent sea; and, in the distance, the rugged crags of the little isle Fernando de Noronha darkly broke the line of the horizon, and added to the enchantment of the scene. And, above all, the full moon rode the heavens, silvering the waves, gleaming upon the light sails, brightening up the freshly-scraped deck, and even, here and there, tinging with a mellow glow some jutting peak of the old distant isle. Clad in light garments, we sat upon the

spanker-boom, and bracing our backs against its tightly-stretched sail, yielded ourselves fully up to the romance of the hour. A group of passengers sat near us—among them the German and the Frenchman. Three or four had musical instruments—a flute, a guitar, and that favorite of the seas, an accordion; while there were others who rejoiced in well-tuned voices. The group essayed a lively negro melody; but the strain, though sweet, did not, somehow, succeed, for the quickness of the air was hardly in symphony with the more leisurely dreaming of our souls. But suddenly from the accordion came the first few plaintive notes of the German Hymn. The player merely rattled a few of the keys, as a forlorn experiment; but the effect was electric: at once it was felt that a chord was touched in every heart—at once all voices and instruments joined in, and the grand old tune swelled grander and louder, stretching over the unmeasured waters in holy concord, and rising in reverential harmony to the heavens, while the old ship herself seemed to catch the spirit of the thing, and to time her gentle rocking in unison. That old tune, written to be sung through the echoing arches of some time-honored cathedral, never yet was pealed forth with more heart-felt fervor than there, in that waste of waters—God's own cathedral; and, as the last strains died softly away over the deep, there was moisture in every eye, for, somehow, it led our thoughts to the home we had left behind us.

Tom, I am afraid that now the chink of gold and the rattle of crisp bank-notes would bring more music to your ears than a seraph's song.

And recall that day before we entered Rio, and how we stood upon the quarter-deck and gazed upon the beetling crags of Cape Frio, worn and rugged, and scarcely less distorted than the surf which splashed thirty feet high at the base! And how we sat upon the mizzen-top in the evening, as, in sight of the hospitable port, we forged slowly up and down the coast, guided by the light-house and the Southern Cross, and awaiting the hour when, with the break of morn, would come the breeze which would waft us safely in. And how, when the morning-breeze had come, we pressed the quarter-rail and joyfully watched the line of shore, as, while we

drew nearer, it changed from blue to brown, until palm-trees could be distinguished girding the rounded mountains, and villas nestling at their feet, and forts and shipping appeared, and, at last, as we passed the wondrous Sugar Loaf, we saw the city itself, crouching down amid the hills. And then think of that loveliest, most enrapturing scene of all—a picture which I have often in my dreams seen since—when at night our anchor was dropped in the bay, and we lay before the town. There was no moon, and by the feeble glimmer of the stars we could but faintly see the line of mountain-tops against the sky. Two miles off was the city, lit up as if for a festival. Each side, along the shore, were batteries, marked by three rows of eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two lights, set regularly within their port-holes. In advance of us lay a frigate; upon each side of us were barks, adventurously bound, like ourselves. The soft dip of oars was here and there heard, and the phosphorescent sea was bright with the trails of unnumbered fish, sporting under our stern. We were all on deck—for who could stay below? An awning had been stretched across to shield us from the dew; lanterns had been hung about the rigging, and we broke forth into song after song, the chorus of each of which was gayly taken up by ship after ship, until the whole harbor rang with the melancholy complainings of "Lucy Neal" and "Mary Blane," while the German attempted to roll forth a native ode, but was silenced by the obstreperous laughter of us others, who could not understand the language. And suddenly our noise was hushed; for, from our frigate, the band burst forth with our national anthem. We had all heard and liked it at home, but it never sounded half as grandly as then, when listened to in a foreign country. And as the last strains died away over the water, there came a gentle tink-tinkle here and there, echoed from one ship's bell to another, in every variety of tone, but all invested with the same musical charm. It was the striking of eight bells; and as I recalled this picture, Tom, upon the mizzen-top, I sat for many minutes with closed eyes, and mused upon it.

Do you remember, Tom, how, that night, we conjured up a scheme to leave our good old ship, and, in reckless ad-



venturing, strike across that unexplored country, to meet her again at her Pacific port? We did not attempt it, to be sure; for our hastily-formed resolution soon died away, under the pleasant and luxuriant attractions of the city life; and it is as well that we forbore, since we would probably have never reached the other coast alive. But does it anger you, Tom, to think that there was a time when you did not count the cost of everything?

That was a wilder but not unpleasant scene, when we passed through the Straits of le Maire. We were muffled to the ears in shaggy coats, with buttons like plates; for it was very cold. The sun described a very low arch in the heavens, far to the north, and gilded the waves, without deigning to shed any genial warmth upon them. The sea was rough, and the vessel drove so uneasily before the wind, that we were obliged to grasp the quarter-rail to maintain our footing. Upon one side rose the coast of Terra del Fuego, a rounded mass of mountain-land, while, upon the other side, was Staten Land, a pile of giant snow-capped pinnacles and crags, like a crystallized, many-steeped city. The German stood, with one hand upon the rail, trying to copy the outlines of the scenery; but, as the ship progressed, new crags came into view, and old ones assumed other positions, and continually defeated his efforts, until a gust of wind carried off his paper, and, as he loosened his hand from the rail to tear his beard, he lost his balance, and rolled upon the deck, uttering some wonderful, jaw-breaking Dutch oaths. So with the musical passenger, who had come upon deck to breathe defiance through his corneopoean, and who was dashed from one side to the other, to the imminent danger of his instrument. And while we shouted applause, the gathering mists rolled down the broken sides of Staten Land—an arch of clouds gathered towards the south, forming a vast semicircle of brightness, streaked with unearthly radiations—the sea and the wind rose higher together in a devil's chorus—the good ship labored more uneasily—the clouds spread out apace, and descended, filling the air with drifting snow—the sun was blotted out—the land extinguished; and so we drove on into the jaws of the great Southern ocean, with no other company than the white albatrosses and cape-pigeons,

which wheeled, screaming, to and fro in our track.

That gale passed over before long, Tom, and the sunshine again appeared. When will your corroding heart feel a little of its former sunshine?

Do you remember one day that we passed in Valparaiso? Not in the city itself, however. We had wandered a mile or two off, on the northern side of the bay, and the little white town had become indistinguishably confused in the distance. We could only detect, at the foot of the mountain, the long custom-house, the plaza, the cathedral, a church or two, and, further up the hill, the round-topped cemetery chapel. The rest had become blended into a straggling, undefined line, trailing, like a serpent, along the water's edge. In front of us was the bay, with a few hundred vessels at anchor, at suitable distances, with their sails hanging loose, and their national bunting now and then lazily puffing out from the gaffs, and then, as the passing breeze died away, slowly sinking back into a loose roll. There was an English frigate at one side, and she, alone, manifested life; for it was Coronation Day, and her lines were hung with flags, from truck to bowsprit, while her ports were peeling forth a broadside for a national salute. All other vessels were lifelessly basking in the hot sun, which poured down its hot rays until the air was scarcely a degree less than oppressive. We were not warm, however; for, in our walk, we had chanced upon a little cottage by the bay—not comfortably built, perhaps, for it was of sun-dried brick, which gaped open in various places, but, upon the whole, rendered wonderfully picturesque, by thick vines, which trailed over the roof, and formed an arbor in front, and were loaded down with rich, purple clusters. We sat in the shade of this arbor and ate our grapes, while, now and then, down a sloping road between us and the bay, came trains of mules with tinkling bells upon their necks. And while we sat and eat, the daughter of the establishment appeared before us. She was a native Spanish beauty—brown as a nut—well formed—with beautifully-shaped bare feet, which her short dress could not hide—and rejoicing in a bright black eye, and pearly teeth, and long, curling hair, which reached beyond her waist. She bore a guitar, and, taking her place opposite

to us, sang. What her song was, we knew not. It might have been humorous—it might have been of the lowest kind of Chilian minstrelsy—perhaps it was a love madrigal designed to captivate us. Whatever it might be, we only knew that the strain was pretty and the voice sweet, and that those were tender and languishing eyes which glanced upon us; and we yielded to the fascination of the scene. You said that you would be content to remain for months and years in that rustic arbor, and gaze upon that beautiful bay, and eat those purple grapes, and listen to that soothing melody.

Tom, what would Miss Janet MacNinny, of Gramercy Square, with her Roman nose, her long, straight back, and her two hundred thousand dollars in state-sixes, say, if she knew that her devoted cavalier had ever uttered such a heresy?

One more recollection. We were far from our ship, and up among the environs of the Sierra Nevada—in a little mountain-begirt valley. Upon each side rose lofty hills, covered from top to bottom with giant pines. In the circle below, our little white tent was pitched, near a pleasant brook, and between the tent and the brook was our fire. Around this fire we would gather—a company of six willing, friendly hearts—sheltered only by the moonlit boughs of the nearest pines, which stretched in friendly protection over us. In the indistinct light we could no longer mark the slender pass which served our valley for an outlet, and, at the first sight, we seemed as though shut in to dwell among those hills forever. But we were careless and jovial; nor did it trouble us that we were thousands of miles away from home, or that we were poor in pocket and shabby in attire, or that the vein of quartz, from which we had expected to reap such profits, had suddenly come to naught. With the mountain life, its reckless, adventurous spirit had come over us; we would plan new enterprises with unabated confidence; and, when we thought of absent friends, we would think of them as though to see them once again required but a quiet stroll around the corner. And as we would pile on the logs to make a ruddier flame, and pull our blankets closer about our shoulders, we would tell our several tales of past adventure. The German, who was still with us, would dilate upon

his career in the universities of his own country; and the Scotchman would tell about his native salmon-fishing—and Burns and Schiller would be freely quoted—and still we would sit around the fire, and pile on fresh logs, until the night would be far advanced. There may be greater bodily comfort by a well-arranged grate-fire in a tightly-closed room; but no civilized refinements can produce that jovial exhilaration of soul which an evening by a camp-fire, in the midst of wild mountain scenery, will awaken.

So you then thought, Tom; but would you think so now? I fear not. You would say that this is all nonsense and foolish romance, and that the real business of man is to abandon all desultory wanderings, and work hard for comforts to be enjoyed in another manner. And you would point to your great stone house and shining carriage, and show me what I, too, might have had, if I had only chosen to do as you have done.

In this you may be partly right, Tom. I will not deny that I may have too much failed in prosecuting some of the great schemes of life, and may have too often yielded my sense of duty to my keener sense of taste and romance. And it must be a pleasant thing to own a great house and a prancing pair of horses. But Tom—dear Tom—while I thus sat upon the mizzen-top and mused, I could not but think that there might be a welcome medium between my listless life and your energetic absorption; and that a few of the pictures in your gallery, or a few of the pieces of rich plate in your closet, might well be exchanged for the ability, once in a while, to turn aside from daily care and enjoy a little of the freshening spirit of your other days.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Halloa, there!—You, sir!”

I look over the edge of the mizzen-top and see an angry, purple-faced mate shaking his knotty fist, as he calls up at me. He is not the mate with whom I sailed, and with whom, upon the night-watches, I shared my cigars, but another newer mate who knows me not.

“Come down from there!” he shouts. “Who the deuce told you to go up? Is this your ship, I’d like to know?”

Slowly and awkwardly I descend, while the mate still continues to swear

and shake his fist, and a group of little boys collect on the wharf to laugh at me. I reach the deck, commence an apology, which is drowned by a new torrent of oaths; and I step upon the wharf and walk away, followed by a

farewell volley of jeers from the little boys. And so I pass, crest-fallen, along the wharf and up a narrow street, until the great stone warehouses intervene, and the friendly mizzen-top is lost to view.

### THE BABY-EXTERMINATOR.

I HAVE been frequently importuned to state the cause and extent of my rupture with that worthy and widely-esteemed personage, the Reverend Doctor Armageddon. Although our estrangement is now over, and the broken chain of friendship between us has linked again, the papers still teem with annoying remarks and surmises on the unfortunate event. I propose to claim justice, both for him and myself, by the present explanation. I am conscious of having done nothing to deserve the public reproofs which I have lately received; and as for him, his real offense, if such it may be called, was venial compared with the calumnies which have been propagated against him. I shall not fear prolixity in my statements, as I know that the world will readily pardon it in one who has sat much at the feet of the copious, the inexhaustible Armageddon.

Going back, after the doctor's own thorough manner, to the foundation of things, I observe that our acquaintance commenced in 1850. It always seems to me, however, as if I had known him for at least eight or ten centuries. This impression of the antiquity of our friendship is produced, I conclude, by the character of his sermons, which generally begin with the deluge or the creation, or the fall of Lucifer, and describe those veteran events with the picturesque minutiae of an eye-witness. Having helped him name the beasts, birds, and fishes at least a hundred times; having been turned out of the Garden of Eden in his company to the full as often; having run away with him, over and over again, from the roarings of the first carnivorously-disposed lion; having built manifold arks under his direction, and filled them with carefully-selected menageries; having been repeatedly confounded and dispersed in his pres-

ence for erecting the tower of Babel; not to mention innumerable long and interesting passages before him through the Red Sea, I naturally feel as if I had been acquainted with him a great while. This sense of time immemorial made our intimacy doubly delightful to me, and would have prevented me from ever breaking it, but for what I foolishly considered an extreme provocation.

The doctor was already a widower when our friendship commenced. How long since his wife died I do not know; and I never alluded to her in his presence, lest the subject might be a sore one to him; for how could I be sure that she was not one of those very daughters of the old Canaanites against whom I had heard him inveigh so fervently? He was considered by most people to be sixty years old; but on this point I naturally remain in a respectful uncertainty. It is singular, by the way, how I speak of the doctor in the past tense, as if he were long since dead and buried. Fortunately for the erring children of mankind, it is not so. But I always mention him thus, instinctively, on account of the odor of antiquity which his venerable conversation dispenses.

The doctor had no children except certain spiritual ones, whom he often alluded to, but whom I never heard of from any other person. Towards earthly, ordinary, flesh-and-blood children, he seemed to entertain a very remarkable dislike. Babies invariably squalled so frightfully under his christenings, that I have suspected him of secretly pinching them. Many parents openly said that he used too much water, and applied it with unnecessary savageness. Indeed, this impression finally became so strong and general, that most of the prolific families in his congregation removed, one by one, to other churches.

where their multiplying little ones could obtain patronymics without so much unnecessary anguish. Thus, although his tabernacle was styled "The Church of the Pilgrim Mothers," there was scarcely a child to be found in the whole phalanx of its overflowing slips and galleries; and his audience consisted chiefly of young men, young ladies, elderly maidens, confirmed bachelors, contented widowers, and a wonderful number of widows, whose sons were away at school, or already in Harvard College. Nor did the doctor ever trouble himself to preach sermons of consolation for those who might have been called upon to part with any little responsibility. If he spoke of such bereavements at all, it was in a tone of the sweetest cheerfulness and even congratulation—as if burying a baby must be rather a delightful pastime than otherwise. He often mentioned children as snares and little stumbling-blocks—laying a significant accent on this last epithet, as if he would have called them little stumbling blockheads. I need not mention that his sermons were considered models of orthodox instruction by his peculiar congregation.

All the children who had the honor of knowing Doctor Armageddon regarded him with respectful terror, and, I grieve to add, hatred. His infantile neighbors scampered off at the report of his coming, as if he were that very lion who is said to go about seeking what he may devour. When he was once inveigled into preaching at the orphan asylum, his bereaved hearers were as still as mice listening to the midnight utterances of a grimalkin.

My first and only difficulty with this learned, orthodox, and excellent divine occurred in the summer of 1855. I made a call one afternoon at his house, to converse anew with him on the subject of Noah's port. I do not mean the harbor from which the patriarch is supposed to have sailed, but the wine by which he was afterwards so unfortunately overtaken. The doctor has a fine brand of port, which he suspects of being that veritable article.

An Irish serving-man, Peter Riley, met me at the door, and told me that his master was not at home. I turned away, meaning to saunter down to the Athenæum, but paused a moment on the steps to watch a pretty group of children. In front of the small crowd

trotted a red-headed urchin, whom I knew to be the only heir of Professor Glace, the doctor's right-hand neighbor. Then came a nursery-maid, drawing a baby-cart containing two nurslings of three months old, apparently. Then came another nursery-maid, with another baby-cart, and another pair of bantlings, perhaps twelve months old. Then came a third nursery-maid, bearing in her arms a couple of two-year-old whippers, who sniveled faintly, as if rather used up by previous walking. Then came a fourth nursery-maid, marshaling before her half-a-dozen younglings, of both sexes, all between the ages of three and six. There was such a pleasing uniformity in the faces and dresses of the entire dozen of minors, that it occurred to me at once that they must be the production of a single prolific family. They were all so pretty, too, and made their little progress so genteelly, that I was smitten with admiration, and began to think it would be a delightful bargain to exchange my own barren bachelorhood for a similar or even smaller procession of such little seraphs.

But suddenly the liliputian multitude was stricken with an evident terror. Master Glace took to his heels towards his own house, and never ceased ringing at the door till he had gained admittance. The four nursery-maids hurried on in the other direction, dragging the small chaises along with such energy that a couple of squalling upsets took place on the pavement. The six children on foot rushed after them with a simultaneous screech, and the whole assemblage disappeared confusedly through the court-yard gate of the next dwelling.

"Faix, sir, I'm a thinkin' the master be a comin'," said a voice behind me. I turned, and beheld Peter in the doorway, he having remained, probably, to wink at the nursery-maids.

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Blazes, thin, sir," he replied, with a grin, "and didn't ye see the childer scamper?"

I looked up the street, and, sure enough, there was Doctor Armageddon. Striding as rapidly as the brevity of his legs would permit, he held his cane over his right shoulder, in the style of a sabbre, while a fearful grimace distorted his usually dove-like countenance. He was, evidently, very disagreeably ex-

cited, for in passing the gate through which the children had vanished, he dealt it a tremendous thwack with his stick. Such a scream of terror responded as I imagined might come from a city given over to assault. My reverend friend fairly snorted with a stern satisfaction, and, walking back to the gate, saluted it with a second violent battery. Another chorus of yelps arose, but fainter this time, as if the children had already entered the side-door of their domicile, and considered themselves in comparative safety.

During these events I had paused on the steps in a bewilderment, not knowing whether to remain and greet my esteemed acquaintance, or to fly before his bludgeon. Peter, meantime, had shut the door behind me, and retreated into the dwelling. "Good afternoon, Doctor—fine day," I said at last, cautiously not to hint at his excitement.

"Ah, my friend—my dear friend!" he replied with his usual suavity, the moment he recognized me, "I did not see you—actually I did not—I was so taken up with these little vermin. But walk in, walk in, I pray you. I hope you have been blessed with your usual good health."

"Thank you—never better," said I. "How are you, my dear doctor?"

"Oh! miserably, my friend," he groaned, as we entered the house and ascended to his study. "I am dreadfully afflicted; my burden is greater than I can bear."

I glanced at his hat, and, observing that there was no weed on it, asked him if he had lost any of his congregation.

"Lost!" he fairly shrieked; "no—gained—and such a gain! Oh, my dear sir, there is a certain Mr. Peppergrass come to the city, and joined my church, and taken a house next to mine; and how many children do you think he has? Twelve, sir! twelve—all twins, and all under six years of age. He throws doublets every time, sir—to use a phrase of my backgammon-playing boyhood. My dear sir, just think of such an enormous—such an intolerable fecundity! I don't wonder they burnt John Rogers, with his twelve children and one at the breast. A man who will have as many children as that, deserves to be burnt—he does, indeed, sir, with all his progeny about him!"

"So those are the little Peppergrasses!" said I. "I saw them go by the

door. It looked like a bedful of the plant, I acknowledge."

"A bedful: yes, sir, six bedfuls!" shouted the doctor, without recognizing my pun. "Not counting the nursery-maids, either," he added, "who make as much noise as if they, too, wore bibs and tuckers."

"Can't you cork up your windows on that side?" I asked.

"No, sir; I can't cork them up—at least not tight enough," he replied. "If this house was a great bottle, with sides a fathom thick, and a stopper as long as Goliath's spear, those young ones would manage to scream into it and disturb me."

"Well, they will only drive you the closer to your duties," said I, meaning to be jocosely consolatory. "You escape them, of course, when you are in the pulpit."

"Far from it, my friend," he returned, sadly. "Mrs. Peppergrass will send them all to church, and every Sunday the maids have to carry several of them into the vestibule. I haven't enjoyed a quiet sermon since this family united with us, sir. Every week or so, too, I am called on to baptize a pair of them. I don't know how many of them have wailed in my arms already, and Peppergrass has been here short of a month."

He paused to shake his head again, and then added, in a low, horror-stricken tone: "Mrs. Peppergrass expects to be ill again. I suppose it will be a round dozen this time. The question naturally arises, where is she going to stop?"

"Well, Peppergrass may move," I suggested.

"Bought the house," he replied, with sententious despair.

"And you: can't you move?" I inquired.

"My dwelling is the church parsonage. I fear that I could not leave it without parting from my flock, and I hope I know my duty as a pastor better than that," responded the doctor, in a tone of solemn emotion.

"Ah! then I am afraid you must stay and suffer," said I.

"I shall stay—at least until I have a more emphatic call otherwheres; but we will see who is going to suffer," he muttered, with a countenance full of unexplained meaning.

"But, doctor, I am afraid that I



interrupt your labors," was my next remark. "The moments of a clergyman are precious. I must leave you to finish this fresh manuscript."

"Not at all; don't go," said he, earnestly, at the same time pitching the manuscript in question under the table. "It's only a sermon on the damnation of infants. I could write the whole thing in an hour. My head and heart are full of the subject, sir."

He pushed me with kind insistence into a chair, and then walked across the room to a closet. I thought he was going after his old port, and followed him with my blandest smile of esteem and affection; but, instead of producing one of those luscious crimson decanters, he hauled out a mysterious bundle, which, at first sight, seemed to be a mere confusion of tangled rope and leather. Bringing it forward, he carefully unfolded it over a chair, so as to show me that it consisted of a curious combination of straps, nooses, buckles, pincers, and pulleys.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"What is it?" said I.

"I call it a Baby-extinator," he replied, with a triumphant chuckle.

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed. "How does it work?"

Mounting the table with remarkable alacrity, he took the machine in his hands and threw it deftly across the room at an empty mop-stand, which occupied one corner. I was thunderstruck to perceive that the noose fell precisely over the stand and clasped it, while a couple of large pincers, like hands, closed on the wooden legs with rapidity and evident tenacity. Giving a sniff of victorious exhilaration, the doctor hauled violently on a cord, and drew the mahogany captive to himself like a whale dragging an entangled whale-boat. I clapped my hands with admiration.

"It's a sure catch," said he, proudly. "I have brought it to absolute perfection. I never miss with it now. That noose will inevitably go round a child's neck, and keep it from squalling; while the pincers grab its legs, and hold them from kicking."

After examining, with intense interest, the ingenious mechanism of the instrument, I asked the doctor why he had not used it on his troublesome little neighbors, and whether he could possi-

bly have had any conscientious scruples on the subject.

"Not at all—of course not," said he, emphatically, as if surprised at the question. "The fact simply is, that I have but just got the instrument to work to my satisfaction."

"But you do intend thus to use it?" continued I.

"Unquestionably I do," he replied. "Why, sir, I am pushed to it by my profound sense of ministerial duty. I cannot be faithful to my poor hungering flock at present. How can I compose profitable discourses with that uproar? Hark! do you hear that?"

I did hear certainly, for it seemed as if a whole orphan asylum and foundling hospital to boot had been emptied into the next yard. The doctor softly raised one window, while I peeped out of another. Although it was twilight, we could distinctly see the legion of little Peppergrasses stampeding about the narrow court in all the wild, noisy, happy turbulence of childhood. Presently a knot of them gathered, with gay whoops, directly under the window occupied by my reverend acquaintance. "Now is the time," he muttered, with calm resolution; and I must own that I was startled to see him grasp the Exterminator.

"Hold on, doctor, till I can get out of the house!" I exclaimed, but so spell-bound that I could not quit my position.

"The doors are open—can't you go?" said he, sharply. His agitation had made him forget for once his usual mild and dignified courtesy. Down went the Exterminator among the heedless young ones, while I gave a wild hurrah—not of exultation, but of uncontrollable and even painful excitement. The next moment the doctor was pulling furiously at the cord, and a small dark mass was floundering up the side of the house, like a trout bouncing on a fish-line. I waited for nothing further, but, clapping on my hat, rushed across the room, fell down stairs, and bolted into the street, where I never stopped running until I had reached my lodgings.

The next day, dining at the Tremont, I met a New York friend of mine—Mr. Punch Punner—well known in Fifth Avenue as a wit and conversationalist. He told me that a Mr. Peppergrass, a New Yorker lately removed to Boston, had just lost a very interesting child in

some mysterious manner, and that the papers were agog with it. I affected ignorance of the name of Peppergrass, and subsequently managed to inform Punch that I had passed the previous evening in my room. The next evening he and I called on Miss Schottische, the authoress of the "Narrow, Narrow House." She seemed to be sweetly melancholy, and I asked her the cause of her depression.

"Oh," said she, "I have just been attending such a delightful funeral! Reverend Doctor Armageddon officiated in the most charming manner. He is certainly a vastly edifying preacher; and so cheerful, too, in his piety. You two gentlemen must go with me and hear him next Sunday. Will you? Ah! I have your promise. Remember now. You are sad truants, I am afraid, of a Sunday."

"Who was the new tenant installed in the 'narrow, narrow' house?" asked Punch.

She smiled graciously at this allusion to her admirable romance, and replied: "An interesting child of a Mr. — Mr. — Peppergrass, I believe, the name was. I do not know the person. I went solely to hear the doctor."

I would not recognize the name of Peppergrass, of course; and in fact, I left the authoress in her narrow house (twelve feet front,) as soon as possible. On Sunday I went to the doctor's church, as agreed upon. My object was not so much to keep the appointment with Miss Schottische, as to prevent any unpleasant suspicions which might arise, if I solicitously kept away from those Peppergrasses. The learned pastor gave us a sermon that was well worth the lengthened trouble of listening to it. To my surprise, he did not at all maintain the eternal perdition of infants; quite the contrary, he thought them much surer of future happiness than the adult part of the population; and he naturally inferred that the sooner they got out of the world, the better for themselves, and in fact, for everybody. He spoke leniently of Pharaoh, who has been so much censured for his attempt to abate the number of the Israelitish bantlings; and only condemned him for having made a distinction in favor of the sons, which, he said, proved the low estimation in which the fair-sex was held by the Egyptians. He was severe upon

Herod for his motives in commanding the massacre of the innocents; but, concluding that they had all gone to heaven, noted it as a remarkable instance of good being brought out of evil. He enlarged upon the advantages of Chinese women over the male Celestials, in the fact that infanticide among them is chiefly practiced on girls, who thereby are brought into the kingdom in abundance, while the boys are left to grow up in a damnable idolatry of their grandfathers. He recommended that missionaries to the Hyson Skin countries should be instructed to apply themselves chiefly to men, in order to equalize the opportunities of the two sexes.

In short, his discourse was an admirable one; and I was proportionably annoyed at not being able to hear the whole of it. Unfortunately, eight of the little Peppergrasses, with their father and mother and three nursery-maids (I had nearly said dairy-maids), occupied the two slips just in front of me. Ten or twelve infantile optics were perpetually staring Miss Schottische, Mr. Punner and myself out of countenance. After a while, Mr. Punner made a series of grimaces at the youngest one, which set him a crying, which set three-quarters of the others a crying. Then Mr. Peppergrass and the three dairy-maids carried them into the vestibule, where they bawled with great spirit for fifteen or twenty minutes before they could be brought back again. On being reinstated, the biggest one got up on his seat and stuck out his lips vindictively at Mr. Punner. At last, one of the dairy-maids hauled him down, and in so doing let him drop on the floor, upon which he screamed so outrageously, that Mrs. Peppergrass pacified him with a cookey and allowed him to crumble half of it into our slip. I must not forget to mention that two of them were christened, and bellowed like lunatics under the operation. Punch whispered in my ear that the minister went at them as savagely as a washerwoman at a dirty blanket. I really pitied Doctor Armageddon, and regretted that he could not take his Exterminator into the pulpit with him, or, at least, have it used by a sexton from the gallery.

I left the church resolved to have as little as possible to do with those Peppergrasses, unless it were in aiding my

reverend friend to weed them out of existence. My mortification may be conceived, therefore, when, on my next visit to our club, I was introduced to Mr. P. himself, as a new member who needed my polite attentions. I found him a very sociable, gentlemanly person, but the most besotted of fathers; and I could hardly keep from laughing outright, to hear him boast of his children and tell how much everybody liked them. We were in conversation over the late inexplicable demise of his seventh boy, when I was alarmed by seeing the patriarch of our institution, Doctor Armageddon himself, enter the saloon, and approach us. Now, thought I, there will be a scene; the feelings of the doctor will be embittered beyond endurance by the sight of our new member; he will be distant, sarcastic, crushing, or, perhaps, openly uncivil; he can hardly help making the interview unpleasant to Peppergrass.

Never in my life was I more mistaken. Our reverend instructor advanced to the guest and greeted him with the most benignant cordiality. He inquired about his health, about the health of Mrs. Peppergrass, about the healths of the whole brood of sub-Peppergrasses. He made a few appropriate remarks on "the late affliction," enlarging pathetically on the mysterious yet merciful nature of dispensations in general. I was enchanted with his forgiving, uncomplaining deportment, and reflected with emotion on the power of mere simple orthodoxy to make every action lovely and noble. Peppergrass went away equally pleased with our revered friend's conversation, observing to me, as we walked home together, how much happiness he expected to draw from the neighborhood of a so truly paternal divine. The doctor, by the way, kindly warned me against the influence of Peppergrass, who, he said, was somewhat lax if not unitarian in his doctrinal beliefs.

I was now so perfectly satisfied with our good Armageddon that I resolved to introduce my friend Punner to him. Under a promise of secrecy, I gave an account of the Exterminator to Punch, who, as I expected, expressed, even to enthusiasm, a bachelor's natural delight over the invention. We called at the doctor's house, and found him in his study just finishing a sermon on the two she-bears which avenged the insult

to Elishah. He welcomed us with the utmost simplicity and cordiality. "Walk in, sir. How are you, my old friend?" he said to me. "Mr. Punner, I believe," he continued. "No need of an introduction. I have long known you by reputation, Mr. Punner, and recognized you at once last Sunday by the admirable portrait of your new boots in the Illustrated Gothamite. I am delighted to become acquainted with you personally. I welcome you to Boston, sir."

We sat down and commenced a cheerful conversation on the vices of fashionable society, which I found that Punch regretted exceedingly. "Doctor," I said at the first break in the dialogue, "I have mentioned your Exterminator in confidence to Mr. Punner; and he is charmed with the idea. Would you allow him, as a great favor, to glance at the exquisite mechanism of the instrument?"

"Why, certainly—with the greatest pleasure," he replied, rising and producing the machine from its closet. Punch examined it and reexamined it with bursts of admiring astonishment. "Really, Doctor," said he, "you ought to take out a patent for this. It would be immensely profitable. Every unmarried man would want one."

"I shall take out no patent," responded our friend gravely. "I do not wish to lay any possible restrictions upon the extensive use of the invention. It is my desire to do, in the brief time that remains to me, all the good that I can."

Punch and I both praised his generous public spirit, and said that we should take advantage of his kindness to order Exterminators for ourselves. "Well, and how do you get on with your labors?" I inquired. "Any nibbles lately?"

"I have surpassed my warmest expectations," he replied smiling. "I have thinned out the little Peppergrasses amazingly. Be kind enough to step this way, gentlemen, and I will show you my last triumph."

Punch followed him eagerly to a chair in one corner, on which lay something folded up in a blanket. As I suspected what he had to exhibit, and am troubled with weak nerves, I did not attempt to share the spectacle. "Is it done for?" I heard Punch ask with deep interest. "Gone!" replied the doctor solemnly.

Presently they returned with mild, serious faces to the centre-table, where Punch fell anew to examining and admiring the Exterminator; trying numerous experiments with it, lassoing all the chairs in succession, and looking into the neighboring court to see if he could discover a stray Peppergrass, junior. The doctor treated us to some of his Mt. Ararat port, and we passed an hour in the most delightful conversation that I ever enjoyed, although it was frequently interrupted by Punch, who could not keep his hands off that fascinating, but somewhat noisy, Exterminator.

"Come, gentlemen," said our kind host at last; "give yourselves the trouble to walk down stairs with me, and look at a demijohn full of the water of the Jordan. It has just been sent me by one of our missionaries in Jericho."

"Thank you, doctor, I prefer the port," said Punch. "I have seen the Jordan itself, and didn't like the looks of the antiquated fluid. I'll stay here and amuse myself with your machine."

I followed the doctor down stairs to his bedroom, and regarded the favored demijohn with suitable veneration. He offered me a drink of it; and I was agreeably surprised to find that the water of the Jordan has precisely the flavor of fine old Irish whisky. My friend smiled as he saw my evident pleasure at this discovery; and we then pledged each other repeatedly, not forgetting to toast the Exterminator. As I set down the glass for the third time we were startled by hearing an extraordinary rumpus overhead in the study, where something seemed to be floundering violently on the floor, kicking outrageously as if with boot-heels, knocking the chairs over and pushing the table about. "I fancy," observed the doctor, "that your friend has hauled in another of those Peppergrasses."

After he had corked up the demijohn of Jordan water, and put it away carefully, we took each other by the arm and walked up stairs. On opening the study door I was paralyzed with affright to see Mr. Punner in a heap under the table, bound hand and foot, black in the face, his eyes and tongue protruding—in short, completely throttled, to all appearance, in the iron grasp of the Exterminator. "Bless me!" cried the

doctor. "What a mischief that machine has been doing! I am afraid the poor man is over Jordan."

We hauled our struggling friend out by his hampered legs, unclasped the noose with the greatest difficulty, and, leaving the pincers on his ankles for the present, proceeded to dash his face with ice-water. I cannot describe the anxiety with which I watched his purple phiz, nor the delight with which I heard him give a whimper of returning consciousness. His first words were to ask us to put a little more port into the water; and when we gave him a glass of the pure grape, he drank it off with a visible satisfaction, which convinced me that he still had his senses. As soon as the doctor had completely unharnessed him from the Exterminator, he rose, and thanked heaven, with tears in his bulging eyes, that he was a grown man, and not a baby. His next move was to take his hat and make a bee-line for the doorway.

"My dear sir, don't go!" exclaimed the doctor, earnestly. "I beg you to stay—at least as long as you can find it agreeable. You are not trespassing upon my time, I assure you."

"Don't find it agreeable," returned Punch. "I'm afraid of trespassing on my own time. I don't want to cut my days any shorter than I can help. I won't stay in the room another minute with that confounded machine. Why, I didn't try it on; I only hit it with my foot, somehow, and it flew up and choked me like a boa-constrictor. I was almost done for before I could think what was the matter with me. I tried to scream for assistance, but I couldn't fetch the first yelp."

He marched off without further ceremony, and I felt constrained to accompany him, not knowing yet but that he might have a stroke of apoplexy. He did go down stairs a little unsteadily, but I rather think it was only the port and water. As soon as we reached the pavement, he said vehemently: "I don't like that infernal Exterminator."

"Better luck another time," I responded; "a miss is as good as a mile."

"May be so," said he; "but it isn't as comfortable. How is my shirt-collar?"

"All tumbled up," said I.

"I thought so," he replied; "blast the Exterminator! I tell you what, I

shan't order one; it's a dangerous thing to have in one's lodgings; it might finish a fellow up some time when there was nobody by. Catch me at that reverend gentleman's house again, either! All I wish is, that the next inquiry-meeting he has there may be composed of detective policemen."

"My dear man," I interposed, "you ought not to quarrel with Doctor Armageddon on account of this mere accident, which might happen to any one."

"I don't mean to quarrel with him," said Punch, loosening his cravat, and wiping the perspiration from his face. "I should be afraid to quarrel with him; he might exterminate me. But it's precisely because such an accident might happen to any one, at any time, that I don't care to be intimate with him. You step in to see him—stumble over a stray Exterminator—it collars you like a thousand policemen, and there you are—a gone goose. Then there's another idea: suppose he should have a hallucination, and take a fellow for a baby; or suppose he should acquire a fondness for the thing, and pitch into us adults, after he has done with all the juveniles. No, no! I've had one narrow squeak of it—that is, if I could have squeaked at all—and I am satisfied, if you ain't—as the shark said to the sailor, after he had eaten him."

I found it impossible to overcome Punner's sudden disgust at the Exterminator; and, in point of fact, he left Boston for New York, by early train of the following morning.

Calling on the doctor a week after, he met me with a radiant countenance. "Have you heard the news?" said he; "Peppergrass is gone! sold his house and moved into the country. Lost six of his children by apoplexy, and concluded that the air of Boston was bad for them. Mysterious dispensation, you'll allow," he added, with a pleasant smile; "but all for the best, as it appears at last."

"Well, doctor, I hope you have done," said I; for I was actually startled by that immense mortality which he mentioned with such calm satisfaction.

"Very nearly," he replied. "I am after little Glace, now. I mean to clear the premises, while I am about it."

"Doctor, don't!" I remonstrated; "Professor Glace has only one child, and that a very puny one, likely to die

of itself. Try to get along with it a little while, I beg of you. Just consider Mrs. Glace."

"True," said he. "It is to be regretted that she has such an attachment to the wretched little object; it is an awful snare to her; I feel impelled to remove him on her account. Besides, he is the only brat in the neighborhood, and is, of course, an immense temptation to me."

"But we must overcome our temptations," I urged, warmly.

"I will," said he; "I will overcome little Glace."

After some sharp controversy, which only served to convince me that I was a child in argument compared to him, I walked back to my lodgings in the Tremont. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to warn the professor of the danger which menaced his limited offspring, and leave him to judge whether it should be averted or no. I set off on this errand immediately, and had reached the corner of the block on which he lived, when I observed the incautious youth in question stealing under the doctor's eaves, apparently with the design of recovering his football. It was so dim evening by this time that I only faintly distinguished an object which seemed to drop upon him from a second-story window. I hastened on, and gained the steps of the house, just in time to see little Glace meander up the wall like a wizard or a gigantic lizard, and disappear through the open casement.

I went in on the spur of the moment, and had an animated altercation with the doctor. I threatened to denounce him—for I was in reality greatly incensed—but he defied me with such a virtuous tranquillity, that I withdrew my menace in admiration. We did not part friends, however; our misunderstanding was serious, and lasted a fortnight. It was aggravated by the cool composure with which he afterwards addressed some consolatory remarks to Mrs. Glace in my presence—a composure which I then looked on as jesuitical effrontery, but which I have frequently heard mentioned by others with loud commendation.

This, on my word of honor, is the whole of my quarrel with Dr. Armageddon. Every other account of it, whether as regards its cause, nature, or duration, is downright falsehood, if not



slander, and should be at once frowned upon by an intelligent and virtuous public. I will state, in conclusion, what I have hinted at before, that both Mr. Punner and I have been led to regret our estrangement from this estimable divine, and have been fortunate enough to regain his learned, cheerful, and amiable intimacy. He is, at present, I am pleased to say, the happiest of men, as he has no children within a block of him, and no person under sixteen years of age in his congregation.

I had just finished my manuscript, when I was surprised by a call from that kindly young minister, Mr. Henry Howard. I immediately read the whole thing to him, and frankly requested his opinion thereupon.

"I suppose, of course, that it is an allegory," said he.

"My dear sir—an allegory! Oh! you are too severe upon me," I replied. "Certainly not—it is the most serious fact, I assure you. How, in the name

of common sense, came you to imagine that it was an allegory?"

"I took it for granted," said he, "that the babies of the story merely symbolized the feelings and interests of our fellow-creatures. I inferred that your friend, Doctor Armageddon, had shown himself selfishly indifferent to those feelings and interests whenever they came in conflict with his own comfort or purposes. Thus understood, the narrative is endurable; otherwise it is a tissue of atrocities, only fit to amuse a New Zealander."

"Mr. Howard," I remonstrated, "let me warn you against this insidious system of turning plain facts into tinkling symbols. It is dangerous to a young minister, and dangerous to those who repose confidence in him. Why, sir, you could decompose the solid doctrine of election with your subtle acid of allegories. I beg you to believe—as I would beg all mankind to believe—that what I have stated in this narration is the very gravest and exactest reality."

#### A FEW WORDS ON FAIRY TALES.

AWAY with that huge tome of Jeremy Bentham, and bring us our childhood's library. Wave the wand and summon up the *dramatis personæ* of our childhood's tales! Come one, come all—good fairies with wands of gold and gifts of wishes—most dire ogres stamping along in seven-league boots—giants, vast fellows, but some of them harmless, "for (quoth the chronicler) they were Welsh giants," others—alas, for the Land's End!—cruel, "for they were Cornish giants"—dwarfs who appeared on the battlements of enchanted castles, winding enchanted horns—beautiful princesses who pined within their mystic walls—beasts who were princes in disguise—and, alas, princes who were beasts in reality! Bring them all before us. Genii bottled up in submarine vases, from the East—grotesque, funny little *Wieland*-like men, who lived in under-ground palaces beneath the roots of the pines, and the oaks of the Brocken—mishapen elves, working cunningly in metals, and quaffing mead, the imaginings of the Scalds of Scandinavia—speaking birds, singing water (out on

your singing mice), slippers of glass; and, by your leave, fair Cinderella, coaches sliced from pumpkins! And shall we not have Aladdin's lamp? Hang it on the fairy bean-stalk you see shooting to the skies, beside the roc's egg of Sinbad the Sailor. Yet disturb not the small birds perched upon the fibres of the magic plant, for are they not the robins that covered with leaves the babes in the wood? See—they have built their nest in Fortunio's wishing-cap! Gathering—still gathering! Commander of the Faithful, Haroun Alraschid, we greet thee—make that inverted jar thy throne—'tis one of those in which Morgiana boiled the forty thieves. Fear not that room will be scant—the pavilion in which we assemble is the Fairy Banou's tent. Prince Camaralzaman, be seated near the one-eyed Calender—beside him again is King Pepin. Do not—lords and gentles all—quarrel with the near presence of Puss in Boots; for since "My Lord Marquis of Carra-bas" has come to his fortune, "Puss became a great lord, and never killed rats or mice but for his own amuse-

ment;" and you, Grimalkin, arch not your back at your sister, Puss, there—for that is the cat of Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London. Ha! enter dreamingly, like Lady Macbeth, the sleeping Beauty; and lo another Beauty!—yea, Beauty and the Beast; and beside them—apt collocation—walk Valentine and Orson—another and another. Lo Tom Thumb! borne by the enchanter, Merlin, and scorning the perils of the red cow's mouth; his train consists of Bigendians from Liliput. St. George bears the dragon's head before King Arthur, and Jack the Giant Killer, with his belt emblazoned—

"This is the valiant Cornish man,  
That slew the giant Cormoran,"

is close behind. Blunderbuss looks daggers at the Man-mountain queller, and his train of Brobdignagians bite their thumbs scornfully. Upon the brows of Hop-o'-my-Thumb's twelve brothers and sisters glitter the twelve golden crowns, which the twelve young ogres wore as night-caps. Wit hath conquered ferocity—innocence hath outsped the seven-league boots. Room for majesty—King Cole passeth with his pot in his hand, his pipe in his mouth, dancing to the strain of "his fiddlers three." Ha! a rush of wings—"Peter Wilkins and the flying Indians." Peter, take care of thy wife, or verily she will soar from thee even as a bird—she is a human bird—and leave thee lone and bewildered as thy German namesake, surnamed Schlemil, who walked in the fair sunshine, and cast no shadow! Behold—a mortal in the company of supernaturals! Amid the ringing of fairyland bridles, comes the chatter of a parrot—amid the glitter of fairyland gold, comes a vision of a goat's-hair umbrella, and a rusty axe! Robinson Crusoe, the immortal mortal—object of many a boy's sleeping dreams, and waking sympathies—why shouldst thou not also take thy place in our fool's paradise? Come, with honest Friday, who puzzled thee upon matters theological, Robinson, and bring to our minds again that fearful piece of satire, when, with gun-point leveled against the naked, dancing, unconscious savages—Oh, Defoe, how bitter was thy wit!—thou mutteredst, "Now, Friday, fire in the name of God!"

How easy is it to summon these visions of half-forgotten boyhood lore

around us—to fill the shadowy chamber with a shadowy people! And with all the glittering, glancing throng, how curiously are associated in our minds the sources whence we first drew the ideas of their beauty and variety! Yes, the well-thumbed, dog's-eared, twopenny story-book of old days—with its flaring red, blue, or yellow wrapper, and its outrageous wood-cuts—was the "conjunction and the mighty magic" that charmed all these spirits from the vasty deep. Now, they are half forgotten. The mind's eye can only see them dimly as through a glass. So be it. We would not again read our nursery Fairy Tales. We are turned skeptical—we fear we should experience some slight difficulty on the score of belief—we have lost the faith that never thought of question—we can enjoy a fairy tale as it should be enjoyed—no more. Yet it is permitted to call them back to recollection, and to summon along with them some faint shadow of that mood of childish mind with which we originally denounced our "story-books"—that mood which knew not incredulity—which eagerly received and treasured up any marvel, and then looked gapingly abroad for more! Interesting, too, is it in these musings, and easy as interesting, to trace the physical peculiarities and the characteristic habits of thought reflected in the fabulous literature of each separate people.

In the East, indisputably, were the fountains from which welled forth the first streams of supernatural fiction. They have flowed through every civilized clime, the waters receiving their tint and tone from the lands they rolled over; but if we would trace the various rivers to their source, we should arrive at one common well-head—and this is reasonable. The East is a land of fertility of matter and of mind. The teeming earth pours forth its treasures in the very wantonness of wealth. Luxuriance there becomes almost rankness. Nature, too, when she is very prodigal, is eccentric. With stupendous growth is oftentimes united fantastic shape—the richness that cherishes the one forms the other. And can we not trace an analogy between the physical products of the East and its supernatural legends? In both everything is on a grand scale. The banyan tree covers acres of ground; the oriental genie rears his head to the very clouds;

the deserts, the palaces, the cities of their stories are all vast, for so are the natural features of the land. And then the eastern fertility of imagination—the “Arabian Nights” is the most wonderful work of fancy ever put together. How endless are its combinations! how unflagging its marvels! On, on, proceeds the web of story-telling—each wonder unraveled, more wonderful than its predecessor. There would be no “writing out” the author of the “Arabian Nights.” But, had they only one author? Could the overflowings of one imagination furnish forth such a tide of fiction? Or were these marvelous tales collected by slow degrees from different lips—chanted, perhaps, to enliven the long night in the caravanserai, or to cheer the hot halt in the desert?

Most of the supernatural beings of oriental fiction have been reproduced in the fairy literature of other lands. Its genii, however, stand alone in their vastness—peculiar to the bold fancy of the Persian fiction-weaver. In the magi of eastern tale, however, are to be found the prototypes of the enchanters of other lands. The ogre of ours is nothing else than the ghoul of oriental story; while it is equally clear that from the peri of India sprung the fairy of Europe. And, in this particular, we cannot but think that we have improved upon the original. Beautiful was the peri—pure in mind, high in aspiration, rich in affection. Yet is there something still more delicate in Oberon and Titania. They are what Campbell called humming-birds—

“Atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.”

How glorious was their moonlight revelry beneath the broad-leaved oaks! How deftly they tripped it, and yet hurt no blade of the dewy grass, which grew the greener from their touch! Mortal eye might not view them, except the eye of genius, which once beheld and recorded the vision of a “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” But although Titania was bewitched by the love-plant, ere dawn the spell was broken, and the delicate pageant faded with the starlight! The fairies of the more northern countries of Europe were less exquisitely delicate beings than their compeers of the sunny south. They were capricious—spiteful; they envied men their condition, and often wrought them evil; their state was splendid, yet it was de-

ceptive; and when the court rode forth with “bit and bridle ringing,” no mortal, whose dazzled eyes beheld the scene, could guess that its glory was delusion—that the green-robed throng were anxious and unhappy, spite their pretended gayety, for every seventh year a tribute was to be paid to hell—that their shining palaces were grim caves—their prancing steeds, ragweed switches—their broad pieces, clipped leaves. The fairies of the Ariel and Titania mould dwelt “under the blossom that hangs from the bough,” and warbled low melodies to the nightingale; but the king of the northern fairy—the Danish ballad informs us—

“Wounded within the hill,  
And like wind in the porch of a ruin’d church  
His voice was ghastly shrill.”

The northern elves were woodland in their predilections; they loved the forest and the deer, but though they protected wild, they persecuted tame animals, and no farmer’s cow was safe from their flint-hearted arrows, unless shielded by the magic influence of a branch of the rowan tree. Thus we see in the more peevish, deceitful, and gross northern fairy, the influence of the less sunny climes, and the sterner and more gloomy cast of thought of the Teutonic nations. Let us go further north still, and amid the rocks and snows, and stormy firths of Norway and Lapland, we shall find that the fairy entirely disappears, or degenerates into a misshapen and malignant elf, haunting repulchral caverns, or the dreary galleries of deserted mines. The imaginations of the bards of Scandinavia were as vigorous as they were gloomy; they sang—

“Round the shores where loud Lofoden  
Whirls to death the roaring whale;  
In the halls where Runic Odin  
Howls his war-song to the gale;”

and they attuned their lays and legends to the stern scenery which surrounded them. Continually engaged in war or the chase, they well knew the value of iron; and it is a characteristic attribute of their supernatural creations, that the elves were all cunning workmen in metals—that they labored by the lurid glare of unearthly fires in forging swords and battle-axes, before whose dints weapons and armor framed by human hands cracked and splintered like glass.

The domestic tendencies of England

bred up a peculiar species of household goblin, occasionally useful, but more frequently troublesome. He was a sort of supernatural servant of all work, and had no objection to dirty work; such were the brownies of Scotland. We are not aware whether their English brethren rejoiced in any distinctive generic appellation, but Milton has drawn their portraiture, and—

"Tells how the drudgin goblin sweat,  
To earn the cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thrashed the corn  
That ten day-laborers could not end;  
Then lays him down, the lubber fiend,  
And stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings."

In Scotland, as well as England, brownies appear to have been a milking race—and, in consequence, the occasional committers of petty larceny in the dairy. In spite, however, of his domestic labors, the absence of the brownie was generally considered better than his company. It is recorded that a farmer near the Borders being sorely annoyed by the freaks of his supernatural inmate, who was continually turning the house out of the windows, determined to dodge the brownie by "flitting," *Anglicè*, removing to another dwelling. Accordingly the honest man packed up bag and baggage and set off. A neighbor accosted him on the way. "I am leaving the old place," quoth the brownie-haunted; "nobody could live with such an evil spirit as we have been plagued with there."—"Oh, yes, John, we're flitting, you see, we're flitting," chimed in a well-known voice from the interior of a churn, which was packed on the top of the luggage-cart; and brownie popped out his head and nodded complacently to the new comer. Imagine the farmer's face!

The Germans have a noble *Ghostology*. Amid the smoke of their tobacco pipes have they seen strange visions. The Hartz and the Brocken are the places on earth "where spirits most do congregate." Along the Rhine, indeed, there is a tolerable sprinkling of the unearthly, but the Rhine ghosts are mostly commonplace. The spirits of ancient barons clothed in ancient armor, and going clashing about in ancient castles, may be respectable ghosts, but they have no pre-

tensions to belong to the airy aristocracy. And as for the Lurley maid luring the boatmen over the cataract by her singing, we think of the syrens of yore and refuse the claim to originality of the modern water sprite. 'Tis in the recesses of the pine forests that the genuine German ghostly people dwell. There stalks the Brocken spirit—crowned with a chaplet of oak-leaves, and bearing a broken branch in its shadowy grasp. There sweeps the wild huntsman, the flying Dutchman of the land, with horn and whoop and halloo, careering over the trees a whirlwind of men, and dogs, and horses. And there is it—in deep dark glens, amid the waving of sombre pines—that the charcoal-burner, keeping his midnight watch, seeth a bonfire kindled, and dark shadows passing and repassing before it. With trembling limbs and bristling hair he maketh his way towards it. The blaze pales as he approaches—then vanishes. Taking heart of grace he rushes to the spot—and lo!—the greensward whereon the fire leaped, and blazed, and crackled, is crisp and unscathed; and the boughs, round which the fierce flames twined, and roared, and wreathed, are green and fresh, and wet with the dews of midnight!

Witches are the productions of later times than fairies, and we suspect that many of the tales of our beloved twopenny books are of more recent manufacture than is generally believed, from the circumstance of witches and fairies being very frequently confounded therein. Now here is a grievous wrong to the "land of faerie." Witches are all very well in their way, and we have all due respect for them; but we cannot consent to have our little, moonlight-dancing, green-robed elves made up into old women, like Mother Hubbard, with a crutch, a sugar-loaf cap, and high-heeled shoes. No; let the fairy lurk in butter-cups, drink dew from acorns, and dance in rings beneath the oaks—the witches may bestride their broomsticks, every one with her black cat on her shoulders, and fly off, like so many aerial machines, to keep their devil's Sabbath; but let not the revels of the one tribe interfere with those of the other. We are for no cross breeds—no mules. Fairies are fairies, and witches witches, to the end of the chapter; and, by the way, English witches

had a curious national peculiarity. The continental sisterhood rode on goats or broomsticks; but we were always a nautically-inclined people, and accordingly *our* witches sailed in sieves!

In fairy tales, be they from the East, West, North, or South, it is pleasing to trace the superiority awarded to ingenuity over brute force. Everybody will remember the fisherman and the genie. Never was any one more completely *done* than was the rebellious servant of King Solomon. One cannot help chuckling at the simplicity of the genie in repacking himself in the copper vessel. However, he profited by experience, like other fools; and on making his second exit from the vase, very naively kicks it into the sea. A less brilliant device than the fisherman's, however, has been successful. In a Persian tale, a ghou! informs a merchant that unless he can prove himself to be as strong as his host (the scene is the ghou!'s cave) he will have the pleasure of dining—not with him—but on him. The ghou! lifts a stone and squeezes it, until it distils forth a fluid. The merchant takes an egg for a stone and squeezes it to as good purpose as the pebble has been squeezed before. The ghou! then flings a second stone into the air, so high that nobody sees it come down again; the merchant

lets loose a bird, and the ghou! is cheated a second time. Verily, these gentry were easily deceived. One lawyer would have been more than a match for all the ghou!s that ever feasted on church-yard rottenness. Our own giants, too, were as silly as they were big. The extensive gentleman who ripped up his stomach instead of an outside bag of hasty pudding, really deserves no commiseration. To such stupidity we can only say, "sarved you right." He was a Welsh giant, if we remember, and really did no credit to the leak.

It would be easy to adduce many instances of the usually generous and manly spirit which runs through our nursery literature, but we forbear. Poetic justice is always strictly awarded. The *morale* is universally good. By these tales a child's best sympathies are stirred—its imagination is set to work, and we will answer for it that in his future life the man will often think with gratitude and affection of those wildly imaginative beings, indissolubly mingled up with his childhood's reminiscences of half-forgotten yet happy days, when he knew no care or toil, and when a laugh was as easily raised by the grotesque oddity of Tom Thumb, as a tear was drawn by the sad fate of the Babes in the Wood.

## WITCHING TIMES.

### A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

DEACON BOWSON would have nothing to do with his wife now, but made her keep to separate rooms and eat alone, "because, forsooth, she came of a breed naturally magical and dangerous." But in spite of this, and many other "elaborately solicitous precautions," he felt that the cunning old serpent was not only getting an advantage over him, but had actually got it. In fact, the last rung of his craziness was reached, and he imagined that he had, himself, become a wizard. He knew that it was very wrong to be one; he was perfectly willing to be damned for being one; but that he was one he now scarcely

ever doubted. His suspicions, on this point, dated from his dream and, they grew by constant meditation, into a pretty stout-bodied certainty. He thought that he could raise Samuel as well as the woman of Endor, and tried it one cold night, in the garden, but only froze his ears by the experiment. Resolved to be out of suspense, as to his magical character, he consulted his sybil, his pythia, Sarah Carrier. "Sairy," he said, reverently, "am I one of the goatish flock of the bad shepherd? Am I one of the wizards which do afflict Salem?"

"I should think you was," replied the girl, pettishly; for she still sulked at having been separated from Rachel.



The question seemed to give her a hint; she fell down at him presently, and accused him of tormenting her. Her revelations increased in value as she continued them; and, finally, she declared that it was he who had afflicted her from the first, only he had his face covered so that she could not tell whose spectre it was; but now she had found him out by his red nose sticking through a hole in the veil.

The deacon surveyed his nose in a glass, and, observing that it was indeed red, he swallowed Sarah's assertion with greedy gravity. This new belief quite completed his insanity, and flung his thoughts, all at once, into a novel current. The next morning he told Sarah, with great composure, that Satan had promised to make him prince of the wizards, and he wanted to know if she would like to be princess of the witches—a dangerous honor, which Sarah uncivilly declined. That day, he was observed to be earnestly occupied in some mysterious preparations. He made Hannah roast him a turkey, which he stowed away in the pantry, with many solemn charges that none of the family should touch it. He brought in, from his shop, a couple of quart stone bottles, and filled one with rum, the other with his choice old canary, after which, he occupied himself, for two hours, in fastening straps to them so that they could be slung handily over the shoulder. From time to time, he tried them on, and took a gentle gallop about the room, as if to see whether they were in any danger of breaking by such a mode of carriage. Apparently that peril was considerable; for they banged together several times with a click which brought him up, so to speak, on his haunches. Having arranged them, at last, to his satisfaction, he put them away with the turkey, and renewed his cautions to the household, not to meddle. Sarah Carrier watched all his movements with intense curiosity, and asked him, twenty times, what he was going to do with that turkey, and that rum, and that canary. He nodded his head mysteriously at her, and muttered something about "a good tuckout and doing the chore bravely." Indignant at what she considered a disrespectful evasion, Sarah fell down at him with great spirit, foaming and roaring like a small cataract. But the deacon walked off unconcernedly, and com-

menced hunting the house over for old broomsticks. When he had found a couple he threw them into the fire, because they were dirty, and got two new ones out of his shop, which he also placed in the pantry. His next additions to this store of material were a gigantic horse-pistol, and an old battered cavalry-trumpet, both borrowed from a neighbor. At supper, he would only taste of a mouthful or two, and replied to the appetizing solicitations of Hannah, by telling her that he had food to eat that she knew not of.

"I know," broke in Sarah Carrier; "I seen the rum and turkey up in the pantry."

After dark, Mrs. Bowson ran across the garden to talk with Mark and his mother about the little girl, who was so dear to them all, and in such danger. The deacon remained, as usual, by his fireside, and read largely from books on witchcraft to the yawning Sarah. He was especially gratified with a new word, *thaumatographical*, and got it by heart, although it boggled him a good deal. At nine o'clock—the hour for Puritanic slumber—he asked Sairy whether she would like to become the princess of the thaumatographical powers of the air. Sairy once more rejected this generous offer, whereupon he called her a false confessor, slapped her, tweaked her ears, and trundled her off to bed by the nape of the neck. The girl was amazed at this new discipline, and tried to daunt him by her usual spittings and caterwaulings; but he fairly cuffed her down as a child will a kitten, and told her, triumphantly, that if she were a power, he was a principality. Having looked all the members of the family into their rooms, he went back to the kitchen, built a roaring fire, and sat up by it, over his satanic literature, until near midnight. The wind rose about this time, and began to beat, flutter, and moan at the windows like a distressed angel of outer darkness. Throwing down Cotton Mather's "Memorable Providences," relating to witchcraft, he hastily brought out the turkey, the stone bottles, the trumpet, the pistol, the broomsticks, and, disposing them curiously on the table, proceeded to mutter over them some most extraordinary extemporaries in the way of witch benedictions. The devil's blessing having been duly asked, he put the pistol in his pocket, and hurried,

candle in hand, to the room of Sarah Carrier.

"Get up, Sairy," he said, giving her a rousing shake. "The prince calls. The powers of the air assemble. Don't you hear 'em going by the window? It's time to be stirring. Arise and go with me to the witch-meeting."

He pulled her out of bed, shook her up like a bolster, and dragged her frock over her head in a clumsy attempt to dress her. Sarah was scared, and, after kicking and resisting a while in silence, began to cry piteously. "Come along," he insisted, cuffing her. "You are a witch."

"I ain't," she blubbered. "I'm a confessor."

"A confessor!" he repeated, two or three times. "You are a confessor? Ah, that's true; she's a confessor."

Tweaking her ears once more, he left her to take care of herself as she best could in the dark, and stumbled hurriedly out of the room. Half a minute afterward, Teague was waked up by the glare of a candle in his eyes. He tumbled out of bed with the idea that he was in purgatory, if not worse, and that the person who leaned over him was chief tormentor.

"Come along," said the deacon, composedly. "I'm going to the witch-meeting. I want you to ride the other broomstick, and carry the victuals. Come, dress up, if you want to dress. I can't wait."

"Blazes, masther!" stammered Teague, rubbing his puzzled head. "Sure yer honor's a jokin'."

"I say I'm not a joking," returned Bowson. "Come along, I tell you, or I'll pull your hair. They're expecting us."

"Faix, thin, masther, let 'em expect," said Teague. "I'll not turn wizard to save me soul. I'll be damned, sure, if I do, an' hanged into the bargain."

"Come straight along, and be hanged to ye, and be damned to ye!" bawled the deacon, swearing for the first time in his existence. "Follow me, or you are as dead as a roast turkey."

Pulling out his pistol in a fury, he cocked it and aimed at Teague's stomach.

"Och, murther!" roared the Irishman, falling back and covering the threatened part with both hands. "Fire and turf! but don't blow a man's

brains out without tellin' him the reasons. Sure an' I'll be glad to follow yez to the world's ind, if it's ownly against me will. Oh, howly Vargin! there's no harrum in that to be sure."

And falling to, he dressed himself with gratifying diligence, while the deacon stood by and covered him with the pistol to insure diligence in the operation.

"There, masther," said Teague; "an' now where's the broomstick? Oh, howly mother, that iver I should come to ride a broomstick! But, since it's yer honor's ordher, let me besthraddle it as quick as may be."

"Go into the kitchen, then," said Bowson, sidling behind him, and still keeping him covered. Thus persuaded, Teague marched out, hitching up his breeches and buttoning his waistcoat in remarkable consternation. The deacon harnessed him with the basket under one arm, the bottle of rum under the other, and thrust one of the brooms into his hand. He then slung the trumpet and the remaining bottle over his own shoulders, and, with the second broom-handle, proceeded to poke Teague out of doors.

"Och, murdher! the devil! what's that?" shouted the Irishman, jumping high into the air and glowering around him.

It was Frisk, who had been waked up from his customary slumber on the hearth, and who had bolted out between his legs with all a little dog's curiosity and love of adventure. A scratching on the roof now startled him, and, looking up, he saw a couple of glittering, glassy optics staring at him ominously. With an abominable caterwauling, the eyes disappeared; and Teague started on again, at a jog of Bowson's broomstick in the small of his back. It was not a cold night for the season, but the wind was awake, and roared dolefully around them as they stepped into Main street. Above them hung a bright semicircle moon, and a multitude of stars, all winking and blinking through gusty clouds which hurried across the sky toward the northwest.

"Mount!" exclaimed the deacon; "ascend! rise! soar! aspire!" And he set the example of volitation by striding his broomstick and clearing a half-frozen mudpuddle with the liveliness of a cow.

"Och, wait a bit, masther!" cried

Teague. "Let me say me prayers. I'm jist a going to ruin meself, body and sowl. Let me raise a bit o' a prayer to heaven first."

"No!" roared the deacon. "Yes! pray to your Virgin and popish saints. They are of our company, and will be there. But don't pray to God."

So, striding a broomstick, on the edge of a mud-puddle, in a windy night of November, the scared Irishman raised a dolorous petition to the Virgin and all recollectible saints. He prayed that they "would save his sowl, which he wasn't able to save himself, but was under a main necessitee to besthraddle the broomstick, which Daycon Bowson 'ud bear witness to, who had the pistol in his hand, and was a pintin' at him that blessed minute, as thrue as Saint Paythyr was a howly marthyr."

"That's enough," shouted Bowson; and, with a hurried Amen, Teague cleared the puddle, and followed his crazy master. Up Main street they went, at as fast a gallop as the deacon could do; the flasks thumping their ribs, and the turkey bobbing about in his basket as if possessed. Frisk trotted ahead of them, sticking his tongue knowingly out of his mouth, turning, occasionally, to see if all was right behind, and then setting off again, as zealously and understandingly as either of his companions. The straggling houses on either side were dark, but their windows shone and glared in the moonlight like great spectral eyes lit up with ghastly astonishment. The street rolled before them, perfectly deserted, and not a sound was abroad except the moaning of the wind, and the tramp of their hob-nailed shoes over the stiffened turf. "How we fly! how we soar!" hallooed the deacon, puffing, and waving his free arm aloft, in the firm persuasion that he was shooting through air. As the gallop became slower, from loss of wind, Teague was able to uncork his bottle, and get it to his mouth. The rum was excellent; and he kept on tasting, until he, too, began to imagine that he felt lighter, and would soon be off among the tree-tops. A canter of three miles, with an occasional rest, and, on Teague's part, a good many pulls at the stone-bottle, carried them over the neck, quite into the skirts of the forest. Having spent their last breath in climbing a knoll, crowned by chestnuts and underbrush, which Bowson declared was the assembling-place,

they spread their provender on a flat rock at its summit, and sat down to blow for a few minutes. Then the deacon commenced sounding his trumpet. The awful solitude of trees sent back confused, sepulchral echoes to the discordant notes; and some screech-owls in the swampy distance responded dolefully, with their hollow *hoo-hoo-hoorer-hoo!* "Do you hear them? See them come! Here they are! Welcome, brothers! Welcome, princes and servants of the powers of the air!" shouted the mad bugler. And *toot, toot*, brawled the broken-winded trumpet again, in every unimaginable variety of abominable snorts and villainous screechings. "Welcome, brothers," roared Bowson again. "What hosts! what multitudes! what an assembly! sit down; fall to; brothers and sisters, eat your fill!"

The flasks were uncorked, and the turkey was torn into fragments. The deacon fell to devouring, calling loudly on all present to imitate him, and passing the bottle, with incessant hospitality, to dozens of imaginary comrades. Frisk rushed in from the thickets, where he had been disturbing a family of partridges, and seemed to relish a one-o'clock supper as well as any two-legged wizard. Teague did wonders upon the turkey, and so heartened himself by drinks of rum and drinks of canary, that he was ready to join hands with no matter what infernal principalities and powers. He made a speech in Irish, roared volunteer songs, and proposed toasts to Apollyon, Beelzebub, and all the other royalties. After the feast, they struck a light, roused up a fire, and kindled a couple of pine torches. "Dance!" yelled the deacon, waving his flambeau about his head. "Dance, brothers and sisters! hurray!"

"Erin go bragh! Satan go bragh!" responded Teague, with a kind of informal patriotism, swinging the other torch, and setting off in a Tipperary reel. The wild deacon danced, and the wild Irishman danced—stamping over fallen branches, bursting through leafless thickets, shouting, laughing, cursing, too, and filling up the clamor with blasts of lunatic brazen dissonance. The trumpet was dreadful to Frisk; it was worse than church-bells or psalm-tunes; it made him throw back his head, and howl in acute despair; he galloped about delightedly, after the two madmen, jumping, barking, and chasing the

leaves, but regularly stopping to yell, when the deacon stopped to blow. They were all so tired that they could hardly have played leap-frog with a grass-hopper, when a crash among the boughs above them, followed by a whine of terror from Frisk, bespoke the near approach of some frightful thing, spiritual or temporal. "Be jabbers! there's the owld one, sure enough," said Teague, pointing to a couple of great, gleaming eyes, which shone at them from a mass of branches. The deacon raised his trumpet and blew a mighty blast of welcome in the direction of the new comer. There was another rustling, succeeded by the upward sway of a bough, and they saw a catamount leap to the ground, and make off with the stealthy speed of terror. Away went the deacon in clamorous pursuit, and away went Teague and Frisk on the trail of the deacon. But the creature vanished down the forest by-ways, nor showed so much as his cowardly tail in the vicinity during the rest of the meeting. Once more the dance recommenced in all its primitive frenzy; once more the little knoll resounded to an uproar that made night hideous.

Now it so happened that Elder Parris and Justice Curwin, with a negro servant apiece, were journeying that very night, from Andover to Salem. Legal business had detained them late at the former place; but it was necessary that they should reach home before morning, in order to be present at some witch trials. The roads were excessively bad. The elder's horse had cast a shoe, which it took long to replace; and thus it happened that, an hour or two after midnight, they arrived, fagged and sleepy, beneath the knoll on which the deacon held his orgies. The sky was completely overclouded by this time, and the travelers had to flounder on in darkness, through ruts, mud, and thinly frozen puddles. Suddenly a light appeared on the sloping bank above them, and a chorus of screams, bark-, and trumpet-blasts, broke on their astonished ears. "Mercy on us! Oh, Lord, have mercy on us!" exclaimed the elder, pulling up his horse, and staring in dismay at a couple of figures which dashed out of the underbrush, leaping, hallooing, and waving handfuls of flame. "Bless me! bless me! the witches are surely upon us," echoed Curwin; and brave as he was to human

foes, he earnestly wished himself back in Andover. The very horses snorted with affright, while the two negroes commenced praying loudly to the great Obie. The figures disappeared in the thicket; dashed out, presently, in another place: again vanished, and again reappeared, until it seemed, to the terrified spectators below, that scores, if not hundreds, of wizards were careering and howling about the woody knoll. "Get up," screeched Parris to his horse, as soon as he could loosen his tongue from the roof of his mouth, and spurring like mad, he broke away in headlong gallop through mud and sludge toward Salem. For the night, the strangeness of what he saw, and his natural cowardice, made him, for once, a fervent believer in the close reality of witchcraft. "G'long! g'long!" yelled the darkeys, flogging on after the elder, while, close on their heels, half frightening them into fits, thundered the ponderous steed of the magistrate. At this moment the deacon caught sight of the fugitives, and, imagining them to be a belated company of brother wizards, he rushed down the slope, waving his torch, and blowing his trumpet, as signals of welcome. Teague, and the delighted Frisk, followed him close, with an astonishing chorus of Tipperary yells, and canine bow-wows. And now ensued a very pretty race, in which Curwin lost his gold-headed cane, Parris his shovel hat, the darkeys their stirrups, and all of them several pounds of perspiration apiece. But bipeds were no match for quadrupeds, of course; and the pursuers soon lost sight of their supposed followers, down the murky distance. Parris and his comrades never drew bridle nor ceased spurring, not even after those figures and torches had disappeared behind them, until they had reached the thickest of the village. All along Main street, the good people awoke at the furious tramp, and thought that the entire infernal host was riding by.

The fugitives halted at the Ship tavern, which they beset with such outrageous knockings, that John Stacy, the landlord, poked his head out of the window in a stuttering rage. He was quelled, however, by the well-known voice of Curwin, and tumbled down stairs in an unbuttoned respectfulness of haste to open the door. A candle being lighted, Stacy stared in amaze-

ment, to see the two grave gentlemen all in a tremble, their horses in a foam, and their negroes turned to a kind of pepper-and-salt color. An explanation was soon given by the justice, inasmuch as Parris, for once, in his loquacious life, was unable to talk. Curwin's courage so much revived as he spoke, that he ended by saying, they must call out, immediately, all the fighting men in the village, and "make a resolved effort to capture this important hellish brood in the very act of its hideous deviltries." The company, accordingly, scattered to give the alarm from house to house, each one groping stealthily about, in no small trepidation, through the thick darkness, fearful lest the wizards should charge down Main street on their broomsticks, like a squadron of dragoons, and so make a horrible end of Salem. Presently, Curwin's darkey stole on tip-toe into the tavern, and was scared at finding another black fellow, already nestled in the fire-place, watching the door with eyes like goggles. "Hi 'ou, nigga man," said he, in a stutter; "why 'ou here for fright-nin' fella so when he come to warm hisself?"

"Boo, boo!" exclaimed the other. "Oh, dat 'ou, Quash? Wah, wah! 'ou jes' fraid 'ouself."

"Dat true, Cæsar," returned Quash, candidly, as he crept up to the fire-place, and squatted in its vacant corner. "I'ee mighty cautious 'bout stirrin' up dem Obie people, dat berry sarten. What 'ou s'pose dey do to nigga man when dey 'have so to white folks?"

"Goramanty, Quash," said Cæsar; "boo, boo! don' 'ou tell Mass Parris how I swear; but I'se drefful skeered, too, I'se willin to 'fess. What for dey wanty fight Obie men in 'ee dark? Spose we lock 'ee door and keep everyting out till massas come back 'gen."

While these two colored gentlemen, of nervous temperament, made themselves safe, and discussed the horrors of witchcraft, Curwin and his band raised half the village, and returned with fifty or sixty armed men, to the tavern. John Stacy brought word that he had found Deacon Bowson's house open, and the women-folks fastened into their rooms, while the deacon and Teague were missing. Mrs. Bowson was afraid her husband was murdered; but Sarah Carrier declared that he had gone to a witch-meeting.

Curwin mounted his horse and led off the musketeers toward the scene of the demoniac revels. Parris remained behind, and established a little meeting in the bar-room, which was soon overrun with disheveled good-wives. The moon came out and lighted the valorous Salemites on their way to the field of expected battle; but the infernal troop had apparently fled from the attack, for they found the knoll silent and deserted. Scouring its underbrush, from side to side, they at last discovered Teague in the centre of a spruce thicket, fast asleep, with his head in a greasy basket, a broomstick by his side, and a rummy flask slung over his shoulder. Shakings, slappings with scabbards, and nose-tweakings, restored him to a semi-consciousness; but he was as drunk as a dozen lords, and quite unable to give an account of himself or any other matter. Suddenly two or three men called out that they saw a dog, and gave chase. "It is a familiar," said one; and he was about to fire, when Curwin struck up his piece, and bawled: "Surrender!" The creature seemed disposed to obey the summons, for it ran directly towards them, barking and capering in the most vigorous style of canine gratulation. "It's Frisk," cried some one; "it's the deacon's dog; he'll lead us to his master."

Frisk, on his part, tried every doggish encouragement to inveigle them onward; running into the forest, then back, whining, wagging his tail, and again setting off through the labyrinth of shadows. Twenty or thirty men started in pursuit, bursting through bushes, stumbling over fallen trunks, breaking into frozen puddles, and, all the while, offering up fervent ejaculations for aid and courage. After a run of three or four hundred yards, Frisk halted; and set to barking furiously at the foot of a lonely chestnut, which lifted its bare, solitary height, like a skeleton, against the dull sky. As if in response to his bow-wows, a cracked, woeful trumpeting opened from the dreariness of leafless branches, followed by loud yells and a shout of insane laughter. Looking up, the astonished Puritans beheld the figure of some stout gentleman bestriding a bough, thirty feet from the ground, and seesawing after a most dangerous fashion. They summoned him down, but he only told them to fly up to him, and volunteered another



blast on his outrageous trumpet. Two of the boldest climbed the tree, and after a long discussion, and a sufficiently perilous scuffle, succeeded in getting the stout gentleman to descend.

It was the deacon. He had flown there, he said, when the meeting broke up; and, to prove it, he showed his broomstick, which he had tied to his coat-tails. In exhaustless wonderment and much thaumatographical disputation, his captors led him to the village, whither, by this time, others of the party had conveyed Teague. When the two worthies awoke, late on the morrow, they found themselves occupying the same corn-shuck bed in a cell of the Salem prison.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

ON the sour, sullen morning which followed this wonderful night-adventure, Elder Parris arose from his two hours' sleep with a shocking cold in his head, and the rheumatism in his toe. He would willingly have given up the most exciting witch trial, rather than go out that day; but go he must, if he did not wish to see the course of justice delayed; for Attorney Newton was on pressing legal business at Ipswich; and he had promised to make good the lawyer's absence. So, having eaten his breakfast with many moans and sneezings, he ordered Cæsar to bring old Grizzle to the door. "Laws and testimonies, Elder," remonstrated his wife; "now, massy on us, what a morning for a delicat creetur like you to be flying all abroad!"

"Spouse," returned Parris, with a complaining groan, and then an ill-natured sneeze, "let us not murmur. Doth not God temper the wind to his shorn lambs? I marvel that you should doubt it, spouse."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Parris, venturing for once to question one of her husband's positions. "You be a lamb, elder; that you be, if ever there was one. But I don't see as the Lord has tempered the wind to you of any great account, this morning in perticler. I think if he had a tempered it a leetle more, it wouldn't a hurt him; that I do."

The elder made no reply, except by a groan; for he was very much of his wife's thinking, at the moment. By this time the girls were cloaked and

hooded for the expedition; and Parris, having struggled into his boots and overclothes, limped to the door; Cæsar, in the meanwhile, calling from the gate, in stentorian bad English, that the horse was ready. This Cæsar, by the way, was a late acquisition to the parsonage property; the notorious John Indian having insolently run away from the frequent applications of the elder's ill-tempered horsewhip.

Parris mounted, grumbling, to the saddle; took Abigail up before, and Elizabeth behind him; and then, by means of various jerks and kicks, started Grizzle into a jumbling canter. A half-hour's ride brought them to the ancient and weather-worn house, in which, for want of room in the prison, Rachel and several other accused persons had been immured. A dull sleet was falling all the while—a damp, drizzly, uncomfortable mixture of rain and snow, highly rheumatic in its tendencies—a mixture which penetrated to the elder's suffering toe, and made it crawl with anguish. It was in a horrible bad humor, therefore, that he entered the old keeping-room, and saluted a party of his fellow-inquisitors. He did not dare, indeed, to browbeat Hawthorne and Curwin; on the contrary, he wagged his head, and addressed them most civilly by the titles of esquire and worshipful; but he revenged himself by scowling with magnificent ferocity upon the half-dozen afflicted ones who were present. In fact, his conduct toward this part of the community had always been disrespectful. He seemed to hold them in no sort of veneration, and boxed them about in a style which very few dared imitate. The old rascal knew the emptiness of their pretenses; and, like most great hypocrites, he loved to tyrannize over little ones. He, therefore, now elbowed them out of their corner of the fire-place, and installed himself and his family in front of them, right in the cheeriest glow of the blazing walnut. Elizabeth Hubbard, May Walcott, Mary Lewis, and old Santy, got out of his way, as if he were their chief persecuting devil. A small girl from Ipswich, however, named Sarah Good, who had never seen Parris before, stood her ground, and surveyed him, finger in mouth, with all the energy of youthful curiosity. "Child," said he with a snarl, "make your manners, and cease staring. Am I a sea or a

whale, that thou settest a watch over me?"

Sarah Good courtesied and fell back immediately; thinking, perhaps, that the stout elder was very like a whale.

"Worshipful Master Curwin," was Parris's next observation, "where is Helder Noyse? Is this a time to stay at 'ome and take one's hease, when God is showing his people 'ard things, and causing them to drink the wine of astonishment? 'Ave I not come 'ere from Salem village through rain and sleet, with a cold in my 'ead and the rheumatics in my great toe, merely that the testimony against the wicked may not fail for lack of a scribe? I 'ave indeed; and I thank 'eaven which 'ath given me strength for such a duty. 'Oo is on the Lord's side? 'Oo? Is Helder Noyse? Then he should be 'ere."

Further remark was prevented by the entrance of Noyse, pale and agitated, yet striving to smile and bow with his usual courtliness. After the ordinary pious salutations had been exchanged, he, of course, inquired about the awful affair of the night previous. "Brother," responded Parris solemnly, "that was a scene to try the believer's soul. Never before did I so feel that a 'orse is a vain thing for safety. Five thousand devils, Brother Noyse—yes, five thousand devils and witches in one 'ellish congregation! These heyes saw them—these 'uman heyes; and it is of the mercies of God that they were not turned into stone at the nefandous spectacle. Ho! then I called for 'elp upon the chariots of the Lord, which are thousands upon thousands; and thanks be unto Him 'oo 'eareth prayer; for, even as I shouted and roared to Him, the devilish crowd vanished from behind us. Shall we not thank Him! Yea, let us do so directly."

Without further warning he got on his knees, of course, constraining the whole company to do likewise. But we will not trouble ourselves to report his tempestuous supplication. When it was over, he said immediately: "Now then, refreshed by the blessing of 'eaven, let us examine the guilty ones."

"Who shall we have out first?" questioned Curwin, rubbing his freshly-shaven chin.

"I propose," said Noyse from the window, "that we examine first the

daughter of that dead wizzard, Henry More. Her case may have some bearing on the fearful mystery of yesternight."

"True, true," responded Curwin. "Very true, indeed; very justly conceived."

He looked a little anxious, however, notwithstanding his ready assent; as if he had already begun to suspect that the mystery in question was too shallow to bear much sounding. Parris also stared about him in some perplexity, but ended by rubbing his painful toe, and nodding a sulky assent. The justice made a sign to Arnold, the sub-jailer who had charge of the bulding, and the latter marched out with a tramp of ponderous officiality. In a few moments he reentered, leading in and almost lifting along the pallid, pretty wife of our Mark. She cast a terrified, shrinking glance around the room, tottered as soon as she was left alone, and then made a trembling courtesy to the row of dignitaries. Immediately the whole platoon of witnesses cried out that she courtesied to Satan, and, swept by the diabolical power, fell over each other in howling convulsions. Rachel, with large eyes and clasped hands, gazed, shocked, astonished, and terrified, on this lunatic confusion, this spitting of pins, this rolling against the andirons under pretense of being thrust by demons into the fire. When it was over, Curwin politely bowed to Hawthorne, and said: "Take the examination into your own hands, justice. I give way to you cheerfully, if it so please you."

"I will not be behind you in civility," returned Hawthorne, with something like a smile of sarcasm. "Do us the favor, and question the prisoner yourself. You were witness of the stir of last night; and you can best put your interrogatories thereupon, if so be you think that Rachel here had aught to do with it."

He drew back in resolute non-acceptance, and Curwin was, perforce, obliged to take the office of inquisitor; an office which in this case seemed to be rather distasteful to both these capable magistrates. Parris sat down to a table covered with writing materials, groaned, rubbed his toe, sneezed three or four times, blew his nose like a trumpet of doom, and fixed his red eyes spitefully on Rachel.

"Mistress Stanton," said Curwin,

sternly yet not insolently, "you are now brought before authority to give account of what wickedness you are conversant in."

With a mighty effort Rachel looked him bravely in the eyes, and then, turning from face to face throughout the room, replied: "I take all these people to witness that I am innocent."

"Hath this woman hurt you?" demanded Curwin, addressing the rank of afflicted.

"Yes, sir. She hath. She hurts us much. She plagues us deathly-bad," responded Elizabeth, Abigail, Ann Putnam, May Walcott, Santy, and the others.

"You are here accused by six or eight of hurting them," resumed Curwin. "What do you say to it?"

"I never saw some of these persons before, and I never hurt any of them," said Rachel. "I never saw the Indian woman before, but once in prison."

"She have, she have," gabbled Santy, rolling up her eyes after the possessed manner. "She give me drink before Sagamore, he house. Then I take her to ponis her, and she fly in window like bird; but I tare frock to her."

"What does the creature mean?" broke in Hawthorne, with a scowl of no little contempt. "What do you mean, you old drunkard? Are we to take the witness of one who is not understandable?"

"Bless me, Brother 'Awthorne," interposed Parris, smiling his oiliest upon the tall, grand, scornful magistrate, "do not frighten the babes in faith. Are we not commanded not to despise one of these little ones? Surely we are. You remember the text, doubtless, Brother 'Awthorne. Let us 'ave patience with this simple babe."

"I will explain for the poor woman," said Noyse, putting himself forward, but taking care not to face Rachel. "She would say that the apparition of the prisoner once offered her the devil's cup to drink; and that she refused it, trying to seize the prisoner and punish her; whereupon the prisoner flew into her father's window and escaped, but not without a rent in her skirt. I propose that the skirt be examined for such a rent."

Parris rose from his chair with a gouty groan, and, limping up to Rachel, seized her dress with rude fingers. "Brethren," said he, "ere is a rent

which answers to the poor afflicted woman's narration. Wonderful! wonderful! 'Ow are the wicked exposed, and their secret ways brought to light!"

"It is a rip!" exclaimed Rachel, passionately. "It is a rip which I did when they fetched me to jail—for Sheriff Herrick pulled me away hardly—and since then they would give me no needle to mend it."

"Yes, yes; you would do other things with your needles," snarled Parris, as he wrote down his discovery. "We know what the like of you do with needles. My child 'ath been stuck full of needles by the like of you."

Santy went on with some babble about a squirrel that was Rachel's familiar; and her nonsense was duly translated by Noyse, who rendered her into English as glibly as if he had the gift of tongues.

"She saith the devil comes to you in the shape of a squirrel," proceeded Curwin. "What answer you to that?"

"If it please your worship, I know naught of it," replied Rachel. She shook her head in sad denial, and instantaneously all the afflicted shook their heads with convulsive fury. "I am no witch," she insisted desperately, clasping her hands; and at this natural gesture the possessed twined their accursed fingers together, howling like jackals. The justice, however, seemed to be little impressed by these signs and wonders, for the reason, perhaps, that familiarity breeds contempt, even for the devil. He, on the contrary, seemed to be affected by the poor child's distress, and put his next question in a rather soothing tone: "Well, if you are not a witch—that is, if you have not wrote in the devil's book—yet tell us how far you have gone. Have you not had to do with familiar spirits?"

"I have no familiarity with the devil," replied Rachel, beginning to cry at that faint intonation of kindness.

"How is it, then, that your appearance seemeth to hurt these?" continued Curwin, still more softened.

"I am innocent," she simply answered, sobbing and wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Why," broke in Parris, with a roar of savage determination, as if to stiffen up the failing backbone of the justice, "why, woman, you act witchcraft openly before us by the motion of your body,

which 'ath an evident power over these afflicted."

"I know naught of it," affirmed Rachel, in her poor little broken voice. "I am innocent of witchery. I know not what a witch is."

"How, then, do you know that you are not a witch?" put in that miserable coward of a Noyse from behind her.

"I do not know what you say," replied the confused girl.

"Ha! I 'ave you now," cried Parris, catching the point of Noyse's query and making it his own. "I ask you now plainly, 'ow can you know that you are not a witch, and yet not know what a witch is?"

"I am clear," said Rachel, flushing up at his insolent tone into a courage of momentary defiance. "If I were any such person you should know it. You may threaten, but you can do no more than you are permitted. Before God, who sees us all to the heart, I am innocent of witchery."

"Innocent of witchery!" shouted the inflamed Parris. "What do you say to those murders you are charged of?"

"I hope I am not charged of murder," responded Rachel, staring at him with horrified amazement.

"You 'ope not, you 'ope not," repeated the elder, who was powerful at a sneer. "Ay, but we know you are charged of it. Some 'ave accused you of it; yea, spectres 'ave been seen who accused you of most bloody murders. Your uncle Bowson 'ath seen them, which drew aside their winding-sheets, showing holes in their throats, and then cried out upon you as their murderess. This he 'ath freely confessed, being of your party, also, and now in prison for his own witcheries, as you well know."

This was the first allusion that had been made to the crazy deacon; and even the impudent Parris would not have ventured it, had he not been at a loss for accusations. Bowson was so evidently lunatic now, and his confessions so clearly unworthy of any sane attention, that each of our leading inquisitors had already come to a pretty distinct conclusion that it would be best to drop him altogether as a witness. Thus neither Curwin, nor Parris, nor Noyse, had said a word about the deacon's dream, or his mad escapade of the night previous; and thus, too, neither of these remarkable adventures were

brought on to the carpet in any subsequent court of justice.

Returning to Rachel, we must observe that she had not heard of Parris's adventure with the five thousand devils; and so, after staring in much wonderment at that priestly personage, she replied: "Sir, I know nothing of my uncle's imprisonment."

"What!" interposed Curwin, "know ye not that he is in jail, and that he hath confessed against himself and against you?"

"If it please your worship, I truly did not know it," said Rachel.

"She know it, she know it!" shrieked Santy. "I tell her so, two hour."

"Why, look you—you are taken now in a flat lie," said Curwin, severely, for the dignified justice had been annoyed by the reference to Bowson's ridiculous adventure, and by a smile of grim pleasantry from Hawthorne.

"Please you, I did not understand her; truly I did not!" exclaimed the girl, disconsolately. "I thought she was speaking Indian: indeed I did, as true as God lives."

She raised her eyes toward heaven, as if calling it to witness her truth, and immediately the cursed crew of afflicted rolled up every optic with shriekings and contortionate gestures.

"Ho! this is past all forbearance, and past all question, too," shouted Parris. "For my part, I would condemn her now to be hung, if such were according to law. What need we of further witnesses? Surely her transgression is sufficiently proven to demand a trial. Let us remand her at once to prison. What say you, Justice Curwin?"

And he yawned with a weary insolence, as if, after all, extremely indifferent to her guilt.

"I must, perforce, agree with the proposal of remandment," said Curwin, rubbing his chin, as usual when perplexed, or occupied by weighty matters. "Take her away, good-man Arnold, and let her be kept for trial," he added, rather absent-mindedly. "May Heaven preserve her if she be innocent."

As the jailer approached to lead her out, Rachel clasped her hands and burst forth: "Oh, sirs, don't send me back to prison. I am innocent—indeed I am. I thought you would set me free; and, oh! I can't bear to go back to that

place—truly I can't. I want to see my husband. Where is my husband? Please, good gentlemen, tell me where is my husband?"

"He is safe at home, poor thing," said Hawthorne, coming forward and taking her by the hand, with a gentle sympathy which ought to have surprised her.

"Oh, no, he isn't," persisted Rachel. "No, he isn't. Oh, what have you done with him? I know you have seized him, too."

"Good-man Arnold," called Parris, "why don't you take the woman away?"

And the jailer led her off, closing the oaken door on her sobs and bewailings. Then, as if struck by a sudden remembrance, Parris turned round and said, with a delightful smile: "Ho! ha! and what is your opinion concerning the remandment, Brother 'Awthorne?"

"Do as you please. I have other affairs to attend to," answered that offended and offensive justice; and out of the room he stalked proudly, without vouchsafing a salute to the elder.

Other accused persons were now brought in and examined after the same satisfactory fashion. But it would not be interesting, I suspect, to pause longer over such a monotony of bigoted injustice; and we will, therefore, skip three or four hours, and see what Elder Parris will do about securing dinner. He did not wish to go home for that purpose, inasmuch as there was a sharp sleet and rain storm driving, which made riding disagreeable; and he also had further business of a private nature in Salem. Noyse had already slipped away, to dine, as he said, with a parishioner. As for Curwin, it was publicly known that, for months past, he had celebrated Saturday as a fast, to atone for his profanity at the arrest of More. Thus the hungry minister was really in a quandary how to find sufficient pasture; unless, indeed, he could remember some abundant board where his uninvited presence was likely to be agreeable. The impudence of his nature was fully shown in the choice that he made; for he actually decided to forage on the bereaved and wretched household of the Bowsons, altogether regardless of the antipathy with which he would be viewed by a family that his infamies had so terribly ravaged; thoughtful only of the fat joints and exhaustless pastries which used to greet

him there when he was the honored guest of the simple deacon.

"A good-morning to you, Mrs. Bowson," said he, as he entered the house with a wagging bow and a smile of many teeth. "Truly you must be surprised to see me. Well, I've brought myself and these two dear lambs to you, seeking some of the pleasant pastures of old times. Were they not pleasant pastures? Indeed they were, and I never denied it. Yea, I've come to dine with you, dear mistress—being 'ere on the Lord's special business. Shall we not be beholden to the righteous for food? Verily we shall, and with 'igh pleasure."

"Oh, sir—why, sir," said sister Ann, stammering and turning red, "I am sure I did not expect you—but—"

"Surely, surely," repeated Parris, "you did not expect us, but we are welcome all the same. Ho! this is a lovely thing, this brotherhood of the saints; is it not, Mistress Bowson? I dine at your table without 'esitation; and you dine at mine when—ahem—when you are at Salem village; and neither of us with doubting, but contrarywise. Is not it a beautiful thing, indeed, this brotherhood and sisterhood? Yes, indeed it is, and none but an unregenerate person would dispute it. You certainly will not, Sister Bowson. And now, since we are to 'ave dinner, let us 'ave it presently, for I've much urgent business to arrange afterward; that is, of the Lord's affairs, Sister Bowson."

The poor lady was fairly caught, and had to submit to the resolute and unwelcome guest. But a little more conversation gave her time to collect her thoughts, and she presently went out with a half smile which foreboded no good to the stomach of the ravening elder. The dinner was a mighty time in preparing; and the kitchen door, when opened, showed an ominous array of tubs and other washing apparatus. Still, the table was set, after a while, and duly mounted with various covered dishes. They took their seats; the minister said an energetic grace; and Hannah, with an ill-concealed grin, removed the covers. What was the dismay, the disappointment, the anguish of Parris, as he gazed on one dish of cold boiled codfish, insufficient for a boy, and one other containing three cold boiled turnips, with not another eatable thing on the table, except the



crumbs of an ancient johnnycake! What a meal for an elder, and, above all, for the stomachful Elder Parris! He grew slightly pale, as he stared open-mouthed at Mistress Bowson, with the great carving-knife in his hand, a picture of wilted hope and speechless desperation.

"You must forgive my light fare, Elder," said she. "I have taken to do my washing on Saturday instead of Monday; and so I can offer you but a modest feast."

At the word feast, he looked as if he could faint; but he proceeded in glum silence to cut up and help the fearfully dry codfish; while Mrs. Bowson, with much show of welcome, distributed to each person half a turnip. The meal was swallowed with wry faces enough; but still it was swallowed, down to the last crumble of the johnnycake, Sister Ann eating more than her share out of deliberate malice, and the others eating from sheer starvation. "Mistress Bowson," said Parris, in about three minutes from the first mouthful, "is there not another slice of this fish? It is—hem—it is very hexcellent."

"Please, mum," interposed Hannah, "there's not another bit in the house, mum;" and Hannah spoke the truth, for, ten minutes before, she had carried every eatable thing over to Good-wife Stanton's.

"Dear me!" said this malicious Sister Ann, "what a thousand pities. I am truly afraid, Elder, that you will not have enough to eat. But it is washing-day with me, you know; and, doubtless, even Mistress Parris is modest in her table on washing days."

He was intensely provoked, and had no mind to say anything agreeable; but at that moment an edifying spiritual illustration occurred to him, and his vanity would not permit him to omit it. "Yea, Mistress Bowson," said he, "these washing days are a bad business—a very bad business; but even the worst things are not without their 'oly teachings and himprovinga. Thus, on those days when we wash our dirty linen, we eat slim and mean dinners; and also on those days which we devote to a special cleansing of our souls, we do the same—that is, keep a fast. Thus you see washing days, with their short commons, are a type of fast days with their short commons. Ho! what a thrice blessed thing is it to keep a fast!

Is it not? Yes, indeed, and you will not deny it. Nevertheless, when a man has been keeping fasts upon fasts—yea, fasting, as it were, for a year together—in short, Sister Bowson, when a man is in my condition, having, moreover, a bad cold in his 'ead and the rheumatics in his toe—in such a case these washing days are specially 'ard upon him—yes, indeed, Sister Bowson. My dear child," he added, turning to Hannah, "could you not bring me another morsel of that savory Hindian corn bread?"

"Please, sir, there's not another bit in the house, sir," replied the girl, glowering from Parris to Mistress Bowson, and screwing up her face as if she were possessed.

"No turnips!" said the Elder solemnly.

"No, please sir," said Hannah.

"Fasting is a famous simple for a cold, Elder," said Sister Ann, comfortingly.

"Yes, Mistress Bowson, but not too much of it, Mistress Bowson," he responded, glaring around the table in vain search after another crumb of johnnycake, and then rising from his chair with a snort of dissatisfaction. He looked so famished, so desperate, and, in short, so savage, that she grew frightened lest he suspected her trick, and should revenge it upon her husband and Rachel. She, therefore, congratulated him on the flourishing condition of the church of Salem village; its freedom from dissension, and its large accessions of converts. For there was a face of truth in all this; order reigned in Salem village, and various timid sheep had been scared into the fold. She had hit the right chord, and he was mollified; not that he was reconciled to the loss of his dinner, but the hope came upon him of winning a parishioner.

"True, Sister Bowson, true," said he, "'Ow wonderfully the Lord 'ath comforted Zion! Since the tares 'ave been rooted out from among us, not less than a dozen remarkables of grace 'ave been vouchsafed. My own dear daughter 'ere, this dear niece of mine, and my faithful servant in the Lord, Caesar, are among the number of those who newly sing salvation. Surely it is delightful to see 'Eaven thus circumventing the devil, and making use of his own outrageous hatrocities to bring 'ome the lost sheep of Hisrael."

"Surely," echoed Sister Ann; very much doubting, by the way, whether the devil really had been circumvented.

"Ha, Mistress Bowson, yes, indeed. And ho! what a joy to be the pastor of such a blessed flock—yea, and to be a sheep in such a flock. Would it not comfort you, sister, in your sorrows, to be one of us, and to go 'and in 'and with these dear lambkins through this valley? Yes, indeed, I am persuaded it would; as also it would be a comfort to them to 'ave you with them; yea, and a comfort to us all in Salem village. Which, in short, is what I mean to say; that is, come over to Salem village and settle, or at least attend lecture there."

The stupendous impudence of the man was certainly amusing; but Sister

Ann felt no disposition to laugh at it—felt rather like bursting out a-crying. It seemed as if there were some menace in his invitation—as if he relied upon those hostages in Salem jail to force her into his church. So she sat listening, submissive and silent, until he grew so famished that he could talk no longer, and left the house in search of some more abundant hospitality.

When he was well gone, she laughed hysterically, to think of his craving stomach; while Hannah, in an ecstasy of delight, lifted her skirts and danced round the room like a lunatic. And then, like a mistress and maid who had soft hearts and sympathized with each other, they fell a crying in company over the names of More, Rachel, the poor deacon, and even Teague Rooney.

#### THE LAST FRENCH NOVEL.

FIVE years ago, Edmund About was unknown, except to his old comrades of the Ecole Normal, of which he was one of the most promising pupils. To-day he is among the most read and best paid French writers in light literature; and deservedly so. Then he was a fine type of the Parisian student. A mind not remarkably strong but very active; a ready faculty of learning from books and men; industrious, but not drudging; bold, quick-witted, and *spirituel*. He was called "a young Voltaire" by admiring professors, who regarded only his intellect, and was liked by his fellows for his social qualities. After passing a brilliant examination, he was sent by government to the school at Athens. His position there, which was in some sort official, gave him unusual facilities for entering into society and acquiring information, of which, as respects persons, he is accused of making an occasional indiscreet use, in a book published shortly after his return to Paris, three or four years ago: "*La Grèce Contemporaine*"—Greece as it is.\* It is an eminently readable book of travel and observation; not lacking its graver value, but always fresh and lively. Though treating of Greece, its pages are not

strewn with classic fossil remains, dug out of Lemprière and scholia. If something of a scholar, M. About is nothing of a pedant. A man of taste and culture, he was not wanting in appreciative sentiments of love and admiration for the poetry and history of the land of lost gods and godlike men. But he remained unaffectedly modern and French. He carried his country with him under the Grecian sky. His country then was the Pays Latin, which is, all things considered in matters intellectual and even moral, perhaps the best quarter of the Parisian world. For, we may say in passing, it is not all Bohemia; nor has Henry Munger described the manners and customs of all its denizens. In this he did but as his countrymen—not to say travelers generally—do abroad. The French are little given to foreign travel, except in regiments; but, when they do pass the frontiers, hold to their native habit of thought and home standards of judgment as tenaciously, if not as offensively, as the—English. Only John clutches on to *his* awkwardly, protruding them like a portmanteau, with which, from time to time, he gores your sides, as if to let you know that he carries baggage; while Jean wears *his* grace-

\* This work has been translated under the title of *Greece and the Greeks*; published by Miller & Curtis.—Ed.

fully like a garment, whose becoming out and color he is confident have won your admiration.

M. About next appeared in print as the author of "Tolla." In fact he was not the author. "Tolla" is known in this country by translation and reprint. It is not so well known, perhaps, that the French *original* is in large part a translation from the Italian. It was first printed in that language, under another title, many years ago, and was, in the main, a narrative of facts, and a selection from a correspondence between real persons. It was suppressed very soon after publication, by the family, some of whose members found the greatest of libels in its truthful presentation of their conduct. From one of the rare copies spared from the general destruction, our author, adding, it must be confessed, coloring, shading, and new traits of his own invention, made up his interesting little novel. Of his obligations to his predecessor, he made slight, hardly noticeable acknowledgment. The wholesale plagiarism was much talked of at the time in Parisian literary circles, and finally charged and proved upon him in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His defense, put forth simultaneously in the *Revue de Paris*, was a lame one, despite its ingenuity and astonishing impudence. To show that he was not a plagiarist, or, if he were, that it was of no consequence (to him), he informed the world that "Tolla" sold well, and that a great publisher had already engaged his next book.

Accordingly, "Les Mariages de Paris" was soon issued from Hachette's prolific press. Of its originality there is no doubt. Whatever we may think of the writer's code of conscience, we recognize its merits of style and invention, and are glad to know, for their sakes, that it counts its French readers by thousands.

In his two earlier works, M. About received the praise of competent critics for his truthful limning of Grecian and Italian manners. It is but fair to suppose that in the third, where the scenes are laid in his familiar Paris, the pictures have an equal degree of fidelity.

Now, it is a notion of rather general acceptance in England and with us, that French marriages in general, and Paris marriages in especial, are all *mariages de convenance*. But here are the histories of six couples with whom

sincere love was the sole motive to matrimony; and, as the love is pure, so, it is equally noteworthy, are the stories. Mr. Jenkins may read them aloud to his wife and daughters without raising a blush on their fair cheeks, unless the girls, having been finished at Madame Chegary's, should color at papa's pronunciation. Yet they are not lackadaisically sentimental. On the contrary, the lovers are good, cheery, sensible bodies. They and the other personages introduced, some of whom are choice originals, but not burlesques of humanity, are such as you meet any day in the streets of Paris: they are students, artists, professional men, manufacturers, etc. No moral is forced through these clever tales, protruding at either end like a skewer through a goose; but each one, giving a truthful glimpse of society, teaches its wholesome lesson.

Following them, at an interval of a few months, came "Le Roi des Montagnes." Under the forms of fiction, and with such exaggeration of coloring as is pardonable with those forms, M. About claims to present a faithfully historical picture of robber life in modern Greece. The highly entertaining little volume forms a pendant to "La Grèce Contemporaine." Hadgi Stavros, chief of a large band of Klephts, rules over the highways and byways of the hills near Athens, with less disputed sway than his brother king, Otho, enjoys in the neighboring capital.

The regularly constituted authorities indeed, the police and many private citizens, not only wink at his proceedings, but sometimes look on them with open admiring eyes, and assistant hands outstretched to share the spoils. The contents of the book, except the prefatory chapter—a nice bit of humor that reminds one of Irving—purport to be taken down from the mouth of Mr. Hermann Schultz, as he sat smoking his long pipe in the winter garden, just returned from Greece. No longer ago than the third of last July, Herr Schultz had been sent out by an institution in Hamburg, on a minimum salary, to botanize in Greece. While herborizing, he falls into the hands of the Klephts, in company with two rich English women, a mother and daughter, with the latter of whom he falls in love. He narrates his adventures and trials of body and affections, with a charming

naïveté, of which we are sore tempted to quote examples. But we must hurry on to About's last work—the third that he has put to press within the past twelvemonth.

"Germaine" is the most ambitious of his works of imagination. Its sub-title is "*Deuxième Série des Mariages de Paris.*" It is a novel nearly equal in volume to the six tales that composed the first series. The plot is more extended, the characters are more numerous and more fully drawn, and some of them belong to classes of society that he has not approached in the earlier dates. His qualities of style and manner remain the same—lightness, clearness, some wit and much vivacity, without impurity—although one of the personages on whose portraiture he bestows much pains, is to a Parisian novelist, one would say, peculiarly provocative of open or allusive indecency. This marriage in Paris differs from the others, also, in being one of pure *convenance* at the outset—how it ends, will be seen presently. For we propose giving a brief, but connected abstract, of the leading incidents of the story, thinking by that means to do as much justice to the author, and procure, at least, as much entertainment for our readers as though we attempted a grave criticism. To those, however, who lack occupation for an idle hour, we commend perusal of the entire original, the pleasure of which we promise not to anticipate by a too complete analysis of its contents.

Germaine, the heroine, from whom the novel takes its title, is introduced to us on the first of January, 1853. She is a young girl of eighteen years, living, or rather dying—for she is in the last stages of consumption—in an apartment almost bare of furniture, on the entresol of the princely hotel at the corner of the Rue Bellechasse and Rue de l'Université, Faubourg St. Germain. The hotel belongs to the Baron de Sanglié, a scion of the old noblesse, who, partly from kindness of heart, partly from *esprit de corps*, has given the use of the apartment to the impoverished Duke de la Tour d'Embleuse. The duke's father emigrated in 1790. He was noted for his fidelity to the royal cause, and his enmity to France. He returned with the Bourbons, and had his share of the indemnity. In 1827, Charles X. appointed the present duke

(his son) governor of the western African colonies. At the end of two years he obtained leave of absence, and came to Paris, where he doubled his income by marriage. That event was speedily followed by the revolution of 1830, which threw him out of office. He refused, both from principle and indolence, to accept office under the new government. He spent the next ten years enjoying the pleasures of the capital, in the grand style of a grand seigneur of the *ancien régime*: that is, he never failed in the nicest observance of the conventional proprieties towards the world, and towards his beautiful wife. She bore him a daughter, Germaine, in 1835. He wasted her fortune and his own in splendid debaucheries, which, with extreme good taste and at enormous additional expense—for nothing costs dearer than discretion at Paris—he kept carefully concealed from the duchess, who adored him. Though profoundly selfish, he was neither mean nor cruel; though an utter rake, he was not gross nor a fool. Accordingly, he always preserved his polished elegance of manners, and was fully aware that he was verging to the brink of poverty. For a time the gaming-table was a fertile resource; and he counted with careless confidence on uninterrupted good-luck. The twenty-fourth of February, 1848, was fatal to him. "My dear Marguerite," he then said with frank gayety to his wife, "this villainous revolution has ruined us. I have not a thousand francs." The poor duchess, startled by the unexpected announcement, thought of their little daughter and burst into tears.

"Never mind," said he lightly, and courteously kissing her hand, "the storm will blow over. Count on me. I count on luck. Fortune will come again." And so, disdaining to turn to productive account whatever small talent he was possessed of, he idly awaited the return of fortune in the entresol of the hotel de Sanglié. Soon poverty began to press hardly on the fallen family. Tradesmen would trust no longer. The blindly-loving wife sold and pawned one by one, laces, furs, jewels. On new year's morning, 1853, she went out, clothed in an old faded gown and worn-out shoes, to pawn her wedding ring. It was the only means of buying a breakfast for her husband. He always called for and expected a breakfast,

which he always eat with a good relish; never troubling to ask how it was procured, or to doubt the appetite and satisfaction of his wife and daughter. When he had completed his repast, he would kiss the duchess, playfully reprimand Germaine for coughing so much and keeping papa awake at night, and then go out for a walk—expecting cheerily that fortune might take a turn any day, and must some day.

Doctor Charles le Bris is young, well-looking, agreeable in his manners, skillful in his art—a favorite wherever known, and rapidly rising to a valuable practice in his profession. He is Germaine's attending physician. He has pronounced her case to be hopeless, and gives her not more than four months to live. He can only alleviate, not cure. A sincere regard for the duchess, whose health is giving away under the combined burdens of poverty and anxiety for her child, is an additional motive for continuing his daily unpaid visits. Then, it would be bad policy to desert a noble family in distress. The doctor is shrewd, though he passes for being only good-natured.

Doctor le Bris also sometimes visits Madame Chermidy, in the Rue du Cirque, Faubourg St. Honoré.

Madame Chermidy, née Lavenaze, had inherited the beauty of an Arlesian mother for her only fortune. Twenty years ago she sat at the counter of a tobacco shop in Toulon. It was a favorite place of resort for naval officers when in port. In 1838, Lieutenant Chermidy, coming in from a long cruise, went to buy a cigar there, and was enchanted with the unwonted sight of such charms. Like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, so the honest lieutenant in pursuit of a cigar found a wife. He offered himself, was accepted, and thought he had taken a prize. The prize took him for the convenience of a marital flag to cover contraband. Luckily for the worthy sailor, his life was mainly on the sea, where it proved less stormy than on shore.

Ten years later, with ripened beauty and two or three hundred thousand francs that she had received neither from her husband's wages nor by legacy, Madame Chermidy came to Paris. She took a grand apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré, drove out two blood horses to the Bois du Boulogne, and was much

talked of, without furnishing any patent cause for scandal. When her husband came home in 1850, after a three years' absence, he was astounded by the magnificence of her apartment and the brave livery of her domestics; and when his dear Honorine presented herself in an elegant morning toilette that must have cost as much as two or three years of his pay, he forgot to clasp her in his arms or kiss her; sheered off without saying a word; ordered the hackman to drive to the Lyons Railroad dépôt, and embarked a month afterwards for a five years' cruise in the Indian Seas.

Some while before the arrival of her husband, Madame Chermidy had made the acquaintance of the Count Diego Gomez de Villanera. The count, you see it by the name, is Spanish. He is tall, dark complexioned, and rather harsh-featured; grave and dignified in his manners; ardent in his passions; the soul of honor—all as become a Spanish hidalgo, who traces the course of his unsullied blood through twenty generations.

The astute Arlesian studied through her lover at a glance. Her character remained to him a sealed book. Lost in fond contemplation of the beautiful cover, he never thought to pry into its mysteries, nor dreamed they differed from the promises of the fair title-page. She was so delicately sensitive that she would not accept a ring, a brooch—the merest trifle, from him. The first present she could be prevailed on to receive, after a year's intimacy, was an "inscription of rents" for forty thousand francs. The money she had brought to Paris was nearly exhausted. In November, 1850, she was delivered of a son, whom Doctor le Bris declared, at the Mairie of the Second Arrondissement, under the name of Gomez, born of unknown parents.

Don Diego would have recognized the child, but that it is not permitted by the French laws. He could not endure to think that the Marquis de los Montes de Hieros, the hereditary title of the eldest son of a Villanera, should one day sign himself Chermidy. In his distress, he revealed the whole case to his mother, and asked her advice.

The old dowager bears considerable resemblance to her son—ugly, tall, proud, and noble in all senses. Her thoughts are all employed on heaven,



her house, and its heir. She regrets his passion for the Chermidy, which she is too wise to reproach him with; for she knows well the world, though no longer of it. She takes the infant, to bring up in her hotel.

The Chermidy sees the new hold she has upon the count, and devises a bold plan for turning it to the account of her vaulting ambition. Marriage, during the lieutenant's life, is, of course, impossible; but the lieutenant, exposed to the perils of the sea and of battle, will not, it is hoped, live always. One day she said to Don Diego, "Marry—take a wife from among the first nobility of France, and condition that in the legal papers of arrangement for the marriage, she recognize your child as her own. By this means, little Gomez, who is now two years old, will become your legitimate son, noble on the father's and mother's side, and heir of your Spanish estates. As for me, I sacrifice myself to the interests of our boy. I will retire to a cottage, to live on memory and weep over past happiness." This grand act of renunciation augmented, if possible, the doting admiration of the chivalric Diego, who refuses to abandon this heroine of maternal love. To overcome his scruples, it was necessary that Madame Chermidy should disclose, as delicately as might be, other features of her scheme. "Marry," she whispered in his ear, "provisionally. The doctor will find you a wife among his patients."

Mademoiselle de la Tour d'Embleuse bears one of the first names of the old noblesse. She can live but a few months. Her father is penniless, and has all the tastes that wealth alone can gratify. For a sufficient sum of money he will consent to her marriage, with the proposed condition. When she is dead, the count will have a legitimate son, and be free to legitimate his mistress whenever the fates remove the impedimental lieutenant.

Don Diego's love for his son controls his better sentiments regarding the shameful bargain. The noble, religious old dowager's love for her son, and her conviction that he will alienate his estates and commit any other folly that the bad woman may urge, if this plan be not followed, do not overcome her disgust, but make her consent, as to the least of evils, to the shameful bargain. Withal, for she is a woman, she has

come to be strongly attached to the little Gomez: and he is a Villanera—her noble blood runs in his veins.

Doctor le Bris proposes the affair to the duke one morning, as that worthy gentleman lies in bed. And here follows one of the best scenes in the book, where the doctor's worldly shrewdness and coolness curiously but naturally mingled with his kindness of heart—the duke's selfishness and gentility, and conventional pride of class and levity—the duchess's regard for her husband's comfort, and her maternal love and womanly delicacy—Germaine's devotion to her father's comfort and to her dear mother's relief from the sufferings of poverty, and holy sacrifice of maidenly feelings to their interests—are depicted in their varied play, contrast and conflict with rare skill and (French) truthfulness. It is too long to translate in full. Abbreviation would destroy its nice shadings, and be a gross injustice to M. About.

We pass it over, then, as well as—and for similar reasons—other scenes in which, after the proposition is accepted, the members of the two families are introduced to each other. The count, who is punctiliously respectful, exchanges some needful formula of words with his affianced bride, who passively endures his presence, but hardly conceals her angry disgust for her purchaser. With the maternal instincts of her sex, however, she takes kindly to the little Gomez, and grows to love the old countess, who installs herself at once as nurse and mother, and between whom and the poor duchess, acquaintance fast ripens into mutual esteem.

Meantime, doubts and fears begin to arise in the calculating breast of Madame Chermidy. If this consumptive girl should not die presently?—if even she should get well with one lung, as the doctor confesses lies within natural possibilities?—if Villanera should, as sometimes has happened, the doctor says, contract her malady? She tries to break the match of her own invention, but in vain. Don Diego, having promised to marry Germaine, will keep his word as a man of honor: and as a man of honor will do all that he can to prolong her life, and so long as she lives, have no relations—not even by letter—with the Chermidy.

The marriage ceremony is performed, and the bride and groom, accompanied

by the countess and Doctor le Bris, enter a carriage on leaving the church, and drive out of Paris on their way to Italy. Throughout the journey, the count pays unremitting and respectful attentions to the invalid, who accepts them coldly, without thanks. Towards the little Gomez, towards the noble old mother-in-law, she displayed all the sweet womanly graces of mother and daughter. With the doctor, she is friendly and confiding, as with an elder brother. To her husband she showed more than the caprices of a woman—more than the querulousness of an invalid. One day, when he asked after her health, she answered, with a calmness just colored by a sneer, that she was getting on finely—her suffering was on the increase! He felt the bitterness of the reproach, and felt that he had no right to protest. Under pretense of viewing the landscape, he turned his head to the window, and she saw tears fall on the carriage wheels. Three months of Italian travel improved neither her health nor her humor. At Nice, the population was made up of consumptive patients like herself; the festal gayety of Florence mocked her suffering—was at discord with her dying estate; the Campo Santo of Pisa, the sombre master-piece of Orcagna, frightened her morbid imagination; Rome, with its empty palaces, and deserted streets, and ancient ruins, seemed like a sepulchre, and they went to Naples.

At the table d'hôte of their hotel, in this last-named city, the doctor and the count chanced to meet with a rosy-cheeked young Englishman, who told them that two years before he was in the last stages of consumption. The physicians had given him up. He only sought an easy place to die in, and went to the south side of the Isle of Corfu to await his last hour. The climate, quiet, and abstinence from medicine, had made him a well man.

It would appear from M. About's graphic account of its various attractions, that the Isle of Corfu has not only hygienic advantages far superior to those of the vaunted resorts for pulmonary sufferers in Italy and the South of France, but that it is a delightful and equally desirable residence for that large class of unfortunates who suffer from chronic or transient feebleness of purse. The climate is paradisiacal, so-

ciety good, and expenses of living at a minimum.

Our travelers, accordingly, sail for Corfu, where they install themselves in a fine old half-ruined country mansion.

Meantime, the old Duke de la Tour d'Embleuse was busy, with the means furnished by the price of his daughter, in renewing his experience of the pleasures of Paris. With appetite excited by long abstinence, he soon seeks its gratification in scenes of low debauchery, to the disgrace of his rank. To raise him from such degradation, the Baron de Sanglié, knowing that an attempt at complete reform would be idle, introduced him to circles on the confines of the respectable world, where its external refinements and forms of decency are preserved. Here the old rake becomes acquainted with, and soon enamored of, the beautiful Madame Chermidy. Under the skillful processes of this woman, who takes a vengeful pleasure in doing mischief to the family whose daughter, by persisting to live, robs her of her love and impedes the fulfillment of her plans, he assigns over to her the inscription of rente which he had received from the count; and finally brings to her, what, before all things, she was anxious to see, the letters written by Germaine, the countess, and the doctor, to the duchess.

She had been kept informed by the doctor, with whom she arranged a correspondence before his departure, of Germaine's condition, which was always represented as nearly hopeless—i. e., very promising for the hopes of the ambitious Arlesienne. But the letters to the duchess showed matters in a somewhat different, and, to her, much less cheerful light. Without exactly contradicting the reports sent her by the doctor, they represented Germaine as possessed of a curious degree of vitality; for, after resisting a severe attack of illness at Corfu, she was strong enough to write a long letter to her mother, containing warm expressions of love for young Gomez and her mother-in-law. The name of her husband, though unaccompanied by any expressions of tenderness, occurred with a suspicious frequency in this epistle, as did, also, allusions to his mistress, doubly disagreeable to the fair reader, as being, in the first place, uncomplimentary, and then, as indicating some-

thing like jealousy on the part of the writer. It was, furthermore, evident, from this letter, that Germaine was clinging to life with a new energy of will and wish, as though the world was found to contain new objects worth living for. Had she come to love the really noble nature of her husband, in spite of the external show of indifference which her pride bade her to preserve toward a man who had based his courtship of her on the calculation of her death? Could Don Diego come to love her? Such were among the perplexing questions suggested by perusal of this correspondence. The physician writes that iodine may possibly help the patient, and sends for an inhaling apparatus of Chartroule. The dowager writes for another servant, from Paris, to take the place of old Gil, one of the Villanera domestics who had accompanied the party, and of whose faithful attentions Germaine makes grateful mention, but who returns to Paris on account of ill health.

Madame Chermidy, seriously alarmed at the state of things, takes into council her *femme de chambre* and *confidante*. This girl is the namesake and distant relation of her mistress, and attached to her with a canine devotion. Her love and fidelity in that direction absorb all that is good, or that simulates goodness, in her half-savage nature. In her early life, when she resided at Toulon, she had made strange acquaintances, whom she had not entirely lost sight of on coming to Paris. Accordingly she finds, without much difficulty, a person of the name of Mantoux, who, after the expiration of a term of service in the galleys at Toulon, is rather unsuccessfully trying to earn an honest livelihood, as a locksmith, at Corbeil, near Paris. He is quite ready to go to Corfu as body-servant in a family, one of whose members is very ill. Should the lady die, he will receive an annuity of 1,200 francs. The *femme de chambre* takes occasion, incidentally, to remark, that sick persons have sometimes been killed by arsenic being accidentally mingled with their drinks.

On the recommendation of the bewitching Chermidy, this man is readily approved by the weak old duke, and immediately proceeds to the Villa Dandolo in the Isle of Corfu, whither we will follow him.

When he is installed in his functions,

he manages, adroitly enough, to administer to Germaine, daily, a very weak solution of arsenic in wine and water. The fragile inhaling apparatus of Dr. Chartroule, which he had brought, proved to be broken when unpacked, but another was obtained, as soon as possible, and to its use Dr. le Bris attributed the perceptible improvement of his patient's health. A slight color began to tint her pale cheeks; the very skeleton that she had been began to take on flesh; her fine golden hair no longer wreathed a death's-head; when they bore her out to the garden she inspired the genial air with a longer breath; latterly, she permitted the count to read to her, as she lay there, reclined in her long chair, and seemed almost interested in what he read.

One day, after he had been reading for some time, he observed that she had fallen asleep. He laid aside the book, and, softly approaching, knelt by her side. He bowed his face fondly over the slumberer, but dared not touch her lips. A sentiment of delicacy, of shame and deep self-reproach, to think how he had become her husband, forbade him to catch, by stealth, a kiss from his wife.

We must pass rapidly over the next month or two and the next fifty pages. Suffice it to say, that the strength and beauty of our heroine have steadily increased. Auscultation shows that the lungs are rapidly healing. The delighted doctor, though allowing a larger part to Providence than young physicians are apt to, cannot sing sufficient praises to iodine. The villain, Mantoux, who has received a hint and a threat, in an anonymous letter, from the Faubourg St. Honoré, plies his minute doses of arsenic, and wonders, even more than the doctor, that the cure goes on. A charming courtship is going on between husband and wife. Her humor has improved with her health; she is glad and grateful for the constant proofs of his devotion; the recollections of the marriage contract and the wedding ceremony are less painfully vivid. Still, a little remnant of wounded pride, a jealous doubt of the share that Parisian woman yet has in his heart; and, perhaps, more than that, the natural shyness of an inexperienced young girl—for she is nothing more—restrain the undisguised display of her affection. On his part, Don Diego having been so

long rebuffed, conscious that he has no right to complain, timid as the strong are when in love, respectfully waits for encouragement to avow his passion.

One day they gave a dinner to some pleasant Corfu neighbors who had become their friends. The conversation at dessert chanced to turn on the British East Indian policy, and this very naturally led one of the guests to mention the news just brought by the last steamer, of the "affair at Ky-Tcheou, where the Chinese had killed two missionaries and the commandant of a French ship—the *Naiade*, Captain Chermidy!" Don Diego turned suddenly pale; the old countess rose from table, and the guests went into the drawing-room. Poor Germaine felt that the decisive moment of her life had come, and that Villanera, not le Bris, could now alone preserve it. She escaped from the company as soon as she could, leading away her husband into the garden.

Here follows a conversation, a forgiveness of the past, a mutual avowal, and, altogether, as pretty a love scene as was ever enacted by twilight under the soft sky of the Ionian Isles. It does great credit to M. About, as a literary artist, and forces one to think better of his heart. As for pure, sweet, naïve, beautiful, loving Germaine—we envy the privilege of the delighted Don Diego, as he tenderly kisses her two little hands, which, a moment afterwards, are locked about his neck, as she draws down his head, till his lips meet hers—for the first time.

She regained her chamber, overcome by glad emotions. Hope and an eager desire for continued life and health grew strong in her. She wanted to hasten her cure; she grew impatient of the doctor's caution. If it is the iodine that is so healing in its virtues, why not inhale the life-giving fumes in full, long breaths?

When the countess entered her room, an hour afterwards, she found the apparatus broken on the floor, and Germaine burning with a violent fever. The doctor was frightened at the excited condition of his patient, which seemed hardly to be accounted for solely by an immoderate use of iodine. The next morning, he recognized an inflammation of the lungs; and was in despair. Physicians from the town were sent for. One of them timidly suggested a gleam

of hope; "perhaps," he said, "it is an adhesive inflammation, which will reunite the cavities, and repair all the injuries caused by her original malady." Poor le Bris shook his head: you might as well say to an architect that the shock of an earthquake would restore a tottering house to its equilibrium! Not only the members of her family, but all the friendly neighbors, who had become warmly attached to her, were filled with sorrow, and disputed the privilege of doing the slightest services for the sufferer. Mantoux, alone, was full of wild cheerfulness, as he thought of his annuity, and would walk about to view a little property that lay near the villa, and on which he had set his heart, as on an assured and pleasant retreat for his virtuous old age.

The fever set in the first of September. On the sixth, Dr. le Bris wrote to the duke—" . . . . . When you receive this letter, she will be no more. Break the news carefully to the duchess." The same day, Mantoux wrote a few words to the *femme de chambre* of Madame Chermidy. The letters reached Paris the twelfth.

The duke received his as he was going out to make his daily visit to the *Rue du Cirque*. Its contents confused his poor, muddled brain, and he hurried to his dear Honorine for explanation and sympathy. He never had seen Madame Chermidy so beautiful; she was brilliant with joy. "Good-day, duke, and good-by," she said. "You wonder where I am going?—I am going to Corfu. You have lost your daughter?—Yes, I know; and I have found my son and the Count Villanera. Do I love him?—My poor duke, I have always loved him. He is free, now, and so am I. I shall be countess. Do you want some money?—No! very well; but, remember, you can only have it from us for the future. Good-by!"

The wretched old man left the house, and ran about half-wildly in the streets. The loss of Honorine—the proof that she had never loved him—threatened to deprive him of the small stock of sense he had hitherto preserved. Toward nightfall he was met by the Baron Sanglié, who, by questioning, found out, at last, the story of the letter, and the affair of the morning in the *Rue du Cirque*. He led the duke home, informed the duchess, as he best could, of the sad news, and applied himself to heal the duke of

the violence of his folly. He succeeded, by gentleness and good-sense, in making him see Madame Chermidy in her true colors. Recovered from his illusions, the old man, for the next few days, paid those sympathetic attentions to his heart-stricken wife, which were becoming to their common grief. He also took unwonted interest in household details, recognized the necessity of some purchases, borrowed 2,000 francs of the baron to defray the expenses, and started for Corfu on the 20th September, without taking leave of any one.

On the 8th, Germaine, to the surprise of her physicians, passed the crisis of the fever, and entered on a rapid convalescence. The faint gleam of hope burst into genial, life-giving light. The earthquake's shock had righted the house. Le Bris could hardly contain his transports. Mantoux grew melancholy, and inwardly cursed the Corfu apothecaries for adulterating their poisons. On the 22nd, the duchess, in Paris, received a compound letter from all the party, which informed her of her daughter's radical cure.

Madame Chermidy landed at Corfu the same day. She took a carriage next morning, and drove to the Villa Dandolo. The doors were open, no one at home. Had the Villaneras already returned to France? She descended into the garden, and saw, at a little distance, a lady in white. What is this? That is not the color of a house in mourning. A little child appears in the alley, is frightened at sight of a stranger, and runs toward the white lady. The Chermidy pursues her son, and in a moment stands before Germaine, face to face. The first shock of disappointment, proportioned to the height of ambitious hope from which she fell, seemed for a moment to stun her. But hatred soon rose uppermost in the tumult of passions. As she regarded her successful rival, blooming with youth and happiness, she thought of the little Corsican poniard, which was always an ornament of her chimney-piece. Then her glances alternated from the slight form of the young countess to the waves that bathed the wall of the deserted garden. Germaine had never before seen the Arlesian; but, a few words of conversation, aided by the rare instinct of womanly love

and jealousy, quickly told her that she was in presence of her enemy. Passion roused her nature, and inspired her with a strange energy. The interview might have had a tragic close, had it not been interrupted by the arrival of the doctor, who, with a mixture of firmness and easy gallantry that could not be resisted, offered the intruder his arm and led her away.

Madame Chermidy was not, however, one to be thus easily frustrated of her purpose. She must see the count. If he refused a meeting, she would make scandal; she would publish the story of his marriage; the world should know that the heir of the Villaneras was a Chermidy. She found a pretty house and garden to let, near the Villa Dandolo—the same little estate that Mantoux so coveted. She hired it the 24th, furnished it the 25th, took possession the morning of the 26th, and wrote word to let Don Diego know of her neighborhood.

The poor man, meantime, was not lying upon roses. That he was thoroughly cured of his passion, Germaine was convinced, when she watched his countenance as she narrated to him the visit she had received from his former mistress. At the same time, he could not forget that his wrong-doing had been as great as hers; nor would he forget that she was a woman, and a woman whom for three years he had loved. He could accord her a gentle pity. Germaine thought none the less of her husband for these sentiments, expressed with delicacy and manliness, and was even ready to assent to his seeing the Chermidy for the last time, and persuading her of the fruitlessness of her pursuit. The old countess took a different view of the affair, and put her absolute veto on the proposition: "This creature," she said, "has held you fast for three years. I know that you do not love her now; but you do not despise her enough to convince me that you are thoroughly cured. I will not expose you to a relapse. You need not shake your head. Flesh is weak, my son; I know it by your experience, in lack of my own. I know what men are, though they never courted me. But when one has frequented the theatre for fifty years, one learns something of stage-tricks. . . . And so, my dear son, you will not go to the Chermidy's, not even to give her a final dismissal;



or, if you choose to go there in spite of me, you will find neither your mother nor your wife when you come back."

The old lady was one who kept her promises. Don Diego knew her character, and renounced the discussion; but, for the next three days, he was ill at ease. The doctor took him in charge, and set to work to destroy his obstinate illusions regarding the Arlesian. He finally completes the proofs of her real character, by breaking confidence and showing a letter to himself, in which, under a thin disguise of metaphor, she offers *le Bris* 500,000 francs if he will see to Germaine's speedy decease. Pity, respect, and whatever of tenderer feeling had remained subtly mingled with them, yield place to disgust and horror.

And now arrives the broken old duke. His coming was a painful surprise to his daughter, and a cruel lesson to Don Diego. But Madame Villanera, who had never had cause to esteem him, was well pleased to have at hand, by way of argument, the wretched victim of Madame Chermidy, and triumphed as she drew his story from the garrulous dotard. He had been raving of his Honorine for several hours, when a servant brought in the letter from Madame Chermidy to Don Diego. The count showed it to the doctor, and asked his advice. The doctor thought the best thing to be done was to buy her off, and departed for the neighboring house with full powers to arrange for raising the siege.

But the enemy holds firm. She rejects all proposals, and, to close the negotiations, hands to the envoy a paper, which she requests him to read and give to the count. He read: "This is my last will and testament. On the eve of voluntarily quitting a life which the desertion of *M. le comte Villanera* has rendered odious to me, I, Honorine Lavenaze, widow Chermidy, being of sound body and mind, do give and bequeath all my estate, real and personal, to Gomez, Marquis de los Montes de Hieros, only son of the Count de Villanera, my former lover—"

The trick was not altogether novel. The doctor smiled his incredulity. "And why," asked the lady, "should I not kill myself?" "Because, my dear madame, it would give too much pleasure to three or four worthy persons of our acquaintance. Adieu, madame,"

added the doctor, laughing lightly, and courteously bowing himself out of the door.

No sooner was it closed, than the *femme de chambre* led in, by the one opposite, the ex-galley-slave, Mantoux, who had caught some of the last words just spoken, while waiting in the next room.

The conversation takes a new turn. After reproaches cast upon Mantoux for permitting the recovery of Germaine, which that unsuccessful practitioner bears with humility, it is arranged that he shall return to the villa, listen carefully to the conversation at dinner, and, in case the count does not come in the evening, as he is still expected to, then to present himself again.

During the dinner, the duke kept his eyes fixed on Mantoux. The feeble rays of his sinking intellect seemed to concentrate themselves on any object that bore any relation to his Honorine. He remembered to have seen this man in the *Rue du Cirque*. After dinner he drew him away to his chamber, and there implored him to tell where she was hidden.

"They have all seen her!" he cried—"the doctor and the count have seen her, and my daughter, too, has seen her! They keep me from her: find her for me! She will kill herself! She has sent her will to my son-in-law. They laugh; but I know her better than they do. She certainly will kill herself. Why not? She has killed me. You remember that dagger which was on her mantel-piece in Paris. She struck it through my heart one day. To-night she will strike it through her own, if I do not reach her in time. Take me to her. You know where she is." Mantoux solemnly declared that he did not, and managed to escape from the old man's importunities.

At midnight, when all in the house were quiet, he softly stole out and took his way to the appointed rendezvous. As he went along by the hedges, he fancied more than once that a shadowy something was gliding after him under the trees. He even turned back upon his path to see whether it was a reality or a creation of his guilty fears; but, discovering nothing, took courage again and went on toward a light that shone from a single window in Madame Chermidy's room. The *femme de chambre* was waiting for him at the door, and

led him immediately to her mistress and retired. The first object which his eyes fell upon, as he entered the room, was the poniard of which the duke had spoken.

Mantoux, in answer to eager questioning from madame, could only report that her name had not been uttered at dinner, and that Count Villanera had retired at his usual hour. Her disappointment at hearing such report was only equalled by her anger; her former devotee not only renounced his idolatry, but made mock of the idol: the threat of suicide then did not move him. But she will have vengeance. She engages Mantoux to kill her rival. He demands fifty thousand francs as the price of the crime: she accepts those terms. But, asks the prudent Mantoux, has she the money at hand; for if he is not paid on the spot, he would not care to go to Paris to seek his wages. Yes, she has a hundred thousand francs in her secretaire. He asks five minutes to reflect on the matter. Very good, reflect, said Madame Chermidy, so sure of her man that she did not even look at him while awaiting the result of his deliberation.

The shadow that had followed Mantoux was the old Duke de la Tour d'Embleuse. When the other entered the house, he hid himself in the garden and patiently watched the window whence shone the light. He *knew* that was *her* room. When the light was extinguished, and he saw Mantoux come out and run rapidly away, he left his hiding-place and went to the window, against which he pressed his lips in ecstasy. He knocked softly against the panes to attract attention, but received no answer. He gazed with straining eyes through the darkness, and thought he saw Honorine kneeling by the bedside; again his diseased fancy seemed to show her asleep on her couch. After waiting a long time, and feeling of the window wherever his hands could reach, he began with extreme caution to loosen one of the panes, which were set in lead; and finally, after infinite pains, succeeded in inserting one of his hands, all cut and bleeding, and turned the espagnolette. He groped cautiously across the floor, which was encumbered with trunks and furniture lying about in confusion, whispering at each step: "Honorine, are you there? It is I, your old friend—the most unhappy, the most devoted of all your

friends. Do not be afraid. I do not reproach you. I was insane at Paris, but the voyage has changed me. I come as a father to comfort you. Do not kill yourself: I could not survive you." He stopped and listened intently. He heard nothing but the beating of his own heart. A fear seized him. "Honorine," he cried, advancing again, "are you dead?" Death itself made answer: his foot caught against a chair, he stumbled and fell in a pool of blood.

When the *femme de chambre* entered the room in the morning, she found him then on his knees beside the corpse, dabbled with her blood, monotonously babbling an articulate cry in a low, wailing tone. The girl, who had never had but one human sentiment, blinded by grief and rage, could only see in this idiotic wreck of humanity the murderer of her adored mistress. She beat him, bit him, tore him with her nails like a wild beast; but the duke was insensible to physical pain.

Mr. Stevens, the English magistrate resident at Corfu, had dined the preceding day at the Villa Dandolo, where he was always a welcome visitor, and had long since become a valued friend. He had passed the night there. In the morning he joined the family group in the garden—the old and young countess, and Don Diego, and the doctor—who were amusing themselves with the infantile sports and graces of the little Gomez. The duke had not yet appeared: his windows were still closed, and they respected his morning slumbers. Mathieu Mantoux was near by, zealously occupied in the performance of some domestic duty. The smiles and jests of the party were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Stevens's servant, who came to call his master. A murder had been committed in the neighborhood, and everybody was calling for the judge. All he knew of the affair was, that people said a French woman had been found dead in her bed in the house, a half mile distant.

"Capital!" said the doctor, with a laugh. "My dear M. Stevens, the breakfast-bell is ringing; you had better take your coffee. I think I know the case: it is not pressing. It is only an unsuccessful suicide. You have been sent for in the hope that the message would bring another member of our company in your train." M. de Vil-

lanera bit his moustache and kept silent. He had loved Madame Chermidy for three years, and had believed that he was sincerely loved by her. His heart was bitterly pained at the idea that she had possibly killed herself for him, and memories of the past rose up in fresh revolt against the mocking levity of the doctor. Impelled by different motives, they both accompanied the magistrate, who, regardless of the doctor's incredulity, immediately proceeded to the scene of the murder.

Madame Chermidy lay upon the bed in the dress she wore the preceding evening. Her beautiful features were horribly distorted. Through her half-open lips her teeth were visible, clenched in the convulsion of her last agony. Her eyes stared wildly open. It was evident from the marks of blood on the floor and furniture, that she had been struck near the fire-place, and afterwards dragged to the bed. The femme de chambre, whose strength had been exhausted by the first violent outbreak of her grief, sat crouched in a corner of the room, silently and fixedly regarding the corpse. But when the inquest began, and she heard the testimony that seemed to confirm the idea of suicide, she burst out in passionate eloquence of denial; and then first perceiving the count, who had thrown himself into an arm-chair and was silently weeping, she seized him by the arm, and, dragging him toward the bed, cried out in a wild voice, broken by sobs: "Look! look! See the beautiful eyes that used to gaze so tenderly on you; the pretty mouth you used to kiss; the great long locks you used to twine your fingers among! Do you remember the first time you came to the Rue du Cirque? How, when they had all gone, you went down on your knees to kiss that hand! But

how cold it is! And the day when the boy was born—do you remember? Who cried—who laughed then? Who swore fidelity till death? Come, now, kiss her—kiss her now!"

The count, motionless, unresisting, horror-stricken, colder than the corpse he gazed upon, expiated in a moment three years of illegitimate pleasure.

It was evident from circumstances that Madame Chermidy had not committed suicide, and that the duke could not have committed the murder. Accident soon revealed the true assassin in the person of Matthieu Mantoux.

After two or three years passed in foreign travel, of which the Parisian world never knew the incidents, the Count and Countess Villanera took possession of their hotel in Faubourg St. Honoré three months ago. The excellent Duchess de la Tour d'Embleuse lives with them, and takes part in the management of the household and the education of a fine little girl some two years old, who resembles her mother, and is, consequently, much more beautiful than her deceased brother, the late Marquis de los Montes de Hieros.

The marquis and the old duke died in the arms of Doctor le Bris, who is still the family physician—the duke at Corfu, the child at Rome, where he was attacked with a typhoid fever.

It is said that the little marquis had a large fortune in his own right, bequeathed by a distant relation. After his death the family sold his estate, and dispensed the proceeds of it in works of charity.

Such is the last French novel, which will doubtless be soon translated. The interest of the story and the skill of the narration confirm About's place in contemporary French literature.

#### BEAU NASH.

LIFE AT AN ENGLISH WATERING-PLACE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

**B**UT whom have we here? Who is this? Right regally he approaches—right royal is he in his appointments. His six spanking grays whirl his chariot along in dashing style.

"Curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat."

How animated look his train, his out-riders, and the fellows clustered leg and wing behind his carriage! How enlivening the music of the band which accompanies him; how brilliant the tone of those horns, which startle the air with their clangor. How the people

stop on every side to gaze on the cortège as it passes! How the sick poor, creeping homeward to the hospital, clasp their hands and utter benedictions on him by whose exertions it was raised! How others, ladies and gentlemen of all degrees, offer him courteous homage, which he as courteously acknowledges. And now another carriage meets his, and its occupant—a prince of the blood, by'r lady!—pulls his check-string and thus invites to conference. After a few moments' conversation, the hats are raised from the heads (not, reader, the heads taken out of the hats), the Prince of Wales proceeds, and then the horns reawaken their clamor, the postillions crack their whips, the fiery grays spank onwards, and in this guise the monarch of Bath, King Nash, arrives at the pump-room.

The monarch himself was heavy in figure, coarse in feature; he had a long curled peruke-wig, surmounted by a white, or, more frequently, a yellow three-cornered beaver. He had high-heeled shoes and large buckles, blue silk stockings (with silver clocks) and breeches; a waistcoat reaching to his knees, and a coat with cuffs to the elbows, both profusely covered with silver lace.

This was the monarch of the eighteenth century, and an absolute monarch was he; his laws were like those of the Medes and Persians, unalterable; but it must be conceded to him that he never abused the "right divine." Survey we this monarch in his rule.

Though Nash governed as if born to empire, the throne of Bath was not his by right; he had no hereditary claim: he was merely a citizen of the world, an idler of London, an impoverished Templar, a man living as multitudes of men did then, and do now, by his wits, when he was summoned by the voice of the people to take upon his shoulders the sovereignty of Bath. He obeyed the call, and, like the last King of the French, became the king of the people.

Like all popular monarchs, King Nash was a strenuous advocate of reform, and at Bath promoted it, with all the influence of his potential voice, and enforced it with all the weight of his supreme authority. His first care was to improve the accommodations of his seat of empire. When he first undertook the government of Bath, it was a mean, dirty, and inconvenient place; the lodgings for visitors were shabby,

dirty, and expensive; the public rooms were desecrated by all sorts of vulgarity and rudeness. Under the direction and authority of their new monarch, the corporation of Bath reddified their city, and noble streets, beautiful squares, verdant gardens, soon combined their attractions with the medicinal waters of the place, to render it the most fashionable city in England. He drew up a code of ceremonial laws which he rigidly enforced, and which were implicitly submitted to by the inhabitants and visitors of the city.

Like all popular monarchs he became very absolute.

"I pray your majesty to permit us one dance more," said her Royal Highness, the Princess Amelia, to King Nash, as the clock was striking eleven.

"Impossible, madam; my laws are like those of Lycurgus, immutable."

"But just one, Mr. Nash," persisted the princess.

"I regret to deny your royal highness anything, but it cannot be."

The disappointed princess was compelled to acquiesce.

"Your grace seems to have forgotten my mandate," said he to the Duchess of Queensberry, pointing to her apron.

"Oh, Mr. Nash, it is such a love of an apron; look at this edging, the finest Brussels point: the shape, too, altogether new, and quite the ton, I assure you."

"It is, I doubt not, all that your grace describes; and in the morning, in your domestic apartments, I shall be happy to note its beauties; but now—" and he held out his hand for it.

"But, Mr. Nash—"

"Madam—" persisted he, firmly, and not without a touch of rudeness.

The duchess colored, hesitated a moment, and then quietly resigned the apron, saying, with much good-humor: "I believe I was wrong; your majesty must forgive me."

The king bowed, took the apron, and gave it to the care of an attendant.

An intimation of his royal will carried with it the form of a mandate with all the gentle sex—the other was often refractory. The king, however, was firm, and invariably, in the end, successful. The gentlemen's boots, it is said, made the most obstinate stand against his authority—for our readers must know that up to the era of this king's reign, the fashionable assemblies of Bath were

held in a booth, where the ladies wore aprons and hoods at pleasure, and the gentlemen went equipped with swords, boots, and tobacco-pipes. The aprons were banished, as we have seen, though not without some demonstrations of opposition on the part of the fair sex: the tobacco and the swords disappeared, but the boots were obstinate. The good-natured king, who did not like to proceed all at once to the last extremity with his misled and refractory subjects, had recourse to stratagem to effect his purpose. About this time, the representations of Punch were the delight of the fashionable world, and the king of Bath announced to his loyal subjects that, for their especial recreation, the celebrated proprietor of Punch, then in the city, would exhibit a new scene in that hero's life. Full of eager anticipation, the fashionable world of Bath crowded to see the show; and intense, indeed, was expectation as the new scene opened with Punch and a beautiful lady preparing for their night's repose; but, to the horror of the fair one, Punch was stepping into bed with his boots on. She desired him to remove them—he refused; she remonstrated, but Punch was firm.

"Madam," said he, "do you, a stranger, presume to instruct me, an inhabitant of this polished and fashionable city, in etiquette?—My boots! Remove my boots! why, madam, you may as well tell me to pull off my legs: I never go without boots—I never ride, I never dance without them; and this, at Bath, is considered true politeness."

The lady, however, would not be appeased, neither would Punch submit to the wonted refraction, so the lovers separated in anger. We need hardly say that this ingenious lesson was Mr. Nash's contrivance.

The historian adds, that few, therefore, ventured to appear in boots.

Would our readers like to know something of the usual daily routine near a century ago in

"—This adorable scene,  
Where gaming and grace  
Each other embrace,  
Dissipation and piety meet:  
And all who'd a notion  
Of cards or devotion,  
Made Bath their delightful retreat."

At this time the bath itself was the first fashionable resort in the morning, whither the ladies were conveyed in

chairs, attired in their bathing-dresses, but with their heads dressed as if for an evening assembly; and while their bodies were receiving the benefit of the healing waters, their beaming countenances were turned to the surrounding gallery, whither the gentlemen duly repaired to pay their morning compliments to the fair. Soft music played around; and that no luxury might be wanting, no sense ungratified, each lady had a small floating dish by her side containing her pocket-handkerchief, nose-gay, and a snuff-box. Could the gods in Elysium have more?—Ye powers! a finely-dressed head, a warm bath, a crowd of beaux, a band of music, a bunch of flowers, and a snuff-box!

Then the water had to be drunk, and the gay invalids and fashionists of both sexes assembled in the pump-room, where three glasses, at three different times, were drunk by each yegeist, soft music still filling up the intervals between swallowing water and emitting scandal. Oh, the charm of this assembly! talk of scandal broached at an old maids' tea-party! why that is milk and honey compared to the wormwood and verjuice diffused in the aqua-solis of the pump-room at Bath.

From the pump-room, the ladies adjourned to the toy-shop, the gentlemen to the coffee-house. Then came public breakfasts, concerts, or lectures upon art and science, delivered to the subscribers to the rooms. "These lectures," says one historian, "are frequently taught in a pretty superficial manner, so as not to tease the understanding, while they afford the imagination some amusement."

And then

"Some for chapel trip away,  
Then take places for the play;  
Or they walk about in pattens,  
Buying gauzes, cheap'ning satins,"

for now it is time for prayers, and when they are ended it is noon; and some play cards at the Assembly House, and some walk on the Grand Parade, and others drive and others ride; and thus two hours are disposed of, and then comes that ceremony, in the due and regular performance of which all people in all places pique themselves, and which has never yielded (in itself) to the versatility of fashion. We mean dinner. Everywhere people eat dinner (if they can get it), and yet it is



pointed out in the list of the diversions of Bath, as if the pleasant occupation appertained to that place alone. But this is owing to the undue partiality of local historians.

Well: after dinner people went to church again, and thence to the pump-room; "from which they withdrew to the walks, and thence to drink tea at the Assembly Houses, and the evenings are concluded with balls, plays, and mutual visits; so that Bath yields a continued round of diversions; and people, in all ways of thinking, even from the libertine to the Methodist, have it in their power to complete the day, the week, the month, nay, almost the whole year, to their own satisfaction."

Our readers need hardly be told that those were the days of minuets and country-dances; quadrilles were unknown, even the parent cotillon had not appeared, gallopades were unheard of, mazurkas were hidden in the womb of time, polkas were an impossibility, and as to the exotic waltz, graceful though it be, young Englishwomen of those days, how wanting soever in some of the refining characteristics of these, had not learnt unblushingly to confide themselves to the arms of mere acquaintance of the other sex, to bear their close and not always respectful gaze, to feel their breath on their very necks, their cheeks, fanning the hair that strays on their face! Englishwomen can do this now, ay, and deem themselves modest, but—it is the fashion.

The ball in King Nash's time began at six o'clock, and ended at eleven. This was a rule to which the master of the ceremonies most rigidly adhered, and from the worthiest motives, viz.: out of regard to the comfort of the invalids, with whom the city always abounded. The minuet which opened the ball, was usually performed by two persons of highest distinction at it, and when concluded, the Bathonian King (or master of the ceremonies) conducted the lady to her seat, and led a new partner to the gentleman; that minuet over, both retired, and a second gentleman and lady stood up, and thus until the minuets were over, every gentleman dancing with two ladies. The minuets usually lasted about two hours; then came the country-dances, in which ladies of quality, according to their rank, stood up first.

The strictest etiquette was enforced, and the claims of precedence were rigidly adhered to. In the due adjustment of these, Nash was unrivaled, and, doubtless, derived therefrom no small portion of the respect and deference with which he was uniformly treated; and a great addition was made to the comfort of the vast number of respectable middle classes who resorted to Bath, in the courteous treatment which the monarch of all exacted for them, from those titled individuals who had hitherto arrogated somewhat too much to themselves from the circumstance of their rank.

At eleven o'clock, even in the middle of a dance, the King of Bath advanced up the room, raised his finger, and in an instant the music ceased.

The following rules, written by Mr. Nash, and placed in the pump-room, are characterized by the historian of his life as being drawn up with an attempt at wit; he adds, however, that the wit was fully as elevated as that of the persons for whom it was intended. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* perhaps more truly understood them, when he said that they were "artfully contrived to make a kind of penalty the necessary consequence of a breach of them," and added, that they were "universally complied with, because they could not be violated, without rendering the offender ridiculous and contemptible." They will be read with some interest now, as giving us a key to the state of society generally, when we find that in the very focus of fashion and ton, such rules were not merely endurable, but were peremptorily called for, and were admirably well adapted to the manners and habits of those—viz.: the élite of the fashionable world—for whose behoof they were promulgated.

They are here:—

"1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that are expected or desired by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinence.

"2. That ladies coming to the ball, appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbances and inconveniences to themselves and others.

"3. That gentlemen of fashion, never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, show breeding and respect.

"4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs—except captious by nature.

"5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen.—N. B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

"6. That gentleman crowding before the ladies at the ball show ill manners; and that none do so for the future—except such as respect nobody but themselves.

"7. That no gentleman or lady takes it ill that another dances before them—except such as have no pretense to dance at all.

"8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

"9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.

"N. B. This does not extend to Have-at-alls.

"10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.

"11. That all reporters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

"N. B. Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of Levelers."

But we must not suffer our interest in the internal affairs of his kingdom to withdraw our attention entirely from the king himself, and as, though a chosen, he was not an anointed monarch, we hope it will not be constructed into *lèse-majesté*, if we descant somewhat more freely on his character than it is considered safe to do with regard to sovereigns generally.

Beau Nash had the unusual good fortune to be thrown by circumstances into the very position in which he was qualified to shine. Up to the time of his arrival at Bath, his character was scarcely respectable. He had tried the law and the army, and had succeeded in neither; and, at thirty years old, he was a gamester by profession, and looked to that pursuit alone for the means of subsistence. London offered no harvest to his fraternity, save during the winter months, and the summer ones were passed at continental watering-places; but a visit of Queen Anne to Bath, in 1703, changed the destinies of that place, made it a resort of fashion, and consequently a home for gamblers. Thither as a gamester Nash went, and his resources through life were procured by those means; but the vice in him was ameliorated in some degree by his constant, undeviating fairness, and the uprightness (so to speak) of his play, when strict honor in the use of the dice was by no means a general attribute of gamesters. What he won easily he gave away freely; his generosity was great, though indiscriminating, his sympathy with the distressed never palled, his money, his time, and his earnest exertions were always

ready in their behalf. Still this goodness was more the result of constitution than of principle.

When Bath, on the occasion of the visit of Queen Anne, first emerged somewhat from the ruralities of a hop to a fiddle on the bowling-green, to a subscription dance at the town-hall, a certain Captain Webster, a gamester, undertook to produce some sort of order in the arrangements. This master of the ceremonies was the incipient king of Bath; he laid the foundations of its future splendid royalty. But that its internal jurisdiction remained very imperfect, notwithstanding the improvements which he introduced, may be gathered from the circumstances referred to above, that the ladies went to the balls in hoods and aprons, and gentlemen in boots; that smoking throughout the evening was usual; and that, at the card-tables, those who were unlucky compelled their antagonists (if it so pleased themselves) to play all night, to give them the chance of recovering their losses. And of the domestic regulations generally, some idea may be formed from the circumstance, that the floors of the best lodging-houses, all uncarpeted, were washed with a mixture of soot and small beer, which rendered them of so dark a hue that modern accumulations of dirt were not perceptible.

At this period, Beau Nash, then about thirty years of age, visited Bath. His fame had preceded him; for he had acquired much celebrity by the admirable manner in which a masque, entirely under his superintendence, had been "got up" in honor of King William, who offered the young Templar knight-hood, an unsubstantial honor, which he declined. Mr. Nash was also known to be an adept in the difficult science of etiquette, to understand rank and precedence to the very minutest punctilio, and to be in himself a perfect pattern of the most *recherché* and gentlemanly fashion of the day. These circumstances and qualifications pointed him out to the inhabitants of Bath (who had already felt the good effects even of Captain Webster's imperfect rule) as a proper successor to that gentleman, and he was requested to take upon himself the superintendence and arrangement of the amusements of Bath. He accepted the office; and with such skill, propriety, and energy did he address

himself to his task, that the leading inhabitants of the place found it their own interest to support him in everything. They did so; the crowds of visitors had no alternative but to follow the example, and thus Nash's rule became absolute, and he was in act and in reality, what he was universally called—the King of Bath.

His first endeavors were directed to the improvement of the baths, and the various accommodations pertaining to them: he had a new and handsome pump-room built; new assembly-rooms were erected; emulation was excited in various ways; new streets of commodious houses were built; handsome squares laid out; the roads widened and improved; and in a very few years, from an insignificant and muddling little place, Bath became a populous, flourishing, and most elegant city.

Amid a mass of frivolity, and trifling profusion, and petty parade, many are the anecdotes recorded of Nash which would confer lustre on any man. He was a most shrewd and inveterate censor of slander and calumny; this qualification was an invaluable one to the master of the ceremonies at a fashionable and frivolous watering-place. His

heart was most kind, his generosity great; and, though himself a professed gamester, he was never-wearying in his endeavors to prevent the young and inexperienced from gaining the habit, or from being the dupes of another. To the young of both sexes, but to the fair especially, he was at all times a kind, a cautious, and a disinterested adviser; and the grave was not closer than himself on any domestic secret committed to his keeping. These were great points.

The beneficent institution, the hospital at Bath, free to the poor of all England who required the waters, owed its erection entirely to his unremitting exertions.

It is but incident to humanity that old age should bring its infirmities; and it is only just retribution that a long life wasted in superficial pursuits, without definite moral occupation or elevated aim, should result in an old age of querulousness and disappointment.

Such, we are told, was that of Beau Nash. Still, the inhabitants of Bath forgot not their own and their city's obligation; and, on his death, at a very advanced age,\* he was borne with all possible honor to the grave.

#### IDEALS IN MODERN FICTION;†

THOUGHT rules the world. Old dynasties have gone out, one after another. That of commerce is uncrowned by literature, which is the growing power; and in the kingdom of literature, the third estate is represented by a multitude of novels. These have not the patrician elegance, or the old renown and lofty pretensions, of the poem, but find compensation in a firmer hold upon a greater number of minds. We must go quite out of our way to meet the poet. The novelist comes to seek us. With the poet we must fly on unaccustomed wings of music and enthusiasm. The novelist will walk with us in daily paths, and we are astonished to find that, after so easy an ascent by

his side, we are standing on the same eminence to which the poet was wont to drag us, dizzy and gasping, through the air. We are never quite comfortable in our relation to these winged thinkers. They carry us as a kite carries a hare, but do not often enable us to fly. Sometimes they even drop and abandon us in mid-career, and, in general, we find their ascension by rhythms and rhymes, by circumlocution and gyration, to be a little tedious—to be a labor rather than a festival or refreshment.

Our fine arts are too fine. Our poems do not lead us gently from the hearth, but jerk us suddenly to the remotest corners of the earth, or beyond

\* He died the 3rd of February, 1761, aged eighty-seven years.

† The views of this writer differ from those entertained, and sometimes expressed, by the *Monthly*; but the article is quite able to stand by itself. —ED.

the limits of the visible mundane sphere. Milton transports his reader as far as the kingdom of Chaos and old Night. Dante hurries him away from the green earth, from the blue heaven, to walk among the damned, among the purified. The shock is almost too great for healthy nerves. The poet tears me from my seat by the fire, from the bright circle of home, from the interests of my estate, my neighborhood, my culture. Out of every liberal enterprise, he snatches me and whirls me away as far as Purgatory, as far as Paradise, before he will drop me a word of wisdom, and when he speaks, all his music and eloquence cannot quite overcome a lingering homesickness which half occupies my mind. I shall not do the work or reap the pleasure of to-morrow in Hades or in Heaven, but here in the midst of my friends and neighbors, in the studies, endeavors, and relations which surround me. I am building a house, planting a garden, striving to organize a reading club, a musical society, a lyceum, to elevate the tone of my own circle, to carry forward the civilization of our parish. Such an undertaking demands every faculty, engrosses my time and attention, involves the solution of every moral problem, the application of all spiritual laws to the affairs of life, and I cannot afford to be spirited away from it into the upper or the nether deep, to grope my way, among conditions which do not belong to me—to ends remote from the purpose of my working day.

But the novelist comes to my hearthstone; with him I am at home. Instead of the "cherubic host in thousand choirs," and the "loud uplifted angel trumpets," he gives me a comfortable concert, such as I may hope and live to hear. He gives me music of Mozart and Beethoven, or the joyful, earnest vocal harmony of the German four-part song, which lifts me as high as I am capable of mounting honestly, upon wings of my own emotion. The novelist represents a healthy naturalism, a return from the lawless excursions of barbaric fancy to the plain level of facts and forces, out of which our ideal world is to be fashioned by practical endeavor. The poets have rather separated than joined the ideal and actual. They should have bridged the chasm and offered us hope and encouragement. The novelists push them aside, and

show that to all we dream and desire, to fair relations, cheerful influences, and worthy opportunity, we may find or make a way, not through chaos, or the seven heavens, or the siege of Troy, or the court of King Arthur, but through the very conditions and circumstances in which we find ourselves engaged.

The poets must share this tendency. They must learn to walk upon firmer ground, and to commend the highest, by ability to speak the lowest truth. So much common-sense as a man has, so much currency he can give to his superior sense. The poets have lost power by every liberty they have taken with the facts of nature and history. Could they not see the significance of ordinary events of experience common to all. These alone are great. Birth, death, love, marriage, the home circle, the struggle for a livelihood, the search after truth in a world full of rumors and traditions, have these no interest that I must busy myself with dragons and enchanters, with vagabond knights-errant, with dwarfs, and giants, and genii, and the thousand children of a fancy which builds castles in the clouds and dodges the work of the world? The wise heart finds more beauty and promise in the humblest history, than in all these nebulous splendors. The little black boy at my foot, if the meaning of his poor obstructed life could be shown, is more worthy of attention than all the angels and archangels of song. No destiny can be higher than that of the little black boy. He will not have wings in a hurry, he will not be like the black ginn who takes the fancy of children by his stature and his flight through the darkness, bearing beautiful princes in his arms, but he will be a man. Who can tell us what it is to be a man, even the most unfortunate; a man in ordinary circumstances, with ordinary advantages? Who has tried? Hardly the poet. He is even now addressing himself to the task. In England, the noblest of the nobility are endeavoring to take up new and democratic honors before the old hereditary dignity falls quite away.

A lord is lecturing, a thousand men of rank are busy with problems of labor and education. So the poets are obliged to abandon their old privilege of playing in the air to show like eagles

their spread of wings and majesty of motion.

They must help us to lift what we are obliged to carry. We will not set noblemen or poets any longer on high, to be idle and admired, as early ages were content to do. They must help directly, or we turn to men who will help, and leave them, where they can neither shine nor sing, in a vacuum of neglect.

The novelists have made an honest effort. They have told such truth as they found to tell. We take occasion, first to thank them heartily for good service rendered, and then to inquire whether, on the whole, they have been large-minded enough to give us a fair and just picture of life in this planet. I have been born into certain stubborn conditions. My parents are moderately stupid, or narrow, or violent, and they stand in the way of my growth. My companions are busy, or greedy, or hard-natured, and do not understand my aims. I must get bread and shelter. I must establish a moral relation to my fellows, must stand for something and be a centre of influence, better or worse. The books, the newspaper, the preachers hinder and help. Sometimes I think my labor would be lighter, if no man had ever thought, or offered explanation which needs again to be explained.

The attempt to dispose orderly of stories, rumors, traditions, and theories afloat in the air, is like the first organization of chaos. Yet the creative impulse is strong in every child. He must struggle in his lot to conform the disorder of the actual to the order of the mind. This effort of the soul to find expansion, to find a field for free activity for expression, and reinforcement, we name the ideal tendency, and the object of our poetry and novel writing is to show the certain, though arduous, victory of the spirit over all obstructions. If, in any work, the soul appears superior to matter, able to overrule conditions, and make where it cannot find an opportunity to do its work, and take its joy in living—that work is ideal.

Ideality is manifested not in avoiding inevitable laws, but in revealing a force able to control them and make them servants of thought and affection.

There are two elements to be considered in our review of a work of art: the positive force exhibited, and the

more or less obstinate resistance to it by fate and society—the strength of supernatural, and the impediment of natural laws. The balance between these old antagonists makes either a hard and well won, or an easy and cheerful, victory. The work, which shows a desperate struggle, is helpful to every reader whose life is yet a battle. That which represents a large success, is dear to all who have secured the ordinary advantages of fortune—who have comfort and culture, and are masters of leisure and of society. For this last class few books are written. We put in a petition for them. They are very much in need of help. Their enemies are ennui and luxury. They have no longer the stimulus of poverty and contempt. They are housed, and fed, and flattered, and too well content. These democrats, the novelists, are thoughtful first of their own order, and they are not yet ready to remember the poor rich man, the poor pedant, the poor doctors of law and medicine and divinity, the poor professors of logic and anatomy. The learned, who feed laboriously upon saw-dust, are as grateful as the ignorant hungry for a draught from the bottle of the idealist, who proposes to break up all routine—to burst every barrier which confines the fermenting liquor of life.

Look at all the novels, and consider how many are directly helpful to the readers of this article.

We find only "Wilhelm Meister" and "The Elective Affinities" distinctly addressed to the cultivated mind. When the warm-hearted Novalis read Meister for the first time, he declared it a thoroughly prosaic work. But we learn that, being drawn to take up the book again, he continued, during his life, to read it regularly twice a year. He was at first repelled by the coldness and simplicity of diction, the absence of sentimentality, and the common-place character of many scenes, actors, and motives in the plot. Students, making a just demand, continue to complain that the most earnest desires of the race are not represented in the book; that the religion of a "fair saint" is exhibited from an intellectual and exterior, not a vital point of sight, and that, excepting Mignon, who is dear even to the cold heart of criticism, there is no character to be loved in all the brilliant company. Still the idealism of the



work is not to be denied. We have here displayed the effort of a young man to find culture and exercise for his artistic faculties; and though he falls into the society of mountebanks and harlequins, he also draws to himself many noble hearts. He establishes relations with men of widely-different pursuits, engages the interest of a society whose object is a liberal culture and coöperation, and the whole atmosphere of the book is that of intellectual and æsthetic activity. Since Wilhelm Meister was published, the world has been flooded with novels. But they offer no picture or suggestion of a society which we can freely enjoy. And yet, the novel, like poetry, should submit the "shows of things to the desires of the mind," and give us some hint of the manners and enterprises which ought to fill our tedious days.

From the satirist, or critic in fiction, we do not expect poetry.

Dickens attacks abuses, unroofs the debtor's prison, crucifies the Barnacle family, astonishes the Circumlocution Office, petrifies bigotry, and fills the margin of his picture with specimens of petty knavery and very exasperated snobbery in high and low life. Among some thirty characters, he gives us, perhaps, five, with whom we should not, decidedly, object to associate, although, it must be confessed, their company is a little dull. The knaves and fools give animation to the work. They are only tedious because they fill so many pages, and have everything so entirely their own way. The highest ideal in the book is that of common honesty and common kindness—an affectionate daughter, an affectionate father, a friendly, considerate young man, are given us to admire, and they are approachable only through the crowd of ignorant, selfish, vulgar semi-savages. The hero of Dickens is like that temperance lecturer, whose drunken brother accompanied him, to serve as a shocking example, and persisted in occupying more than his share of the attention of the audience.

But from Dickens, from Thackeray, we do not demand idealism. If they give us a little sentiment, we receive it thankfully as a gratuity—as a dish not promised in the bill of fare. From these men we look for exploration of dark corners, and we are glad to see their wretched inhabitants lighted by

the sunshine of sympathy, not scorched with a flame of reprobation.

The French novels are also critical, not ideal. They expose an abyss of sensuality and ferocity, so that reading the "Mysteries of Paris" is like looking into a den of fierce and filthy beasts, rendered more horrible by the transparent human faces which express their lusts and passions. We do not laugh over these scenes. We hardly expend even pity on the characters we meet in them. They corrupt their readers into a frantic excitement and degraded sympathy, or repel him into healthy disgust. They show the somewhat extravagant virtue of one or two favorite characters struggling for self-preservation in an ocean of corruption. The young heart—the best heart—is almost drowned in this whirlpool. Madame Sand can with difficulty keep her "Consuelo" pure. She is obliged to confess that youth, health, and opportunity, conspiring with the ardor of a lover, are enemies to virtue almost irresistible. This child, though blessed with the coldest temperament and a strong ideal tendency, conquers with difficulty, and after a doubtful struggle with the fire of temptation in her blood and in her thought.

It is well that every ulcer should be probed. But our interest in the operation shows how little we expect from life. The basest activity is more entertaining than our own enterprises. So we read Balzac and Eugene Sue, and are surprised to learn how much there is, after all, to admire and enjoy in a life of sentimental beastliness. French novels are like brandy and water and cigars. They reach and irritate a brain which is impervious to finer influences.

But George Sand, in "Consuelo," has offered us a distinct ideal. The elevating, purifying influence of the art impulse she has felt. She knows that it is no mere self-indulgence, or seeking after beauty and pleasure, which makes the artistic temperament, but a sense of the Infinite—a haunting presence of perfection which, in proportion to its power, subordinates the senses and delivers man to a life that is not only beautiful, but good. Still her artist is alone in the world, thwarted, misunderstood, suspected, imprisoned, and hated; is taken for a lunatic or a fool. Neither Albert nor Consuelo have their natural influence. They do not control circum-

stances or reorganize the society around them, as every ideal element tends to do. Their art serves only to keep vital heat in themselves, to separate them from vice and folly. It should animate a circle of lovers, and quicken other ideal forces flowing out into new expression in sculpture, painting, poetry, and the conduct of life. We know very well how little art has done for Europe or the world, but Madame Sand recognizes the ascension and true power of music. Why has she never given us a picture of that power in exercise? Why are her artists thrown, one into the bottom of a dry well, which serves him for a lunatic asylum, the other into that court, which the egotism of Frederic converted into a prison, even for his sister.

We complain that in all our novels there is too much fate, too much accident and brute force, too much repression and too little power. The spiritual energy revealed in them is not strong enough to procure for itself success and acceptance. The aspiration of every hero is baffled. He is not able to organize a serene and helpful activity, but is beaten down by suspicion and conservatism, and is poorly consoled for the failure of his life by some sugar-plum, by a suitable marriage or a timely inheritance.

What does *Jane Eyre* propose to do with Mr. Rochester after she has married and adopted him. He is a poor, broken, shipwrecked mariner, on the waters of passion and self-indulgence, whom she, with the strength and courage of an angel, has drawn to shore. This burnt-out bully, after worrying and insulting the dependent girl, whose love was no secret to him, is now thoroughly subdued by misfortunes. He begins life anew, a tiger deprived of teeth and claws, dependent for every pleasure on the heroic heart beside him—a heart always so much stronger, so much deeper than his own.

In *Jane Eyre*, as in Charlotte Brontë, the grandest natural endowment, the utmost heroism, is barely able to sustain itself and make life tolerable in the midst of crushing neglect and discouragement.

The book "*Jane Eyre*" is a cry of agony. It is a protest against shocking injustice and injury. In Christian England, three young girls, daughters of a clergyman, are starved at school,

and left, lonely and unregarded, to eat out their young hearts in activity at home. These children cry out of cold and darkness. "*Jane Eyre*" is a passionate appeal to common humanity against the civilization of England, which commits the education of children to such machinery as the system of boarding-schools, and degrades all culture, in the person of the despised governess, "That dreadful dummy," as Curtis calls her, "in the English game of life."

There is, in the novels of Goethe himself, no woman able to accomplish what *Jane Eyre* has done. The tranquil, thoughtful, and tender Otilie, whose nature is like the upper sky, filled only with sunbeams, which kindle the very clouds into forms and fountains of light, would have lacked that concentrated energy which commands the respect and admiration of Rochester. Otilie could not live and leave the object of a love forbidden by her moral sense. In *Jane Eyre*, we see the struggle, and predict the victory of a force, more mighty than any revealed in the world of the German master, yet the heroes and heroines of Goethe expand like flowers in sunshine, and, however crossed by circumstance, their natural tendencies are developed both by good and evil fortune. He shows the triumph of an ideal which is not the highest, and gives us so much more of hope and courage.

Mrs. Gaskell has written a novel which deserves to be read. In "*North and South*," the attraction of incident is subordinated to that of character, and the principal figures are titanic in strength and simplicity.

We are made acquainted with two large-natured lovers, but the book affords no outlook beyond their marriage. This happy event, which ought to be the beginning of a life worth studying and showing, is made a blank wall, and terminates our view. Children may be satisfied when Margaret is folded in the arms of Mr. Thornton; but men and women know that the power of love in these young hearts is yet to be tried. Will it lead to a gradual adjustment of moral forces, in two natures which have encountered happily at a single point? Formal marriage is common enough, and we all know that the road to it winds through Paradise, and passes the margin of the pit—but is true marriage possible? Can there be conjunction of

thought and will without loss of personal independence—without destruction of the charm of remoteness and virginity of spirit? Can there be union yet freedom and spontaneity of impulse? Can blind tenderness become clear-sighted and not die? Can the energies of chosen companions be harmonized and directed together to the highest ends? To these questions our novelists and poets have given no answer.

In "John Halifax" we have a picture of married life. No modern writer has painted more forcibly the dawn of love's morning—no one has more magnified the expectation with which a noble heart awaits and entertains its sacred ray.

Yet the marriage is here a point of departure, and introduces the career of one "gentleman." The idealism of this book is intense but narrow. There is in it no society, no festival, no influence of art or literature. The life of the hero is strictly domestic and moral, full of the sternness of duty and the bitterness of a long struggle with misfortune and injustice. For this is another protest against the inequality of social conditions in England. It is a strong book, but affords no large view of life. In it only the moral element is developed—only devotion to duty is honored—not love of beauty or of truth. While reading, we are in church and not in nature. It is a world like the heaven of Swedenborg, wherein the secular sun is displaced by a moral luminary, whose ray is neither intelligence nor joy, but a sentiment of unmingled obligation.

We have a single American novel, "Margaret." Its criticism is directed against the old dogmatic theology of New England. Its ideal element is the expansion of a young mind, so dear to nature that it will not be contained in such a system. Yet the heroine is only delivered from dogma to dogma, and in the end of the book we are outraged by the advent of a sentimental millennium. The author is a theologian, who has broken the shell of a narrow creed, but could not throw off the creed-making tendency and become a poet.

Miss Bremer's page is healthy though her circle is small. In her conception of home she is happy, and has made, perhaps, the best contribution toward a solution of the vexed question of woman's destiny. She has shown true poetic power, giving interest and sig-

nificance to common events by disclosing their relation to life, and to the development of character. There is ideality in her young heroines. They have a vague consciousness of powers unexercised of rudimentary wings. In every house there is a plain sister, who solaces herself as no young woman ever twice attempted to do, by reading Plato in solitude.

In "Bertha," however, we have the old complaint, the old despair. She is another lonely victim, only reaching to prophesy and prepare a better condition for her sex. The influence of woman is crushed in the house of her hard father. The early history of his children is dismal "skip." Tragedy, to be tolerable, must be grand and imposing. Great calamities may be endured in fiction or reality, but the death in life, which falls upon gentle natures subjected to the tyranny of dogmatism, selfishness, and conceit, is too dismal to contemplate. If the tragic element be employed in art, it should not largely enter in the shape of "moaning women, hard-eyed husbands, and deluges of Lethe."

We will not accuse novelists, especially women, of aiming at a vulgar effect, and seeking to excite and agitate feeble minds. They plainly celebrate sorrows they have felt, injuries they have borne. We ask them only to consume in private their private griefs, and publicly to do some justice to the general joy.

From every partial report of the tendency of human nature toward perfection, we return with pleasure to the broad and sunny page of Goethe. He is open-eyed to the infinite variety of interests in life. His characters are not emphasized as saints, as heroes, as lovers, because they have a widely-diversified activity which prevents the morbid concentration of force upon a single point. Some example we have here of every kind of spiritual development. The interest of the tale is distributed among many actors; their peculiarities are marked and significant. In each is exhibited a moral activity, whose direction is carefully shown. When once the bias, impulse, and motive of character is distinctly indicated, the artist stops. He will not carry out any tendency to extreme results, but leave the mind of the reader to complete that history. The curious, experimenting, impressible Wil-

helm is assisted by older observers and actors. We cannot afford to lose the company of one of these men—of one of these women. In each is revealed an element that must be cultivated in us—that must be limited and guarded. They have virtues, they have vices; but, at the worst, they live, and act, and grow. Here is reinforcement of character, which in nature is always amelioration; here is growth in wisdom and skill, for truly in every breast there is some measure of aspiration—some freedom and obedience to the attraction of beauty, truth, and excellence in one or other of their innumerable manifestations. We may demand of the novelist, since Goethe has furnished so high a standard, that the ideal tendency which he exhibits shall have fair play, and not be overwhelmed or exhausted in a struggle with conditions. We will be grateful to those who, like Charlotte Brontë, show us the central fire of the inextinguishable spirit expanding under the burden of mountains and continents, which it cannot yet upheave for its own deliverance; but we need to see the same element sustaining the happy world of organization and intelligence.

The power of heat is shown, not in volcanic convulsions, but in its vital relation to plants, and animals, and man. The strength of Jane Eyre, and Rochester, and Consuelo is condensed like that of pent-up lightning in a cloud. We need to see the same force diffused, like the electricity which stirs in the air and water, in the sap and in the blood. For the ideal should visit us not to make misery tolerable, but to render common life a cheerful satisfaction. We want imaginary companions who will draw near to us on the level of every-day experience—who will take up all that is best in culture and endeavor, and walk in advance of us, bearing our burdens. The wise have accepted such companions, instruments, and enterprises as they find in the world, and are striving and learning to use them. Upon many abuses, judgment is speedily passed. Our novels are hot arguments upon questions no longer open in any sane mind. We concede to the author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," that slavery, if not a bad, is at least an unfortunate relation. Then that book falls to the ground. We are all democrats in principle; we despise castes and classes in society; we agree with

Thackeray and Dickens, that common honesty and common decency are necessities of life. We dispose of several tons of fiction by simply declaring that a self-respect superior to snobbery, and a social system which affords equal opportunity to all, are decidedly desirable, and very few people doubt it. But who will tell me what to do with my day? I am haunted by a suspicion that it is as good as any day; that it would be no better if it were filled with "moving accidents." They would only, as we say, "divert" me—that is, draw me off from the way of enduring happiness. I want a permanent and large activity, and there is surely work enough to be done in every village before society will be possible among men. I want sympathy and coöperation, and I see in the breasts of my neighbors a latent humanity whose extent is incalculable, and which points toward everything dear to me. If I could be taught to take hold on what is so near me, something great and beautiful might yet be done even here.

I have passed the period of romance. Only children wait for adventures. I do not look for sudden wealth or poverty. I do not expect to fall in love with a princess, a beggar, or an opera-dancer. I can earn my bread, and am not exposed to great misery in any turn of the wheel of fortune. Is life, then, for me no longer worth living?

After the dragons are all killed, what shall we do? The great poet, only, can answer this question. He can show power in his figures, without throwing them into convulsions—can exhibit in sunshine the energy which is capable of fronting every storm. It is surely better worth while to see men helpful, than to see them contending. Civility is fairer to behold than barbarism. What mind will outrun the confusion that roars around and fills the noisy century, to anticipate the next ages, and show to what good result our best mental and moral effort is conducting man? The right novel, the true poem, is a hand that points forward. It will show the manhood, not the childhood, of the race. It will not need to elaborate a black background of misfortune to serve as a foil for doubtful happiness, but will exhibit an activity so splendid that it must shine in relief upon the dingy gray of ordinary circumstances, duties, and relations.

## THE BALAAMS.

AT the present moment, of course, we are all in the country. Those of us who are not in the country are in Europe. Those of us who are not in Europe are still further away.

The great point is, that we are not at home. We are somewhere else. We come to town for a day, and look at it curiously. We sleep in our own city beds for a night; but we are not in town. We say "good-morning" to the chambermaid as to a stranger. We contemplate the parlors as places we used to frequent. We are in the house; but we are not at home.

Who could be at home on straw carpets? Mattings they are called by superior housekeepers. Will anybody mention why, in a climate where we leave the fire with many a lingering, longing look, in June, and return to it in September, we put up muslin curtains and put down straw mattings? It is a preposterous innovation of the tropics. Is anything more thoroughly dismal than the American gentleman in thin drillings, promenading upon a straw matting, while the bars of his grate are scarcely cool, and it was but yesterday that he slid down his own ice-glazed front door steps upon his own back?

I have seen Balaam do both these things.

Mrs. Balaam—whom I name with respect, knowing my happiness and thankful for it—Mrs. Balaam is what is fondly termed a superior housekeeper—an active, energetic woman. Mrs. Balaam might easily have invented straw mattings. At least she uses them rigorously and in the proper seasons. One admires—as the older English has it—what a baby-house Mrs. Balaam must have had in the days of her youth. One sighs to think how the roses must have withered, under ceaseless washings, in the cheeks of Mrs. Balaam's dolls. That, of course, was long before she came, saw, and conquered the worthy man whose name she adorns, and whose home she keeps in a manner which is the despair of all the easy-going, hoopy, flouncey, little women, who have made sundry tomtits happy by allowing them to pay their dry-goods bills.

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In March, Mrs. Balaam says, "Spring will soon be here, my dear;" and she looks around her well-scrubbed mansion with the eye of a woman who is not to be put down by any shams and shows of cleanliness. Her husband finds her on chairs, dusting the tops of door-frames in the chamber, and sighs to hear her say: "How dirty this house is: it's shameful!"

The good Balaam—a mild man, of course (Mrs. Balaams always marry mild men, or make them so)—does not dare to cherish any hidden corner for litter. He is dreadfully perplexed with his pieces of string and paper. Whatever he does—however he tries to destroy their existence by casting them into the fire, or throwing them into coal-scuttles, or drawers, or wherever else his tortured invention suggests—he is sure to hear Mrs. Balaam crying out to him: "Don't, don't, my dear! How can you litter about so? It's as much as my life is worth to keep this house decent!"

Balaam, as a bachelor, smoked. He has only a vague remembrance of it. He looks at men who take their ease with their cigar, with an incredulous curiosity. Once, and once only, he smoked since his marriage. It was at a supper, late at night. Balaam was, probably, flown with wine. When the party broke up, Balaam remembered he must go home—go, in fact, to bed. That reflection sobered him. Now a man who has not only passed the evening in a warm room with smokers, but has himself smoked, cannot hope to conceal his crime: he can only endure its consequences.

Of course, under the circumstances, Balaam resolved to pass the night out—not to go home at all. But the vision of Mrs. B., sitting up for him all night in her night-cap, as grand inquisitor, and saying: "BALAAM, WHERE AND WITH WHOM DID YOU PASS THE NIGHT?" was too overwhelming. He was sure that he could never explain his absence to the satisfaction of Mrs. B. Her sighs of martyred wifehood and womanhood would force him into a premature grave. He, therefore, resolved to go home.

But he found the way home like the



road Jordan. It was a very hard one to travel, and he went very slowly. It was a bitter midwinter midnight, but Balaam moved as leisurely as Romeo from Juliet's balcony. He reached his house, at length, and he found his own keyhole without difficulty.

In truth he was only too much awake—too profoundly aware of his situation. He certainly never opened the door so softly before, and never before crept so noiselessly up stairs—undressing, as there is reason to believe, in the dark. It was evident that he hoped not to disturb the innocent slumber of his spouse. But scarcely had his head touched the pillow than, without saying a word, she arose, opened every window in the room, opened the doors, opened the windows in other rooms, and betook herself, in majestic scorn and silence, to a remote and solitary chamber for the rest of the night.

For two days those windows were inexorably open, and all the doors. Unchallenged winter reigned. The servants left. Mrs. B. went about in her bonnet and furs. She sent the children to her sister's. Balaam's nose was blue the whole time. Mrs. Balaam did not speak of tobacco, but she shuddered and compressed her mouth from time to time, and said to him, in a dry, wiry tone, as they sat shivering in the parlor: "*Isn't it dreadful! But what can you do when a house smells so!*"

By April the Balaam spring-cleaning sets in. Mrs. Balaam's costume during this month is an old black bombazine bonnet, a tartan shawl, and india-rubbers. The house is damp and cold, and Balaam's study is put in order and well washed. The carpets are taken up and turned over into the middle of the room; the pictures are covered with linen sheets, and the furniture is strewn about the room, packed under table-cloths which are made fast around the legs of chairs and book-cases. Balaam tumbles over mops and falls into slop-pails, and eats his dinner in a corner of the kitchen, while the indomitable wife is charging, at the head of a brigade of washers and sweepers, upon specks of dust that she suspects may have settled in various parts of the house.

Mrs. Balaam is not beautiful at this season; but she hopes Christian wives and mothers have something better to do than to be ornamental sticks of candy.

Balaam feebly suggests little excursions into the country. "My dear Palaam," she replies, stopping upon two stairs with a faded handkerchief wound about her head, a limp morning-wrapper upon her person, and odd gloves with holes in them on her hands, which hold, the one a duster, and the other a broom, "my dear Balaam, *could* you sleep comfortably if you knew you had run away, like a coward, from a house which was a HEAP OF FILTH?"

Balaam sinks into silence under an overwhelming sense of universal dirt, and, in complete confusion of mind and a false perception of proprieties, wipes his clean shoes carefully upon the mat as he goes out at the front door into the street.

When the spring cleaning is over, the indefatigable Mrs. Balaam reposes her hands and feet, but not her eyes nor her mind. They are busily engaged in spying out new contaminations of that household purity, and devising fresh campaigns against dirt. Then, as if still panting from the spring cleaning, she suddenly summons all her forces and begins "to put to rights for the summer."

This process is one of baling and bagging. In early June, the parlor furniture looks as if it were all just going to bed. The chandeliers and candelabras have on night-caps, and the easy-chairs and lounges, baggy night-gowns. The pictures are tucked up behind mosquito-nets, and the clock, muffled in gauze, stops and sleeps. The matting is put down, and then comes another change. The odor of the straw is foreign and sickly. It suggests the East Indies and elephantiasis; and suddenly the whole parlor, in that cold, dreadful odor, becomes a hospital, and the chairs, lounges, and clock are all in long bed-gowns, with frightful diseases.

When the hideous effect is completed, Mrs. Balaam declares that Balaam must take her to the country for fresh air. Balaam does not resist. He is carried to railroad stations, and engages in fearful quarrels with porters, merely because Mrs. Balaam stands by, among the boxes and trunks, holding the family umbrella, and he prefers to settle with the porter, at any risk, rather than with Mrs. B. The same scenes take place at the steamboat landings. But Balaam weakly thanks his stars that Mrs. B. prefers to

settle the fare with the hackmen herself. With an imbecile sense of relief, on these occasions, the poor, prostrate Balaam says to her, with feeble jocularly, "My dear, you are the only fair that the coachman can't settle."

They go into the country. The house lies under the warm side of a hill. There are no trees. The Balaam bed-room is ten feet by fifteen, with a double bed in it, and the trunks about the floor. There are wall-paper shades over the windows, in which the July sun nestles all the day long. There are fried pork and heavy home-made bread for breakfast, and venerable boiled beef and cabbage for dinner—"hearty, homely fare," Mrs. Balaam says—"none of your watering-place kick-shaws."

Balaam bleats mild protests at intervals; and lately, as he was strolling along the dusty road, holding a cotton umbrella with one hand, to shield him from the sun, and with the other brandishing a cotton handkerchief about his brows to wipe the exuding moisture, he met a friend from town, going on to the sea-shore.

"Ah, Balaam, my boy, how do you like your lodging?"

B., who has a vague sense of the omnipresence of Mrs. B., and always speaks as in her dread hearing, answered:

"Oh! very well."

"Well," said his lugubrious friend, "I should think, if you were not eaten up with the mosquitoes, did not come down with the fever and ague, or the bilious fever, or the gastric fever, or the low, slow country fever—and if you dared to be out in the evening, or sleep with your windows open, or go in to bathe—it might be quite tolerable, only it must be infernally hot, of course."

Mr. Balaam rose one morning with the firmness of despair, and said, with a careless, semi-resolute air, to his wife:

"My dear, I think I shall smoke a cigar."

"Very well, Mr. Balaam, as there is no spare room in the house, you will have to sleep in the barn."

He did *not* sleep in the barn; but he dreamed all night of being rolled up tight in a piece of straw matting, which smelt of Manilla diseases, and being scrubbed hard, on his defenseless face, by the energetic mop of Belinda Balaam.

I, who thank my stars that I am a jolly old bachelor, and who am the individual you see dancing every polka, every evening, at every hotel in Newport, who have no wife nor family, but that cigar and book, to which you have probably never heard any bachelor allude—I often wonder how it happened; how he came to do it—I mean, how they ever came to be married.

That form of asking the question is a little painful to me, but it is quite strongly impressed upon my mind, and you shall know why.

I am, in fact, bald. The family hair falls out early, and my head shines, at this moment, like a huge ostrich's egg. In church, on Sundays, I usually leave a glove on the top of my head to protect it from draughts, for I hate the falsity of a wig. Before Balaam removed into his present house, which it is Mrs. Balaam's pride to keep clean, we boarded together, and I took pleasure in toying with an only child of theirs, who, I am devoutly thankful, has been since removed to a distant boarding-school.

One evening Balaam asked me in to tea. Now, though bald, I was not old: I was marriageable yet; I could still sigh and sing, and my toilette was choice and exact. The company was not large, and it was silent. I have noticed that the Balaam parties are, in a word, dreadful. Mrs. Balaam looks as if she were ready to mop up or sweep away upon the instant any remark that should chance to be dropped. The consequence is, that people grin, and squirm, and look at books of engravings, at the little social festivals of the Balaams, and smile so kindly upon dear Mrs. Balaam when they go away, thanking her for such a charming evening. Why should people arrange their hair, and put on lace dresses, and jewels, and gloves, and carry a bouquet, for the sake of looking into the Balaam picture-books?

As this party was a tea-party it was not large, and we all sat. You know what tragical moments of depression come over the best regulated tea-parties—but an ordinary festivity of the kind is a revel compared with this. The Balaam tea-parties are what the French would call "solemnities." At this particular one I endeavored to "carry it off" gayly. I smiled and chatted, and laughed at my own humor, and criticised the pictures in the drawing-room album, and tried in every way to

enliven the profound melancholy of the occasion.

But in the midst of one of my cheeriest efforts, while the eyes of the company were all fixed upon me, the young heir of Balaam—since happily removed, as I said—came and stood in front of me, and regarded me so steadfastly that my attention and that of every person in the room was attracted to him. Suddenly, as he stood staring before me, he began to rub the top of his head, still gazing at me. I thought the brat had gone out of his ridiculous wits, and paused; so did everybody else; perfect silence reigned in the room, while this wicked child kept rubbing the top of his head, and, contemplating the refulgent top of mine, he at length, in a loud voice, asked, before that company, "HOW D'YE DO IT?"

I pardoned the laughter of the party; I laughed myself. And whenever, since, I wonder at any circumstance, the formula of my inquiry is the same; and, therefore, when I think of the Balaams, I always wonder how they did it.

I know how it will be when they come home in the autumn. For weeks the house will smell of pepper, camphor, and tobacco, as the carpets, and curtains, and winter clothes are unrolled. Mrs. B. will come out in great force in every department. Pickling and preserving, and consequent checked-aprons and curl-papers will set in. In the latter days of September Balaam

will rub his hands, and say hopefully: "Most time for a fire!" Mrs. Balaam, who is a woman of fixed principles, takes this symptom at the very outset, and replies: "You know, Mr. Balaam, that we never have fires until after the fifth of November; it's a foolish extravagance; don't pamper yourself!"

Balaam has given up smoking; he has given up drinking wine; he has given up going to the theatre; he has given up driving, or buying books, which "only clutter up the house." He has given up asking a friend to dinner, or to pass the night. He has given up wearing a dressing-gown or slippers in the parlor, or reading the newspapers there, or putting his legs over the arms of the easy-chairs. He has given up little excursions, or lingering in the morning, after breakfast. He has given up having the rooms at a higher temperature than 65°. He has given up walking up and down the drawing-room, and going up the front stairs. He has given up scolding the servants for bringing him cold plates at dinner, and cold water for shaving. He has given up throwing a sixpence to hand-organs, and looking out of the window at dancing-monkeys, and putting the evening paper over his head and going to sleep. He has even given up all curiosity to know how he did it. And having given up all the flesh and blood of life, Balaam is quite ready to give up the ghost.

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#### A SHORT EXERCISE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

**E**IGHTY-ONE years have passed since the most memorable document, ever submitted to the approval of a free people, was read to the congress of the United States, assembled in a neighboring city. It was not ratified by that burst of external enthusiasm by which persons of more mercurial temperaments usually receive the programme of a revolution in their political situation—for large assemblies, ever hopeful, usually expect improvement from change—but with a sturdy English resolution and self-confidence, like that of the barons who wrested *Magna Charta* from King John, and the convention

which replaced the corrupt and effete Stuarts by the present reigning house personified in the Hollandish William.

Yet the iron will and calm fixedness of purpose which animated the delegates from every province between New Hampshire and Georgia, which made the Puritan, the Quaker, the votary of the church of England, the Irish Catholic, and Rochelle Huguenot to lie down together, as the lion and the lamb are described in holy writ, was yet as fit a theme for the pen of a historian as the wildest scenes any chronicle records.

The document was no holiday declaration of rights already won, no holiday

inauguration of a monument of triumphs already achieved, but the solemn declaration of men who knew no such word as fail, of a fixed purpose to plant the tree of liberty—not to wither, as the olive branch of sunny France subsequently withered, but to stand like our own live-oak, almost eternal and ever-green. That declaration has become the evangel of nations struggling to be free, and its defects cannot be looked on as inherent, but, like the Spanish moss, were parasitic and accidental, easily to be torn away, and never destined to do aught than veil the trunk of the firm and sturdy oak. They were not destined to remain. For that reason, when we read the Declaration of Independence, it does not seem to us like the emanation of a human mind, but assumes the grandeur and type of inspiration; and men in despotic lands, where liberty is treason, and the enunciation of the truth, that men are born equal, is a crime—all recognize Thomas Jefferson as the very apostle of popular right, and the Paul of the gospel of independence. The clear and distinct paragraphs, the grand yet simple eloquence, show this declaration was not a Rhætor's display, but the enunciation of the yearnings of a great and good man, who was aware of his duty to his nation, and willing, as he expresses it himself, to pledge his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor for its salvation.

It is at this time peculiarly proper to look back on Mr. Jefferson's glorious participation in the work, of which he might aptly say, *quorum magna pars fui*, and to show the mistake of those who pretend, at this day, to honor his memory, while they are engaged in the most subtle attacks on what he considered to be cardinal principles of the Union he formed, and for which he pledged his name, fame, and fortune. If we look through his biography and his letters—far more interesting even than those of Cicero to an American—we shall everywhere find clear and manifest indications of his abhorrence of the institution of slavery. Coleridge says, that there are axioms so true, that they lose their power and require a new demonstration to be brought home to the mind; and of this kind is the certainty that the first and most earnest free-soil politician in the country was

Thomas Jefferson. In these opinions he was firm and consistent, having, as he states in his autobiography, introduced a bill for the abolition of slavery into the colonial legislature, before the Revolution, and continued its consistent opponent until a few days before his death. On this subject he says:

"In 1769, I became a member of the legislature by the choice of the country in which I live, and so continued until it was closed by the Revolution. I made one effort in that body for the permission of the emancipation of slaves, which was rejected, and, indeed, during the regal government, nothing liberal could expect success."

Thus Mr. Jefferson began his public career by an effort for the emancipation of the slaves of his own state, before he made himself illustrious by far happier efforts for the establishment of national independence. His was no sentimental patriotism, but he loved liberty, for itself alone, in its broadest sense, and did not distinguish between chains for the individual and for the masses. He hated slavery *per se*, and his mind was too philosophical not to be aware that the establishment of an instance recognized the principle.

In the unamended portion of the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Jefferson speaks, in his own strong and peculiar style, of what he thought one of the greatest tyrannies of the government of George III.:

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their passage thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty, of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he has obtruded them; thus paying off crimes which he has committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."\*

At every stage of his political life, this subject seems to have occupied his thoughts; and, even when discharging high duties in Paris, he thus writes to Dr. Price:

\* Vol. I., p. 376.

"PARIS, August 7, 1785.

"Sir:—Your favor of July 2d came duly to hand. The concern you therein express, as to the effect of your pamphlet in America, induces me to trouble you with some observations on that subject.

"From my acquaintance with that country, I think I am able to judge, with some degree of certainty, of the manner in which it will have been received. Southward of the Chesapeake, it will find but few readers concurring with it in sentiment, on the subject of slavery. From the mouth to the head of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practice—a minority which, for weight and worth of character, preponderates against the greater number, who have not the courage to divest their families of a property which, however, keeps their conscience uneasy. Northward of the Chesapeake, you may find, here and there, an opponent to your doctrine, as you may find, here and there, a robber and murderer, but in no greater number. In that part of America, there being but few slaves, they can easily disencumber themselves of them: and emancipation is put into such a train, that in a few years there will be no slaves north of Maryland. In Maryland I do not find such a disposition to begin the redress of this enormity, as in Virginia. This is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle of justice, in conflict with avarice and oppression—a conflict wherein the sacred side is gaining daily recruits, from the influx into office of young men grown, and growing up. These have sucked in the principles of liberty, as it were, with their mothers' milk; and it is to them I look with anxiety to turn the fate of this question. Be not, therefore, discouraged. What you have written will do a great deal of good; and could you still trouble yourself with our welfare, no man is more able to give aid to the laboring side. The college of William and Mary, in Williamsburg, since the remodeling of its plan, is the place where are collected together all the young men of Virginia, under preparation for public life. They are under the direction (most of them) of a Mr. Wythe, one of the most virtuous of characters, and whose sentiments on the subject of slavery are unequivocal. I am satisfied, if you could resolve to address an exhortation to those young men, with all that eloquence of which you are master, that its influence on the future decision of this important question would be great, perhaps decisive. Thus you see, that, so far from thinking you have cause to repent of what you have done, I wish you to do more, and wish it on an assurance of its effect. The information I have received from America, of the reception of your pamphlet in the different States, agrees with the expectations I had formed."

About the same time, breaking through diplomatic restraints, he writes the following letter to Mr. Warville:\*

"PARIS, February 12, 1788.

Sir:—I am very sensible of the honor you propose to me, of becoming a member of the

society for the abolition of the slave trade. You know that nobody wishes more ardently to see an abolition, not only of the trade, but of the condition of slavery; and certainly nobody will be more willing to encounter every sacrifice for that object. But the influence and information of the friends to this proposition in France will be far above the need of my association. I am here as a public servant, and those whom I serve, having never yet been able to give their voice against the practice, it is decent for me to avoid too public a demonstration of my wishes to see it abolished. Without serving the cause here, it might render me less able to serve it beyond the water. I trust you will be sensible of the prudence of these motives, therefore, which govern my conduct on this occasion, and be assured of my wishes for the success of your undertaking, and the sentiments of esteem and respect with which I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant."

If, however, there was a subject in which Mr. Jefferson felt more interest than in any other, when he was able to divest himself, so to say, of his catholic sympathies, and narrow his colossal mind to the level of the analysis of lower intellects, it was on all that touched his home, Virginia. In his "Notes on Virginia," published both in America, France, and England, he thus expresses himself:†

"It is difficult to determine on the standard by which the manners of a nation may be tried—whether catholic or particular. It is more difficult for a native to bring to that standard the manners of his own nation, familiarized to him by habit. There must, doubtless, be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions—the most unrelenting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave, he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies—destroys the morals of the one part, and the amor patriæ

\* Vol. ii., p. 357.

† Vol. viii., p. 403



of the other. For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another—in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute, as far as depends on his individual endeavors, to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry is also destroyed; for in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves, a very small proportion, indeed, are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with his wrath. Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situations is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest. But it is impossible to be temperate and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history, natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible since the origin of the present Revolution. The spirit of the master is abating—that of the slave rising from the dust—his condition is mollifying—the way, I hope, preparing, under the auspices of Heaven, for a total emancipation—and that this is disposed, in the order of events, to be with the consent of the masters, rather than by their extirpation.\*

The following extract shows that Mr. Jefferson looked on the abolishment of slavery as equally important to the true interests of the white as of the black; but that he looked forward to the colonization of the negro outside of the United States. The multiplication of population has, since his day, made this scheme chimerical, and the extract is given merely to show that he did not consider the domestic institution a blessing:\*

"To emancipate all slaves born after the passing of the act. The bill reported by the revisers does not itself contain this proposition; but an amendment containing it was prepared, to be offered to the legislature whenever the bill should be taken up, further directing, that they should continue with their parents to a certain age, then to be brought up, at the public expense, to tillage, arts or sciences, according to their geniuses, till the females should be eighteen, and the males twenty-one years of age, when they should be colonized to such place as the circumstances of the time should render most proper, sending them out with arms, implements of household and of

the handicraft arts, seeds, pairs of the useful domestic animals, etc.; to declare them a free and independent people, and to extend to them our alliance and protection till they have acquired strength, and to send vessels, at the same time, to other parts of the world for an equal number of white inhabitants: to induce them to migrate hither, proper encouragements were to be proposed.

The foregoing extracts show plainly, what Mr. Jefferson thought of slavery, and leave us in no doubt of his opinion of the feasibility of maintaining slavery in connection with true republican institutions.

He prayed, worked, and toiled, for the eradication of this evil, from the "Old Dominion" he loved so well, almost from his boyhood to his very death; and the large party which, in the convention of the people of Virginia, advocated the abolition of slavery, immediately after his death, understood itself to be speaking his views. That party was unsuccessful, from the fact that interest swayed principle. It left behind it, however the nucleus of thought gradually ripening, and certain, at no distant day, to sweep away all "vestige of a darker age," as Mr. Jefferson called slavery.

That Mr. Jefferson never approved of maintaining slavery, always esteemed it a curse, and one of the chief evils imposed on the province by the royal government, we think is not to be contradicted. A very little study of his correspondence must satisfy any one that he would have strenuously labored to reverse the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case. In the seventh volume of his correspondence we find the following letter on the Supreme Court, to Mr. Jarvis, which shows his idea of the federal bench, and the dangers to be apprehended from it.†

"MONTICELLO, September 23, 1820.

I thank you, sir, for the copy of your *Republican*, which you have been so kind as to send, and I should have acknowledged it sooner, but that I am just returned home after a long absence. I have not yet had time to read it seriously, but in looking over it cursorily, I see much in it to approve, and shall be glad if it shall lead our youth to the practice of thinking on such subjects for themselves. That it will have this tendency, may be expected, and for that reason I feel an urgency to note what I deem an error in it, the more requiring notice as your opinion is strengthened by that of many others. You seem, in pages 84 and 148, to consider the judges as the ultimate arbiters

\* Letters, vol. viii., pp. 389, 391.

† Vol. vii., p. 177.

of all constitutional questions; a very dangerous doctrine indeed, and one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. Our judges are as honest as other men, and not more so. They have, with others, the same passions for party, for power, and the privilege of their corps. Their maxim is, "*boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*," and their power the more dangerous as they are in office for life, and not responsible, as the other functionaries are, to the elective control. The constitution has elected no such single tribunal, knowing that to whatever hands confided, with the corruptions of time and party, its members would become despots. It has more wisely made all the departments coequal and co-ordinate within themselves. If the legislature fails to pass laws for a census, for paying the judges and other officers of government, for establishing a militia, for naturalization as prescribed by the constitution, or if they fail to meet in congress, the judges cannot issue their mandamus to them, if the president fails to supply the place of a judge, to appoint civil or military officers, to issue requisite commissions, the judges cannot force him. They can issue their mandamus or *distingas* to no executive or legislative officer, to enforce the fulfillment of their official duties, any more than the president or legislature may issue orders to the judges, or their officers. Betrayed by English example, and unaware, as it should seem, of the control of our constitution in this particular, they have at times overstepped their limit, by undertaking to command executive officers in the discharge of their executive duties; but the constitution, in keeping three departments distinct and independent, restrains the authority of the judges to judiciary organs, as it does the executive and legislative to executive and legislative organs. The judges certainly have more frequent occasion to act on constitutional questions; because the laws of meum and tuum, and of criminal action, forming the great mass of the system of law, constitute their particular department.—When the legislative or executive functionaries act unconstitutionally, they are responsible to the people in their elective capacity. The exemption of the judges from that is quite dangerous enough. I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society, but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education. This is the true corrective of abuses of constitutional power.

"Pardon me, sir, for this difference of opinion; my personal interest in such questions is entirely extinct, but not my wishes for the longest possible continuance of our government on its pure principles. If the three powers maintain their mutual independence on each other, it may last long, but not so if either can assume the authorities of the other. I ask your candid reconsideration of this subject, and am sufficiently sure you will form a candid conclusion. Accept the assurance of my great respect."

Now, if the federal courts cannot ex-

ercise authority over property, is it not irrefragable that they are powerless over persons?

And here let us quote a paragraph from Mr. Jefferson's letter, to a confidential agent, which we think will be somewhat a stumbling-block to the inveighers against a higher law:\*

"The question you propose, whether circumstances do not sometimes occur which make it a duty in officers of high trust to assume authorities beyond the law, is easy of solution in principle, but sometimes embarrassing in practice. A strict observance of the written laws is, doubtless, one of the high duties of a good citizen; but it is not the highest. The laws of necessity, of self-preservation, of saving our country when in danger, are of higher obligation."

The following extract from Mr. Jefferson's letter would seem to indicate that the decision in the *Dred Scott* case, by the Supreme Court, would have been considered by him of no avail. If the interpretation we put on it be true, the Supreme Court has merely uttered a speculative opinion, no more binding in law than it is in reason and in the great principles of humanity.†

"The second question, whether the judges are invested with exclusive authority to decide on the constitutionality of a law, has been heretofore a subject of consideration with me in the exercise of official duties. Certainly, there is not a word in the constitution which has given that power to them, more than to the executive or legislative branches. Questions of property, of character, and crime, being ascribed to the judges, through a definite course of legal proceeding, laws involving such questions belong, of course, to them; and, as they decide on them ultimately and without appeal, they, of course, decide for themselves. The constitutional validity of the law or laws, again, prescribing executive action, and to be administered by that branch ultimately and without appeal, the executive must decide for themselves, also, whether, under the constitution, they are valid or not. So, also, as to laws governing the proceedings of the legislature, that body must judge for itself the constitutionality of the law, and equally without appeal or control for its co-ordinate branches; and, in general, that branch, which is to act ultimately and without appeal on any law, is the rightful expositor of the validity of the law, uncontrolled by the opinions of the other co-ordinate authorities. It may be said that contradictory decisions may arise in such case, and produce inconvenience. This is possible, and is a necessary failing in all human proceedings. Yet, the prudence of the public functionaries, and the authority of public opinion, will generally produce accommodation. Such an instance of indifference occurred between the judges of England (in the time of Lord Holt) and the House of

\* Letters, vol. v., p. 542.

† Letters, vol. vi., p. 461.

Commons; but the prudence of those bodies prevented inconvenience from it. So in the cases of Duane, and of William Smith, of South Carolina, whose characters of citizenship stood precisely on the same ground, the judges, in a question of meum and tuum which came before them, decided that Duane was not a citizen; and, in a question of membership, the House of Representatives, under the same words of the same provision, adjudged William Smith to be a citizen. Yet no inconvenience has ensued from these contradictory decisions. This is what I believe, myself, to be sound. But there is another opinion entertained by some men of such judgment and information as to lessen my confidence in my own. That is, that the legislature alone is the exclusive expounder of the sense of the constitution, in every part of it whatever. And they allege, in its support, that this branch has authority to impeach and punish a member of either of the others, acting contrary to its declaration of the sense of the constitution. It may, indeed, be answered, that an act may still be valid, although the party is punished for it, right or wrong. However, this opinion, which ascribes exclusive exposition to the legislature, merits respect for its safety, there being in the body of the nation a control over them, which, if expressed by rejection, on the subsequent exercise of their elective franchise, enlists public opinion against their exposition, and encourages a judge or executive on a future occasion, to adhere to their former opinion. Between these two doctrines, every one has a right to choose, and I know of no third meriting any respect.

"I have thus, sir, frankly, without the honor of your acquaintance, confided to you my opinion."

That the federal judiciary was not at all consonant with the views of Mr. Jefferson will be evident from the following extract from his message to Congress, Dec. 8, 1801:

"The judiciary system of the United States, and especially that portion of it recently erected, will, of course, present itself to the contemplation of Congress; and, that they may be able to judge of the proportion which the institution bears to the business it has to perform, I have caused to be procured from the several states, and now lay before Congress, an exact statement of all the causes decided since the first establishment of the courts, and of those which were depending when additional courts and judges were brought in to their aid.

"And, while on the judiciary organization, it will be worthy your consideration, whether the protection of the inestimable institution of juries has been extended to all the cases involving the security of our persons and property.

"Their impartial selection also being essential to their value, we ought further to consider whether that is sufficiently secured in those states where they are named by a martial depending on executive will, or designated by the court, or by officers dependent on them."

These, and other extracts from Mr. Jefferson's writings, would clearly enough show his opinion on the two great mooted

points of the day—the question of slavery, and the powers of the federal courts. If we be not mistaken, they show his democracy to have been a real, not a pseudo-creed, and demonstrate the Declaration of Independence not to have been a lawyer's special plea, but the declaration of a philosopher on the subject of the great and immutable rights of man. How, then, can the people of the South place themselves on the broad platform of Jeffersonian democracy, which was so catholic that it fully sustained Lord Mansfield's decision—that slaves could not exist in England.

The destruction of slavery was the dream of Mr. Jefferson's life. He did not live to see it realized; but as certain as fate itself is its destruction in Virginia. He dreamed through the whole of his life of the destruction of slavery, and under the federation and under the union sought to accomplish it. When the western territory was ceded by Virginia and the other united colonies, soon after the Revolution, the duty of forming laws for the government of the west region devolved on the committee of which Mr. Jefferson was chairman, and Howell of Kentucky and Chase of Maryland were members. They reported a plan of government for the territory, one of the provisos of which, by Mr. Jefferson, and written out by himself, was as follows:

"That after 1800, of the Christian era, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said states, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall be found to have been personally guilty."

On the 19th of August, 1784, Congress, on motion of Mr. Spaight, of N. C., Mr. Read seconding the motion, struck out this proviso, six states voting ay and three nay; and thus (the federal constitution requiring a majority of states) slavery was not admitted, but not prohibited in the territories. In 1787, the continental congress, sitting in New York simultaneously with the convention which formed the federal constitution at Philadelphia, passed an ordinance for the government of the western territory north of the Ohio, which contained, substantially, all Mr. Jefferson's provisos, and concludes with the following perpetual contract:

"There shall be neither slavery nor invol-

untary servitude in the said territory otherwise than a punishment of crimes, of which the parties shall be duly convicted."

That Mr. Jefferson looked forward to the certain revival of the anti-slavery agitation, and its final disruption of the federal compact, unless it were prevented in the only way he ever seems to have dreamed the matter could be settled—by the abolition of slavery—is proven by the following letter to his friend Hugh Nelson:\*

"MORTICELLO, March 12, 1820.

"I thank you, dear sir, for the information in your favor of the 4th instant, of the settlement for the present of the Missouri question. I am so completely withdrawn from all attention to public matters, that nothing less could arouse me than the definition of a geographical line, which, on an abstract principle, is to become the line of separation of these states, and to render desperate the hope that man can ever enjoy the two blessings of peace and self-government. The question sleeps for the present, but is not dead."

In a letter to Mr. Rush, he indicates very plainly what he would have thought of the attempt to fasten slavery on Kansas:†

"Nor is our side of the water entirely troubled; the boisterous sea of liberty is never without a wave. A hideous evil—the magnitude of which is seen, and at a distance, only, by the one party, and more sorely felt and sincerely deplored by the other, from the difficulty of the cure—divides us at this moment too angrily. The attempt by one party to prohibit willing states from sharing the evil, is thought by the other to render desperate, by accumulation, the hope of its final eradication. If a little time, however, is given to both parties to cool, and to dispel their visionary fears, they will see that, concurring in sentiment as to the evil, moral and political, the duty and interest of both is to concur, also, in devising a practicable process of cure. Should time not be given, and the schism be pushed to separation, it will be for a short time only: two or three years' trial will bring them back, like quarreling lovers, to renewed embraces, and increased affections. The experiment of separation would soon prove to both that they had mutually miscalculated their best interests. And even were the parties in Congress to secede, in a passion, the soberer people would call a convention, and cement again the severance attempted by the insanity of their functionaries. With this consoling view, my greatest grief would be for the fatal effect of such an event on the hopes and happiness of the world. We exist, and are quoted as standing proofs that a government, so modeled as to rest continually on the will of the whole society, is a practicable government. Were we to break to pieces, it would damp the hopes and the efforts of the good, and give triumph to those of the bad, through the whole enslaved

world. As members, therefore, of the universal society of mankind, and standing in high and responsible relation with them, it is our sacred duty to suppress passion among ourselves, and not to blast the confidence we have inspired of proof that a government of reason is better than one of force. This letter is not of facts but of opinions, as you will observe; and, although the converse is generally the most acceptable, I do not know that, in your situation, the opinions of your countrymen may not be as desirable to be known to you as facts. They constitute, indeed, moral facts, as important as physical ones to the attention of the public functionary. Wishing a long career to the services you may render your country, and that it may be a career of happiness and prosperity to yourself, I salute you with affectionate attachment and respect."

No one, we presume, will pretend to say that Kansas is anxious to share the evil.

One, more extract on the judiciary of the United States, taken from a letter to Thomas Ritchie, editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, should startle Judge V. V. Daniel, who grew up almost at the knee of Mr. Jefferson. Its subject is the book of John Taylor, of Caroline: "Construction Construed."

"But it is not from this branch of government we have most to fear. Taxes and short elections will keep them right. The judiciary of the United States is the subtle corps of sappers and miners constantly working under ground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric. They are constraining our constitution from a coordination of a general and special government to a general and supreme one alone. This will lay all things at their feet—and they are too well versed in English law to forget the maxim, 'boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem.' We shall see if they are bold enough to take the daring stride their five lawyers have lately taken. If they do, then, with the editor of our book, in his address to the public, I will say, that 'against this every man should raise his voice;' and, more, should uplift his arm. Who wrote this admirable address? Sound, luminous, strong, not a word too much, nor one which can be changed, but for the worse. That pen should go on—lay bare those wounds of our constitution—expose the decisions seriatim—and arouse, as it is able, the attention of the nation to these bold speculators on its patience. Having found, from experience, that impeachment is an impracticable thing—a mere scarecrow—they consider themselves secure for life; they skulk from responsibilities to public opinion—the only remaining hold on them. Under a practice first introduced into England by Lord Mansfield, an opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps by a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous, and with the silent acquiescence of lazy or timid associates, by a crafty chief judge, who sophisticates the law to his mind by the turn of his own reasoning. A judiciary law was once reported by the Attorney General to Congress,

\* Letters, vol. vii., p. 151.

† Letters, vol. vii., p. 182.

requiring each judge to deliver his opinion seriatim and openly, and then to give it in writing to the clerk, to be entered in the record. A judiciary, independent of a king or executive alone, is a good thing; but independence of the will of the nation is a solecism, at least in a republican government."

These extracts bring us down almost to the date of the death of Mr. Jefferson, who, as we have seen, was spared the excitement of other days, when party prejudices became far greater. On the 4th of July, 1826, when the nation was everywhere rejoicing, and when countless ears were hearing read his grand Declaration of Independence, the spirit of the old patriot passed away. His colleague, Mr. Adams, was

the companion of his last journey, and meet it was that those two men should die together. They, as much as any other two, had built up the nation; they had piloted the ship of state through many a storm, and, full of honors and of years, were entitled to rest. Were they with us to-day, is there a doubt that they would unite in the most determined resistance to the effort which some of our countrymen are now making, to establish among the normal institutions of this nation a custom which they considered to be wholly an evil, and for a speedy extirpation of which their hope was coördinate with their faith in the progressive civilization of mankind?

#### HOUSE-BUILDING IN AMERICA.\*

WITHIN the last six months, several works on building have been published in this country, and although no one of them is of any very great importance, we shall make them the text of some words on the general subject—so far, at least, as it concerns us Americans.

The two books, whose titles are given below, are the most recently published. Mr. Cleaveland's is a pleasant little volume, written in a clear, unambitious style, and containing many excellent hints and suggestions; but the illustrations are very poor, and the designs do not appear to be well-considered. Indeed, on looking over the plans and exteriors with care, it must appear surprising that the authors of the book should have fancied themselves proper guides of the public taste—for there is not a single house presented for our examination which has not some ugly feature predominating—scarcely one whose proportions are not bad—while the plans are of the most meagre and inconvenient description. Narrow and winding halls, cramped stair-cases, bedrooms and kitchens opening into parlors, and without other means of access,

the kitchen and parlor opening upon opposite sides of the hall directly you open the front door; all these minor miseries abound in these places, and present themselves as well in the costly as in the cheaper structures. It is evident that house-building has never been studied as an art by these gentlemen, at least this decision would be the result of an examination of the engravings, but the letter-press which describes them, and comments upon them, shows not only feeling and enthusiasm, but judgment and honesty of purpose. Perhaps this is the result of triple authorship; we do not pretend to account for the discrepancy; it most certainly exists.

Mr. Vaux's book presents us with a similar inconsistency, for he offers us a collection of designs and plans, many of them worthy a careful examination, but his comments upon them do not please us. Nevertheless, it is very evident that Mr. Vaux fully understands his profession, so far as all technical matters are concerned; for there has been no book published in America, on the subject of architecture, which is more thorough than this one. The plans are the best part of the book, and

\**The Requirements of American Village Homes considered and suggested; with Designs for such Houses at moderate cost.* By H. W. CLEAVELAND, WILLIAM BACKUS, and SAMUEL D. BACKUS. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1857.

*Villas and Cottages. A Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States.* By CALVERT VAUX, Architect. New York: Harpers, 1857.



constitute its real value, the exteriors for the most are clumsy and unimaginative. His book is a striking contrast to those of his old partner, Mr. Downing's, in many things. The plans are better, and there is evidently more familiarity with the conventional rules of the architect, but these advantages cannot balance the charming simplicity of Downing's style, and the evident sincerity and singleness of his purpose. Mr. Vaux's book—and we wish to do him no injustice—is too full of egotism. In strong opposition to this, stands Mr. Downing's modesty, which never allowed him to speak an unnecessary word about himself, and which touched even his satire with good-nature. Indeed, none of these books have impressed us with the belief that Mr. Downing's volumes are to be immediately superseded, and we shall continue to think that they sufficiently fill the field which they profess only partially to occupy, and that, from their point of view, they leave very little to be said on the subject of which they treat.

Yet we must still ask ourselves—"of what use are all these books? To what end are they written?" For it seems to us, that from Mr. Downing to the last comer in blue and gold, a fatal error has seized all among us, who have written on this subject of building; and even Mr. Ruskin has failed to perceive that his conclusions do not follow from his premises. All these writers, small and great, begin by urging that the art of building has fallen into languishment and decline, that, if not dead, it cannot be said to be alive; that those who build, build carelessly, slavishly and knavishly, and that those for whom they build are cold, indifferent, ignorant, and often knavish, too. These opinions are not expressed in the same way by all writers upon architecture. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, swings himself about in awful fury, and hurls every sort of pitch and defilement upon the unhappy gentlemen who venture to squeak, when he treads upon their cherished corns; he becomes almost Pythian in his prophetic ecstasy of denunciation, when he speaks of the impiety of building railroads and warehouses instead of cathedrals and cloisters, especially if the warehouses should happen to have a Greek rosette upon them anywhere; and, indeed, we think his lectures to the people of Edinburgh, about the

degeneracy of their bricks and mortar, the most charming piece of burlesque since Gulliver; but, generally speaking, other writers take a milder and less relentlessly virtuous view, and seem to think, that though matters are come to a pretty bad pass, yet, if the public will only set to work in the right spirit, and adopt their designs, all may yet go well. Mr. Downing is good-natured in this matter, and thinks there is a good time coming; he does not insist upon his own designs as a panacea, but gives us a collection gathered from various quarters, and recommends the mixture. The other notes in the gamut are sounded by the rest of the choir, and the general result is a chorus of depreciation, ending in a grand hallelujah of anticipatory praise; looking forward to the day when the public, driven by an æsthetic fury, shall pour into their offices with unlimited orders and the most gratifying surrender of individual feeling and sentiment to the superior taste and knowledge of these artistic gentlemen.

This, in seriousness, is the upshot of the whole matter. Mr. Ruskin believes, and all the others whom we have mentioned believe, that a love of good building is to be created by an influence *from without*, rather than by a movement from within. Mr. Ruskin, especially, speaks of this age, and the men who live in it, and the work it is doing, as no man, were he Paul himself, has a right to speak of his fellow-men. Nay, a man with the brain and heart of Paul could not speak so; his greatness of intellect would forbid his so misapprehending the thought of his century, and the largeness of his heart would prevent such overweening conceit as such wholesale condemnation of his fellows must imply. But, after this hopeless commencement, Mr. Ruskin proceeds everywhere to urge, that we should do good and great things; or, if not great, at least good and sincere things, as if that were possible with creatures so debased and material. He does not once see, nor do any of these men, that beautiful building is no longer the law of the time, because the thought and energy of the time spend themselves elsewhere; that it is the product of peace—outward and inward. Peace in the state, peace in the heart and brain of man. That the work of this age is revolution, and that while freedom is wrestling for her life, and a deathless struggle is impending

ing, man has no time for toys, be they ever so lovely, and no thought to spare for aught but the battle.

It is curious to note in Mr. Ruskin especially, that after he has shown, elaborately and with excellent skill, the error of those who fancy that ornament is something *applied* to a building, *stuck on*, as it were, whereas, it ought to grow out of the structure and express the very essential spirit of the building, he should, then, urge men to build in such and such a way, to eschew such and such ornaments, and to delight in certain forms and styles. He does not see that this is *applying* taste to individuals, *sticking it upon them*; whereas, it ought to be the fruit of their own individuality, and express what they have in them. Of course, no people who need such advice will ever do anything good, and people who do not need it are hardly subjects for Mr. Ruskin's denunciation or counsel.

We believe that if it were the appointed work of this age, we should find the men of our time building as beautifully and conscientiously as men ever built anywhere; but we do not believe that any amount of fine writing, even if it were ten times as good as Mr. Ruskin's best, or any amount of designing, will ever remedy the evil of which these writers complain, or bring back one ray of the glory that has departed from the earth.

It may be largely stated that, even as children are always graceful until they learn to dance, so men built beautifully until they began to study architecture. Perhaps there never was a lovely house built, whether for God or man, by any professed architect, working merely for money. Doubtless, there have been correct and cold structures—pretty imitations and copies—by the score, but a beautiful, living, inspiring piece of work—never. The art of building began to decay that moment when men sought to bind her with rules, and to reduce her to theory. Hitherto she had been the expression of man's faith, of his feeling, of his enthusiasm, of his yearning—touched by the finger of the meddling architect, she dropped to the earth cold and dead. Every great building that stands upon the earth, before which men's hearts tremble, and their souls leap up in thanksgiving, is the child of enthusiasm and rapture.

"Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest

Of leaves and feathers from her breast?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting, with morn, each annual cell?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads?  
Such, and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone;  
And morning opens, with hasty, her lids  
To gaze upon the Pyramids:  
O'er England's abbays bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye;  
For, out of thought's interior sphere,  
These wonders rose to upper air;  
And nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat."

This day will not return to us. The inspiration of man never repeats itself. Yesterday it was Egypt, then Greece, then Rome; to-day it is England, France, America. How vain is it to look backward. How idle to hope, by denunciation or flattery, to move men to our will from the track in which God has set their feet to walk. It would seem as if men might have learned this lesson, for the least examination would show us that, wherever an individual has given the impulse to any movement, whether great or small, the result has always been one-sided and unfortunate. All the fanaticisms, bigotry, absurdities in fashion, whether of dress, writing, or building, have been the result of strong individual influence swaying the masses of men. On the contrary, all the heroisms, martyrdoms, revolutions, progress, that the world has been blessed withal, are the flowering of the popular virtue, slowly but thoroughly leavened by the action of great ideas. All the absurdities of the Renaissance are individual characteristics hardened into stone; and think of England—she who has York, and Salisbury, and Lincoln—falling down before Wren, and Loudon, and Capability Brown!

It will be seen, then, that we cannot estimate very highly these books on building which set patterns for men to follow, and seek to induce a fashion which has no root in our instincts and relations. We not only think they do very little good, but we think they do positive harm. The houses they call upon us to build are, for the most part, remarkable for an immense quantity of inconceivably ugly, gingerbread work; ugly, because unmeaning and useless. Mr. Vaux is something of a sinner in

this respect. He not only puts on his houses too much of this expensive finery, but he seems quite uneasy if a house threatens to have a square foot of blank wall anywhere.

Now, people never put these upon their houses of their own accord. There is always an "architect" who pushes them to do it. There is the Swiss carving, you will tell us, and the old English timber houses. Yes, but in the Swiss houses, and, indeed, in all these instances, the carving is delicate and agreeable in its forms in the first place, and in the next, it is so disposed as not in any way to interfere with the masses of the designer. Every Swiss chalet of importance has a glorious roof, unbroken, simple—a treasure house of sun and shade—and the carving of the beams, the tracery of the balconies, cannot draw the eye from the pure refreshment of these forms. The sense is fed by these natural details, but not disturbed by them. So, too, in the old English country houses and cottages, there is a dignity, the result of simplicity in all the forms, which is not diminished by the occurrence of an occasional richly-carved verge-board, or a decorated doorway. But you will never find any frippery there. Those men felt, without knowing it, the beauty of repose.

Occasionally one hears a feeble cry: "When shall we have an original American architecture?" In feeble response to this questioning, comes a book now and then, that hopes it has hinted, to say the least, at the solution of the problem. Yet still we go on, from year to year, with the same blunders and the same awkward attempts at beauty; and, in spite of architects and books of designs, and ornamental wood-work *ad libitum*, the architectural millennium is as far off as ever.

Two or three propositions may be stated for consideration. First, no new idea, or set of ideas, in architecture, has ever originated with a people who are merely colonists from another people in the fullness or decline of their power and splendor. They bring with them the ideas to which they have been accustomed, which are often seriously modified by new circumstances, but never lose the distinct stamp of their origin. Indeed, the natural impulse would be to change as little as possible, to keep every reminiscence of the past

that the present would suffer, and to carry "home" with them, however far they might wander from the dear remembered spot. Thus, in New England, the oldest and best houses clearly recall the English cottages and mansions; while in New York, one sees Holland in many an old farm-house, which adorns the landscape with its venerable and unconquered strength.

Second: all good domestic architecture has its root in the love of the house as the family home. Wherever this love is the strongest, there we find the best domestic buildings and original—or, more properly speaking—individual styles. In Germany, in Switzerland, in England, we must look for all that is most beautiful in house-building; for all that is largest and most worthy the consideration of men. Hence it will be plain that, as the love of the house as the home is not a characteristic of Americans at this day, we cannot expect that there will be a new mode of expression where there is nothing to express. In a country where we change houses as we change our clothes, and with the same pleasure at getting into new and fresh ones, it cannot be looked for that we should spend much time upon the embellishment of a dwelling we may any day desert.

What we do to our houses, most of us, is merely for show, or to render them salable; and perhaps nothing better can be looked for in a new and unsettled country, where the young must leave the nest so soon, for new lands, and new fields of work. We will not find fault with a national tendency which seems inevitable, and which is probably temporary; but we state the fact as it strikes us—and its consequences.

Third: in every country the farmhouse is built in an original style. The Italian, Frenchman, Englishman, German, copies, in his palace or mansion, the architecture of another country; at one time every rich man's house is a Greek temple, at another, it is an Italian palace, at another, it is a Gothic cathedral cut down. But the house of the Italian peasant, of the Swiss mountaineer, of the French, German, English farmer, is built in a peculiar and unborrowed style. The palace or the church architecture of any country, where it is individual in its character, may be traced directly to its original

type, in the farm-house or the barn. All the detail of Gothic building is merely the rude wood and stone construction of the farm-buildings, decorated—and in the noblest examples, the adherence to the simplicity of the type is most severely observed.

We shall find the same fact awaiting us in America, where the only really good houses are the old farm-houses of Dutch and English type, scattered here and there over the land, testifying to the worth of simplicity, and the beauty of common-sense, in the midst of pretense and gingerbread work. We shall find these houses, with a beauty of their own, displaying an adherence to fitness and “the sensible,” under all circumstances, which is absolutely refreshing. They are the most delightful of homes, and the very paradise of visitors and children. When you go out of the house, there is the barn, twice as large, a sort of supplementary or reserve paradise, ostensibly for the dumb animals, but with a direct intention toward the children, little and big. Everything about the house seems made for enjoyment, and for living. The farmer does not know whether all the windows are properly “spaced;” he knows they are where they are wanted to look out of, and to let the sun stream in; and the children know that they were built for them to sit in, curled up, eating apples and reading delightful books. The roof, steep and ample, with no twists nor foolish angles, sheds rain and snow, and takes care of itself. The eaves are “decorated” with a row of pigeons, who catch the light and shade in a manner perfectly surprising, seeing that no architect had anything to do with them. The verandas or “pi-

aggies,” as the good farmer will call them, are the generous extension of the wonderful roof that shuts down over the household like another heaven. These “pi-aggies” are always brimful of sun in winter, and cool in summer, while the plain square posts that support them, afford ample excuse to a swarm of white and red roses and Chinese honey-suckles to clamber up to the roof, and swing about free and easily in the air. The sides of the house, if it is of wood, are covered with shingles cut round—or, if it is of stone, quantities of little flint pebbles are stuck into the mortar-joints—at least, where you can see them, for the great curtain of waving American joy, that hides the whole wall from view.

Half a dozen such houses we know of—no two are absolutely alike, but there is a family resemblance, and they are evidently modeled after one type. They are the nearest approach to an American style of building that we have; but we fear there is as little chance of a return to the solidity and largeness of our grandfathers’ architecture as there is of a revival of the sincerity and simplicity of their lives. At all events, whether we are to have a peculiar American way of building or not, depends upon the degree in which we love our homes, and upon the determination of each man to build something that may properly be called a house and not a bird-cage—one suited to his absolute need—built after his own serious thought—for the happy and comfortable spending of a manly life, and for the having of virtuous and healthy children, in the shelter of a happy and never-to-be-forgotten home.

#### THE MODERN CRUSOE OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

ANY one casting his eye over the eastern hemisphere of our planet, will, if his search be diligent, discover, in about the 37th degree of southern latitude, and the 77th of eastern longitude, two small specks in the wide waste of waters of the Indian Ocean, as near as may be midway between the Cape of Good Hope and the coast of New Holland.

These islands are known to mariners by the names of St. Paul’s and Amsterdam, and may be seen, in clear weather, at twenty or thirty miles distance, rearing their lofty heads, like twin giants, far above the turbulent billows which surround them. On a bright sunny morning, in the month of December, 1820, the height of the southern summer, the Honorable East India Com-

pany's ships, the "Marchioness of Ely" and "Lady Campbell," were on their outward passage to China, distant from these islands about two hundred and fifty miles, holding their steady course over the swelling sea, like two trusty friends who had consorted, on a dreary path, for the double purpose of company and protection.

A difference of opinion had existed for some days between the two captains, respecting the longitude, and, it being the occasional practice of seamen to "sight" these islands to ascertain the correctness of their time, it was agreed between them to spend a day or two in the examination of the geological structure and other curiosities of their seldom-trodden shores. We also promised ourselves a day's sporting with the hogs, wild-fowl, seals, etc., with which they are said to abound.

The breeze proved variable, and it required several days to reach them. We were no longer in those regions where the trade-winds blow their healthful breezes, scattering plenty round the earth, their steadiness becoming a proverb in the exact reverse of our own. With us, "As changeable as the wind" is a common expression, not more trite than true; while the native of those smiling climes may compare the constancy of his mistress to the wind, and convey a compliment by the comparison.

At length the ships made the land, and dropped their anchors on the eastern side of the island of St. Paul's, about a mile from the shore, in a sandy substance, having much the appearance of wet gunpowder, this being the only place ships can anchor with any degree of safety.

We soon hoisted out the boats, and rowed for the shore. Vlaming, the Dutch navigator, appears to have visited these islands as early as 1697, giving the name of Amsterdam to the northernmost; and the southern, and largest, St. Paul's, which latter extends in a northwest and southeasterly direction eight or ten miles, and is about five miles in breadth. Opposite to the place where we had anchored the ships, on the east side of the island, we found an entrance to a large circular basin, through which the sea ebbs and flows, and across the throat of this inlet there is a bar. This lagoon, or basin, is evidently the crater of an exhausted vol-

cano; the bar is composed of large rounded pebbles, and has more the appearance of a work of art than a production of nature. The narrow opening is about a pistol-shot wide into the basin alluded to, and in which a great many seals were found playing. The tide rushes through this inlet with great velocity; at half-ebb there is great difficulty in getting boats over the bar, which, however, once passed, the basin, or lagoon, is entered immediately, where the water is as smooth as a lake, though the sea be raging without. A lofty bluff headland appears on each side the entrance, and a rock, eighty or ninety feet high, somewhat resembling a sugar-loaf or nine-pin, stands at a small distance from the shore. The basin, or rather this crater of an extinct volcano, is between two and three miles in circuit, and has thirty fathoms of water in the middle, which depth is sustained until within fifty feet of the shore.

All round it, except at the entrance from the sea, is table-land, rising, in some places, perpendicularly from the basin to an altitude varying from six hundred to seven hundred feet. In rowing round we saw smoke rising amid the stones in various places; on landing we found the water close to the basin so hot that we could not bear our hands in it. The temperature of the air was 73° by thermometer, which, on being plunged in the water, ascended to 200°, and, on repeating the experiment in various places, it rose to a similar elevation. After catching some fish, they were boiled in the springs, which are all close to the sides of the lagoon, or basin, and, in many places, mix with and heat it to a considerable degree; and, as fish abound in vast numbers in all parts of the basin, they are caught very readily; so that, as Vlaming says, you may really throw the fish fastened on the hook out of the cold water into the hot and boil them.

Upon mentioning this circumstance to an incredulous but facetious friend, he replied, "Nothing is wanted to render the place perfect but melted butter growing in cocoa-nuts hard by."

It was on the north side of the inlet where we landed, amongst innumerable seals, some of which we killed for their skins; we then went in search of fresh water, hogs, and vegetables—these articles being particularly acceptable after a long sea voyage—and immo-



diately commenced the ascent of the hill.

Up a considerable part of the way, the path is good; but beyond that we found great difficulty in ascending—the slippery coarse grass over which we walked causing us to slide downward almost every other step. Upon arriving at the top, we found, instead of the interior of the island being table-land, it was broken into valleys. Undulating plains and massive lumps of rocks were piled up in various places in strange confusion. Volcanic matter was visible, though not to the extent that might be expected from the evidences exhibited of the fiery origin of the place. Green patches of verdure, intermingled with coarse grass, and aquatic birds wheeling about, uttering their discordant screams, were the only signs of life, both animal and vegetable, that could be seen. It is almost impossible to imagine a solitude more impressive. The view, however, looking down towards the lagoon, is beautiful to excess; it has the appearance of an immense bowl filled with the clearest water, with a portion of its side broken off, through which fracture the sea appears to have entered and filled it. Within, all is calm and motionless and bright as the most transparent crystal—the rocks and cliffs being reflected on its smooth, unruffled surface with all the truthfulness of a mirror; while without, the sea, dashing over the bar and amongst the rocks at the entrance of the inlet, foaming, advancing, and receding, offers a marked contrast to the repose which reigns within. The spot is pregnant with melancholy interest, and seemed to mourn the desolating energy of the subterranean fires which, at some not very distant date, had spread such devastation around.

As far as the eye could reach, the vision was bounded by the sea, except in the direction of the adjacent island of Amsterdam, whose faint blue outline was visible in the extreme distance. After remaining for a time admiring this singular scene, our party separated in two divisions—one taking for its route a small sandy valley, the other traversing a rocky section of the island whose frowning precipices overhung the sea. Fowling-pieces, muskets, and pistols were examined and loaded, and away we went in search of any game which would supply us with fresh provisions.

The wild hogs—a few being on the

island at the time of our visit, though not in a thriving condition—were, it is presumed, turned adrift upon the shore by humane individuals, with the kind intention of affording a supply of food to the crews of vessels who, from accident or other causes, might be driven to extremities for want of it.

When Vlaming visited these islands, in 1697, he made no mention of any animal, except seals, existing upon them.

After a scrambling march, under a broiling sun for three hours, we arrived at a central position in the island, having had the good fortune to secure three small pigs on our route, one of which, on being wounded, ran between the legs of a seaman and knocked him down with such violence as nearly to send him over the cliff into the sea below. He was saved by a mere accident. We halted here, and partook of some refreshments, sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun by two immense rocks, or blocks of stone, which, leaning against each other, apparently for support, formed a natural cave or archway set up in the wilderness for our convenience and accommodation.

“As I sat apart at the cavern’d stone,  
Like Elijah at Horeb’s cave alone,  
And felt as a moth in the mighty Hand  
That spread the heavens and heaved the  
land,  
A still small voice came through the wild,  
Like a father consoling his fretful child,  
Which banished bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
Saying, ‘Man is distant, though God is  
near.’”

We soon dispatched our slight repast, and renewed our march to the opposite side of the island, our strength recruited by the food we had taken; everybody was full of life and animation; shouts of laughter were constantly pealing forth, as an unsuccessful shot was sent after a scampering pig, squealing at the top of his voice, and hiding in the recesses of the rocks, out of which it was impossible to rout him. We found unless we mortally wounded a hog we never bagged him: he invariably made his escape.

Pursuing our career, amidst this kind of sport, we entered a narrow gorge: on either hand the rocks were piled in inextricable confusion; it seemed as though we rather passed through than between them. In places for a distance of a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards they formed a complete tunnel, emerging from which

we entered a labyrinth of broken rocks, which had the appearance of being the wreck of a mountain shattered by some terrible convulsion into a thousand fragments, and scattered over the plain. After losing and finding our path at least a dozen times, we issued from this perplexing place into the open country, when one of the strangest-looking beings ever seen was the first object that arrested our attention.

At a short distance from us we discovered a man, a stranger to our party, who at first appeared disposed to avoid us, but, owing to the nature of his position, that was almost an impossibility; the open country was before him it is true, but the view was unobstructed to the sea, and we were between him and the only hiding-place at hand—the narrow, rocky defile through which we had so lately passed, and from which, as we afterwards found, he had retreated on hearing our approach.

He appeared to consider any further attempts at concealment unnecessary, and gradually approached us. He wore upon his head a roughly-made seal-skin cap, a jacket made of similar materials covered his body, and a ragged pair of coarse canvas seaman's trowsers enveloped his lower extremities. His face was deeply bronzed by exposure, and a long beard hung down from his chin upon his chest, which was open to view; a long gun was in his hand—

“The only law of a desert land”—

and held in a position for instant use, should its services be required. Single-handed he would have been a dangerous foe; but, opposed to our numerous party, resistance would be madness, and, no harm being meant or intended on our side, we were at a loss to account for the cautious and somewhat menacing attitude he assumed. We thought we had found the Robinson Crusoe of the place, and, all circumstances considered, the suggestion was excusable. The surprise of his great prototype, on discovering the impression of the footprint in the sand, could not be greater than ours in finding a human being in a situation so remote from the haunts of men as this solitary place—this speck upon the globe; the dotting of a pin's point upon the map being an exaggeration of its size, in comparison with the defined proportions of the rest of the world.

Upon asking him whether he belonged to the party of our consort, he replied in the negative, and at the same time expressed his joy on finding we were his countrymen, upon which information his caution was instantly banished; and, without further reserve, told us he had seen the ships anchor in the road, and the boats approach the shore, and then he fled into the interior of the island, and gave as his reasons for such proceeding, that he had been ill used and robbed by a party who had landed on the island about six months previous to our visit.

Confidence rapidly sprung up between us; and, among other things, he gave us the following brief outline of his life, and the cause that led him to adopt this strange and solitary place for his abode.

His name, he said, was George Stewart, and that he came from a rural district in North Britain; in early life he emigrated, with many others, to the Canadas, hoping to better his condition in the New World; after suffering many misfortunes and hardships, his agricultural speculation ending in ruin, he joined a hunting expedition in the backwoods of America, in the service of a fur company; from some circumstance which he did not explain, he abandoned this pursuit.

Having found his way to a seaport, he then embarked in an American whaler, which ship had left him on the island where we found him, as near as he could calculate, about a year; he had lost all reckoning as regards time, neither knowing the day in its monthly or weekly position.

English and American whalers sometimes leave men upon the island for the purpose of catching seals, and taking their skins and oil, the ship pursuing her voyage to other seas for the grander object of killing whales, and, having completed their cargo (which sometimes occupies a period of one or two years' varying duration, according to the successful nature of their operations), they return home, picking up on their route the men they have left at different places sealing.

It happens sometimes that the ship is lost, and humanity shudders at the fate of the hapless individuals thus left to their solitary fate. We dwelt upon the chance of his either being forgotten, or that his ship might be lost, and urged

him to take his passage in ours, which he instantly declined. Taking a lively interest in his behalf, we expressed our surprise at his being able to sustain such a solitary existence; he acknowledged it was very irksome at first, but that was occasioned by his companion, with whom he had repeated quarrels; but since he had left him for the neighboring island (which he thought was nine months since), he had been much happier. As for solitude, he was used to it, having spent months quite alone in the wilds of America when engaged on his fur-hunting expeditions, and that he was then perfectly contented.

Of course our astonishment was excited on finding in such a place, with every circumstance to bind two lonely men together, if not for the sake of society, at least for protection, that they should separate: it appeared, however, that his companion was of a quarrelsome disposition, avaricious, and overbearing; "and at night," said Stewart, "I never closed my eyes in safety, for fear of being murdered by him, knowing that all the profits accruing from their mutual labors in sealing would belong to the survivor, and there would be no evidence to prove that I had not died a natural death."

Under these circumstances, existence became insupportable; and one morning, after a quarrel, ending in a desperate conflict, in which they seriously wounded each other, they agreed to separate, and casting lots which should depart, and Stewart winning the choice, remained on St. Paul's; his companion, taking the largest of the two boats, left them by their ship, sailed for the neighboring island of Amsterdam, and from that hour to the time of our meeting Stewart, they had never seen nor heard of each other.

During our conversation with him, among other things he mentioned, while looking for seals, he had seen ships at various times pass the island; but, with the exception of the one which robbed him, none had sent a boat on shore; and the remembrance of his former treatment induced him to endeavor to avoid a meeting with us. "But," said the honest-hearted fellow, "it was wrong to suppose all men were like the cowards who ill-treated and robbed a single man in my situation. Bah!" said he, with a strong Scotch accent, "they were Portuguese."

One day, while hunting seals in a remote part of the island, he found upon a flat shelving rock, near the sea beach, a human skeleton, which he supposed was the remains of some former inhabitant of the place, who, like himself, had been left for the purpose of taking skins, and, being overtaken by sickness, had crawled to the spot where his bones were found, in the hope of seeing a ship pass by, and, waiting there in vain, had died in a manner the heart sickens to dwell upon. This circumstance caused him great uneasiness for some time; he, however, performed the last offices upon his remains, and buried them near the spot where they were found.

Some time after the above melancholy affair, while repairing his boat, he was alarmed by a rumbling noise proceeding from the circular basin, which was followed by a smart shock of an earthquake. This he stated was the only occurrence of the kind that had happened during his residence there.

He had been able to exist very well, the lagoon supplying him with abundance of fish, and occasionally he killed a hog, but was indifferently supplied with vegetables. The biscuit left him by his ship was nearly expended, which he felt as an evil; but we relieved his anxiety by promising to leave him a good store for his future wants, together with some flour, ammunition, and fishing-lines and hooks.

Our excursion being brought to a close, our newly-found friend conducted us to his hut, which was upon the margin of the lagoon, in a recess formed by nature in the rock: the entrance he had narrowed with stones, filling the interstices with sand and earth combined, leaving a small doorway, which was curtained with a piece of canvas. It contained a seaman's chest, a large barrel which held the skins he had dried, and in other parts, skins were undergoing the process necessary for their preservation. A seaman's hammock and bedding, with a gun, and a few other articles, completed the furniture of his cabin.

It surprised our party to find his dwelling so near the place where we landed, and that we should have passed it unobserved; but the fact can be accounted for in no other way than our being overwhelmed with the novelties of the place, and unable to bestow any

time upon objects which appeared insignificant.

As night was fast approaching, we felt anxious to return to our vessel, Stewart accompanying us in his boat, first extracting a promise not to take him to sea.

On board he was the object of considerable curiosity, and amused those who had not been on shore, with a recital of his monotonous existence; and when urged again to leave his dreary abode, and sail with us, he stoutly de-

clined, having a firm reliance in the word of the captain of his ship, who, he was confident, would call for him when he had completed his cargo.

The breeze freshening, we became impatient to put to sea, and, having fulfilled our promise to Stewart in supplying his deficiencies, we got under way; and for some time all eyes were fixed upon his receding figure in his boat, when the extreme distance at last shut him and his solitary abode forever from our view.

### LORD BROUGHAM.

IF the reader of our present age could be transported back into the living England of some thirty years ago, one of the names that he would oftenest hear, and hear always in connection with some earnest intellectual work, would be that of Henry Brougham. Even then he was distinguished in many, almost contradictory, ways. His knowledge was held to be but little short of encyclopædian; he had won for himself a high reputation in mathematical science; his writings were both numerous and powerful; the senate and the bar were daily ringing with his passionate eloquence; and he had become a prominent and a popular advocate of some of the very grandest causes which contribute to the progress of mankind. And, beyond all this, he had given abundant proof of an able, restless, and aspiring nature, conscious of its own capacities, and using them on all fit occasions with a ready and impetuous daringness which augured well for a triumphant issue of his aims.

One of the earliest glimpses we get of him is in St. David street, Edinburgh, running on the pavement with Francis Horner, before either of the little playfellows had fairly got through his second year. His education was begun betimes, at the High School, where Mr. Luke Fraser and Dr. Adam were in turn his masters. The anecdote which Lord Cockburn tells of Brougham's dispute with Mr. Fraser on a point of Latinity, his punishment, his renewal of the dispute the next day under the ægis of a heap of authorities which compelled the kind-hearted pre-

ceptor to own himself in the wrong, and his subsequent fame as "the fellow who had beat the master," is so curiously characteristic of the Henry Brougham of maturer years, that one regrets to be obliged to transfer the honor of the achievement to some other and unknown person. A more certain fact is, that he was distinguished as a quick and eager scholar, and proceeded to the university at the age of sixteen. His attention, in the first instance, was given chiefly to physical and mathematical science; and so considerable was his progress, that papers of his, on subjects belonging to these departments of knowledge, were soon afterwards published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, and were noticed in a highly flattering manner in some of the circles most competent to judge fairly of their value. Indicative as these contributions were of the early ripeness of the youth's intellect, and probably of some special faculty for the pursuits which they referred to, one cannot but rejoice that his studies swept betimes over a far wider sphere. In his twentieth year—on the 21st of November, 1797—he was admitted, with Francis Horner again for a companion, into that Speculative Society in which so many of the ablest of his Scottish contemporaries prepared themselves for the realities of public life. Three years afterwards—having, in the mean time, traveled awhile on the Continent—he became a member of the Society of Advocates, of Edinburgh.

Up to this point in his career, or even a little beyond it, it is probable

that Brougham had hardly much surpassed in visible performances many of the very gifted young men who were his associates at the Scottish bar. But he had been silently building up the foundations of that surprising versatility which has been ever since one of the most marked of all his mental characteristics. When the "Edinburgh Review" began, with an audacity at least as great as its ability and knowledge, to fulminate over the literary world, Brougham was a distinguished member of the brilliant band of its contributors; but he had, at the same time, already completed a bargain with the publisher for his "Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers"—an extensive work, marked in an equal measure by extent of information, vigor of talent, and maturity and boldness of political views. That so good a book should have been written by so young a man, was extraordinary enough; but that the same individual should have also found time, within so short an antecedent period, to make his important communications to the Royal Society, to become a prominent debater in the Speculative, to prepare himself for his admission to the bar, to get through his foreign travel, and to write brilliant contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," was such a manifestation of intellectual activity and power as would not easily be paralleled in recent times. And there was one amongst his intimates by whom the strength and weakness of his singular nature was even then correctly and completely known. In a letter, written a few months after their joint admission to the Speculative Society, Horner says:

"Had you any conversation with Brougham? He is an uncommon genius, of a composite order, if you allow me to use the expression: he unites the greatest ardor for general information in every branch of knowledge, and, what is more remarkable, activity in the business, and interest in the pleasures of the world, with all the powers of a mathematical intellect."

And again, four years later, on the eve of the publication of his friend's work on Colonial Policy, the same deep and calm observer writes:

"Should an active scene be opened to Brougham, I shall tremble with anxiety for some time, though it is what I very ardently wish: his information on political subjects, especially in some departments, is now immense; his talents are equal to the most

effective use and display of that knowledge. But his ardor is so urgent, that I should be afraid of his being deficient in prudence. That he would ultimately become a leading and predominant mind, I cannot doubt; but he might attempt to fix himself in that place too soon—before he had gone through what I presume is a necessary routine of subordination."

He was, at any rate, not much disposed to continue long in subordination at Edinburgh. In that city of strong political partisanship, Whiggism, in the early years of the present century, was far from being the most profitable side for a young advocate to enlist on; and Brougham, animated by the consciousness of power, and the ambition which that consciousness engendered, may have been not prevented by his good professional success from seeking for a wider and a freer field for his exertions. Instigated by this consideration, and hastened, probably, in his determination by the result of his appearance before the House of Lords as one of the junior counsel for Lady Essex Ker in the Roxburghe peerage case, in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, he settled in London, where, after a short time, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, and began to practice as a barrister in the Court of King's Bench.

This was in 1808, and from this date until that of his elevation to the woolsack in 1830, Mr. Brougham came by degrees to be engaged in what was literally an unparalleled amount of labor. In his capacities of statesman, advocate, and author, he was soon doing the work of three industrious men. Marvelous stories have been told of his dispatch of business, indubitable myths originating in a reality of performance surprising enough to stand in no need of exaggeration. Business, indeed, flowed in upon him in a deep and full tide. In the Court of King's Bench, and on the Northern Circuit, he quickly became, especially in political cases, a favorite advocate; and his distinction at the bar recommended him at once to an ample participation in the toils, and strife, and triumphs of the senate. In the midst of these abundant occupations he still found time for a multitude of publications of which he is the known, acknowledged author, as well as, probably, for no inconsiderable number—as there is good reason for surmising—which may be hereafter traced to his prolific pen. In order to understand



the extent of his activity during this portion of his indefatigable career, let us endeavor to catch a glimpse of some of his greater labors in each of these departments of exertion.

One of the earliest of his memorable efforts as an advocate, occurred within two years of his admission to the English bar. The Berlin decrees, by which Napoleon sought to cramp the commerce of England, had provoked the government of that day to a retaliatory absurdity in the shape of "orders in Council," which, by a subsequent modification, had been made oppressively severe. Mr. Brougham, as the representative of a large and influential portion of the mercantile community, was employed to plead against the coercion and continuance of these "orders" before the House of Lords; and his argument, which occupied two days in its delivery, though ineffectual as to its specific aim, manifested so rare a combination of knowledge, boldness, ingenuity, and eloquence, that the advocate himself was at once welcomed as a pillar of strength on the popular side in the fierce party warfare of the time. A seat in the House of Commons was one of the immediate consequences of this masterly discourse, but not the only or the most important one. It opened the way to a very considerable extension of his professional business; not merely by making known the warmth and vigor of his powers and the wide extent of his resources, but by making known also the liberality of his own political views, and the likelihood that he would, therefore, put forth his strength with a hearty goodwill in defense of those who had, by too free an advocacy of similar convictions, subjected themselves to the inquisition of a somewhat rigorous law. It was not long before cases of this kind occurred, in which he was actually called to champion the oppressed. In the volume of his "Social and Political Speeches," just published by Messrs. Griffin & Co., there are the reports of two speeches which were delivered in the following year, in defense of persons against whom prosecutions on a charge of libel had been instituted by the state. On both of these occasions, Mr. Brougham's clients were proceeded against for the publication of the same article—an article on *Military Flogging*, written by Mr. John Scott, who

afterwards conducted the "*Champion*," and the "*London Magazine*," and who was killed in a duel consequent upon a stern, unpalatable reprehension of the personalities of "*Blackwood's Magazine*;"—and it is a curious instance of the uncertainty of law, that whilst John and Leigh Hunt were acquitted by a jury at Westminster, Drakard was convicted at Lincoln and sentenced by the Court of King's Bench to imprisonment for eighteen months. But the defense on both occasions was clear, and vigorous, and eloquent; doing as much justice to the principle of free discussion, which these prosecutions aimed at, as to the individual defendants in the two causes. It was the very natural result of a frequent advocacy of this kind to make Mr. Brougham eminently popular both as a barrister and a politician. How great his business and his popularity had grown, may be in some degree inferred from the well-remembered delight of the people when it became known to them that he had engaged in the onerous duties of Attorney-General to the Queen. He had been for many years her law-adviser, and in that capacity had, in conjunction with Mr. Whitbread, strongly remonstrated against her perilous residence abroad; and when the fruits of her unfortunate resolution appeared in their mature bitterness in the Bill of Pains and Penalties, he entered with his whole heart and soul into her defense.

But to him, as to the great mass of the people of England at that time, the question at issue was not one that might be compressed within the narrow limits of an inquiry into the guilt or innocence of his ill-fated client. It expanded itself into the broader and the higher problem—the problem infinitely more momentous, both in its moral and political bearing—of the absoluteness of the king's power to degrade and do away with a consort whom he had outraged by his own uniform career of coarse, unprincipled sensuality; whom he had from the beginning of their union slighted, hated, and by meanest arts oppressed; and whom he sought at last to cast down from her queenly rank, and ruin outright; though, had the foulest perjuries that English gold had bought against her been believed, she would still have seemed, even to human eyes, immeasurably less stained

and scarred by guilt than her persecutor, in the revolting grossness of his life, had ever condescended to appear.

From first to last, during the long continuance of proceedings in the House of Lords, Mr. Brougham's energies were poured forth unsparingly in this important case. It is the occasion which his biographer will have to dwell on, as revealing within definite limits all his rare and multiplied endowments—all his defiant and indomitable daring—his lightning-like conception—his multifarious knowledge—his comprehensive grasp of details, and his skillful marshaling of them in production of some climax startling from magnificence of power,—his lynx-eyed insight into falsehood and prevarication under all their wide variety of cleverly-contrived disguises—his fierce, intolerable sarcasm—and his vehement and impassioned eloquence, touched sometimes with an unwonted pathos, and raised sometimes into an unwonted solemnity of tone, which were inspired by the greatness of the cause, and were not unworthy of it. The chaste and noble impressiveness of the peroration of his speech in defense was a new excellence in his marvelous oratory. One brief emphatic passage in it, which Lord Eldon reprehended as an intimidation, was in these memorable words :

"My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go forth against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril—rescue that country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree."

Owing to the matchless efforts of the Queen's defenders, the Bill of Pains and Penalties met with so discouraging a fortune in the House of Lords, that it was, after the third reading, finally withdrawn. The news of that event was welcomed with a jubilant delight throughout the land. In the homes of the great masses of the people, even in the lanes and courts and alleys where the very poorest of them lived, the windows gleamed with light, and bonfires blazed in the public places, as

never windows gleamed or bonfires blazed for any victory before; for this was felt to be a victory which the people might rejoice in heartily, without misgiving or alloy; a victory over the strong hand of selfish and unscrupulous oppression: and he who had been foremost in the arduous strife became the idol of the people, and was hailed as the people's friend. But the fiery indignation which Mr. Brougham had often given utterance to during the course of these proceedings against the Queen, did not die away at their termination, nor even on the mournful death of his unhappy client. From time to time, ever since, the pent emotion has burst forth, rapid, fierce and burning, as in its first consuming outbreak. A well-remembered example of the abiding, unabated strength of this feeling occurred in the defense of Ambrose Williams, in a trial for libel on the Durham clergy. The defendant had, in the "*Durham Chronicle*," published some severe censures on the conduct of the clergy, in not having the bells of their churches tolled on the occasion of her Majesty's death; and Mr. Brougham, roused to pitiless resentment by the insult which had provoked his client's strictures, poured forth a bitter stream of mingled sarcasm, irony, and stern vituperation on the complainants, which must have made them in the depth of their abasement look back, almost lovingly, on the milder libel of which the evil spirit had come back to them in the strength of *seven even more wicked than himself*. Amongst the multitude of Mr. Brougham's speeches at the bar, we question whether any other equalled this in the one quality of concentrated scorn: some were undoubtedly more richly graced with knowledge, some more soundly argumentative, some wittier, and some more classically eloquent; but in that peculiar power in which the orator surpassed the whole of his contemporaries—the power of a contemptuous, withering, merciless, invective—it is doubtful whether this defense of Ambrose Williams is not, even now, to be regarded as his best oration at the bar.

It has been a hundred times remarked, how seldom a distinguished speaker in the courts is equally successful in the House of Commons. Mr. Brougham's first efforts in that new arena are said to have made it likely

that his name would have to be inscribed in the catalogue of those to whom this disappointment had occurred. But there was a stubborn invincibility in his nature, a power to do whatever he determined on, that soon bore him up above all fear of permanent failure. Before he had been many months a member of the House, he became so well accustomed to it as to wield the rare weapons of his oratory in that great assembly with just as much ease, and with just as assured a mastery, as he was wont to do elsewhere. In little more than two years it was thought not imprudent for him to contest a Liverpool election against Canning, and his defeat on that occasion excluded him from Parliament for four years. But, in 1816, he again obtained a seat there, which he continued to hold—as representative, successively, for Winchelsea, for Knaresborough, and for Yorkshire—until his elevation, in 1830, to the House of Lords. In the House, it was soon felt that a master-spirit was again amongst them—an orator of nature's fashioning, yet well sustained by all the helps of art—a worthy successor of the great parliamentary chiefs of a generation just passed away. Compared with the mightiest of that by-gone race, though he might fall short of the gorgeous imagination and the philosophic depth of Burke, or of the sonorous and sustained strength of Pitt, or of the vehemence, and simplicity, and genuine nobleness of Fox, or of the wit, and polish, and dramatic point of Sheridan, he had powers of his own, quite as formidable, at least, as any of these in debate—as much dreaded by opponents, and as much confided in by friends. Fox, to the consideration of almost every subject that could come before the council of a great nation, he brought an ample and exact fund of knowledge, a comprehensive acquaintance with all the principles of sound and scientific government, and a very competent familiarity with all the details of our home, foreign, and colonial affairs, which a retentive memory enabled him to bring to bear at any moment in debate, which he had the skill—in spite of an unstudied style—to set before his hearers clearly, fully, and impressively; and which, upon occasion, he would enforce with an eloquence in which the reason and the feelings were alike

addressed, or uphold against attack with a surpassing storm of sarcasm, scorn, and sneers, and fierce and passionate invective, against which, no member of the House, but Canning, could, with any hope of victory, contend. With this influence in the House, there was no lack of sustenance to his popularity out of doors. Of every liberal measure, of every measure tending to relieve, redress, refine, and raise the people, he was the strong and staunch supporter. On all those momentous themes, in which the problem is to reconcile the widest benefits of civil government with the smallest possible encroachment upon individual rights, his exertions were unsparing on the popular side. On some of these his labors and endeavors have, to such an extent, identified him with the cause, that the memories of the measure and the man must go down to posterity together. And—if we have not misconceived the character which is revealed beneath the tumult and the turmoil of his life—if the high ambition of a benefactor to his fellow-countrymen, and to the world, has been in truth amongst the foremost of the dispositions which inspired and sustained him—he would himself wish to be remembered in no nobler association than that of the faithful and triumphant leader in the great battles for the abolition of colonial slavery; the reform of law; and the diffusion of knowledge, the helpmate and chief servant of Christianity in the work of civilization, into the understandings and the hearts of all the population of the land.

In the twenty-two years which intervened between his call to the English bar and his accession to the woolsack, it would have been excusable enough if Mr. Brougham had written nothing. In the harass of his extensive business in the courts, or in the excitement of his labors in the House of Commons, an ordinary man would have found quite task enough for body and for mind, and the anxieties, and toil, and efforts of the two occupations, actively pursued, might have satisfied the most intemperate avidity for work. But Mr. Brougham found time and vigor for a third. Hazlitt says—truly, indeed, though not in an obvious sense—the *more we do, the more we can do; the busier we are, the more leisure we have*: and Mr. Brougham's accumulated labors at the time we

are speaking of, exemplified the theoretic truth. In the production of addresses, pamphlets, and revised and published speeches, and in the great body of his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," there was an intellectual harvest which might have been held not scanty in amount even for a man of letters by profession; and yet these were but the superabundance which his indefatigable spirit yielded. The larger portion of these writings have, unquestionably, a political cast and character about them, and were probably—as their manner indicates—written hastily and carelessly; yet in all their indifference to elegance, abounding in vitality and strength, as auxiliaries in the great public causes pending at the time. Sometimes, however, we meet with a genial paper, so eloquent of the charm of early, unforgettten studies, and old classical memories and joys, as to set us pondering on the great things the writer might have accomplished if, in his young days, he had wedded himself to literature instead of statesmanship or law. Of this kind is the Inaugural Discourse on his installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Opposed, as a candidate, by Sir Walter Scott, and winning the election only by the casting vote of Mackintosh, Mr. Brougham's address is said to have been composed amidst the complicated business and bustle of the northern circuit. But, wherever it was written, the address is redolent of fond remembrance of the pure and high delights belonging to the scholar's life, rich in eloquent incentives to exertion, nobly stored with dissertation on the grace, and power, and beauty of the language of old Greece, commendatory—but not enough so—of the great masters of our own glorious tongue, wise and earnest in the counsels it enforces, and, above all, bold in the declaration of a great philosophic truth, which raised a host of hoodwinked volunteers against him; and it is, moreover, distinguished by a better and exacter style than was habitual to the writer in the works referable to that laborious time. Bearing this discourse in mind, as a model, we might, without injustice, apply to some few of his other writings of the same period his own words: "Had he studied correctness equally, the effect would have been heightened, and a far more excellent thing would have been offered

to our deliberate admiration, after its appeal to the feelings had been successfully made."

On the accession of the Whigs to office in 1830, Mr. Brougham, much to the surprise of Parliament and the nation, became their Lord Chancellor. On him, and on Earl Grey, the burden of the battle rested in carrying the memorable Bill for Parliamentary Reform against the deeply-rooted opposition of the Upper House. But Lord Brougham, with his long experience in the Commons and the courts of law, was just the man that an emergency so startling needed. Like Massena, he was most himself when difficulties thronged most against him. Those who remember the perilous excitement of that time—when the people's voice was heard from every quarter of the land in stern and deep tones demanding that the proffered measure of relief should be no longer kept from them, and the press, in all its multitudinous channels, from the hawker's penny sheet to the almost omnipotent "Times," was clamoring and thundering for the passing of the Bill, and both press and people were looking angrily towards the House of Lords as the one obstruction to the great redress they claimed—will remember how, in the nightly conflicts and commotions which disturbed the immemorial dignity of their Lordships' deliberations, the strangest of all innovations was the fierce and passionate rhetoric, the ever-ready artillery of invective, menace, sarcasm, and denunciation of their new colleague in council, Henry, Lord Brougham. And it will be remembered also, how, when every argument in favor of the Bill had been insisted on, till frequent use had made it threadbare, his Lordship, on the second reading, delivered an oration full of wit, and novelty, and eloquence, and argumentative impressiveness, which delighted, by its force and beauty, those who most disliked and dreaded its effect, and which stands to this day in the foremost rank in merit, if not itself the very first in merit, of all the countless speeches he has made. On the passing of this much-contested measure, in the summer of the next year, the Whig ministry were at liberty to proceed to other and extensive amendments of domestic and colonial law. In all these legislative labors the Chancellor was an able, energetic, and

untiring sharer. In the case of some of them, such as the abolition of colonial slavery, the amendment of the criminal law, and the improvement of the destructive and demoralizing poor-laws, both wisdom and humanity demanded the reform. His speeches upon these subjects, even if they remained alone, instead of being merely instances of his continuous and consistent effort to make his influence beneficial to the nation, would amply prove him to have been earnest, outspoken, and enlightened, in performance of the legislative duties of his brief official life. But he had, at the same time, judicial duties to perform; and it is in reference to his competency to these that detraction has been busiest against his fame. We think it quite probable that he was less deeply learned in the technicalities and precedents of law than many of his predecessors had been, but he was a master of its principles, and he made up by prodigious toil and care for any deficiencies. He gave, moreover, more hours in the day, and more days, than had been usual to the court, and by this means, and by his unequalled quickness and activity of mind together, he left not a "single appeal unheard, nor one letter unanswered." In dispensing the extensive patronage of his office, he had the rare merit of doing nothing that the malignancy of spite could found a censure or a cavil on, whilst he left, on quitting power, more than one glad and grateful home, made happy by his unexpected kindness.

Lord Brougham remained in office little more than four years. His subsequent position in the Upper House has been that of an independent peer. During that long portion of the intervening time in which his activity in Parliament was unabated, there was sometimes a purpose to be served by representing him as one who had abandoned and opposed his former views, and had been, in fact, without any obvious or sufficient motive, guilty of that very tergiversation with which he charged Canning, in the memorable scene between them during the debate on Catholic Emancipation, in 1823. But when we look at the particulars on which it is attempted to substantiate this sweeping charge, they are found to be contemptibly inadequate to any such design; the facts arrayed against him showing, not that he has proved a traitor

to any of the great principles of liberty and progress, or to any momentous policy, that he had ever advocated earnestly in earlier years, but that he has not chosen to be bound by the shibboleth of any of the parties in the state. His opposition to the Whig ministry under Lord Melbourne, in which the charge originated, began reluctantly; and, as he himself proclaimed, at the conclusion of a masterly and eloquent defense, wrung from him by an imputation of the kind within the House—

"Only began, as every man in the country knew, and as those slanderous assailants alone willfully forgot, when the government took a new line against reform of Parliament, and other reforms; and when on that, and on their extravagant civil list, and their Canada Bills, and their slave-question, they had compelled him to oppose them, if he did not mean to abandon all his most sacred and most constantly avowed principles and feelings upon the whole policy of the state. These things were quite notorious—they were facts, and even had dates, which at once dispelled the whole charges made by willful fabrications out of doors, and at length, with an indirection to which great wits are too subject, brought forward by a cabinet minister in that House."

Since his emancipation from the toils of office, in 1834, his lordship has engaged in a career of literature which, at any previous time, must have been, even to his unexampled industry, impracticable. It is true that the greater portion of his "Discourse of Natural Theology" was written whilst he held the Great Seal, but, amidst the cares that pressed upon him, "it was impossible to finish the work." The revision and conclusion of this philosophical discourse was one of the first fruits of subsequent leisure. The edition of Paley's treatise on the same subject, with scientific notes and illustrations, in the preparation of which Sir Charles Bell was his colleague, and the "Dialogues on Instinct," were the next ripe produce of his lordship's versatile ability. To these there has succeeded a considerable series of *Lives of Philosophers, Men of Letters, and Statesmen* of the time of George the Third—a collection of biographies, full of interesting information, and richly interspersed with criticisms which, themselves, occasionally need a passing word of comment. To the consideration of some of these productions we would gladly turn had we the space.



In a few months his lordship will have entered on his eightieth year. Very recently he has gone back to investigations in physical science like those by which his celebrity in youth was won. As the memories of those studious days in the university of his native land, and of the intervening years of struggle and success upon the busiest of the world's stages, are recalled to him in his sweet southern home, it would be excusable, though his pulse should beat quicker, and his cheek flush with pride, as he dwells on the remembrance of the labors he has gone through, the good he has accomplished, and the high example he has given to the world. In such a retrospect there should be a noble and sufficient consolation for the sorrows that have fallen to his lot. In advanced age, the bereavements of affection are less

keenly deplored, as we look forward to a more quickly forthcoming reunion with the departed objects of our care and love; and all the lesser cares and troubles of his long life, all the coldness and injustice, and calumnious misrepresentation that have occurred to him in his public course, how abundantly have they been counterbalanced by the indefatigable use which it has been permitted to him to make of his great natural endowments, either by himself originating, or by ably seconding others, in the protection given to the weak against the strong, in the freedom won for our colonial slaves, in the amelioration of our laws, and in the glorious boon of knowledge, the enlightener to myriads of our fellow-men, who, but for his ceaseless, splendid services, would have been doomed to linger on in hopeless intellectual darkness.

#### FEMALE COOPERAGE.

A NEW fashion always proves to be old. Trades change; and a female dress-maker is only a cooper working in crinoline. A "portrait of a lady" is now no more exhibited in a frame than the lady herself. There is this difference: in the picture the frame is visible; in the original it is hidden.

In England, at the present moment, ladies wear hoops in full dress at balls and dinners upon state occasions; at which times, also, men wear dress-coats and white waistcoats, if they like white waistcoats—or have them. In this country, a lady wears hoops at breakfast, in the street, calling, and shopping. It is not ascertained that she is ever unhooped. A laudable curiosity inquires, "Does the American lady sleep in hoops?"

There is reason, however, even in the extravagance of fashion: that is to say, every fashion has some good idea. Some attempt to please; some aim at beauty, grace, ease, propriety, or convenience. We do not say how often that effort is successful, or how frequently a fashion is beautiful or graceful.

One thing only is sure: that to be entirely out of the fashion is to be neither beautiful nor graceful. It is in

vain to talk Iroquois in Greece. The finest poetry, the sublimest truth, are equally lost. Fashion, in dress, is the solvent that reconciles and adapts. To be out of fashion, is to be out of tune and time.

Now we shall let our betters speak of these mysteries. We said a new fashion is always old. There is nothing new in hoops, and we shall soon have patches. In 1715, petticoats had swollen to that degree, that a writer says: "If the men, also, adopted the old fashion of trunk-hose, a man and his wife would fill a whole pew in church."

In a letter to the "Spectator," we find the following account of hoops: "Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats which began to swell and heave before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more. In short, sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the 'Spectator,' they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon for the modesty of their head-dresses; for as the humor of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another,

their superfluity of ornaments instead of being entirely banished, seem only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height, they make it up in breadth, and contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure."

A little further on we read: "But as we do not yet hear of any particular use in this petticoat, or that it contains anything more than what was supposed to be in those of scantier make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it. \* \*

\* \* Among these various conjectures, there are many of superstitious tempers, who look upon the hoop petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it, that it portends the downfall of the French king, and observe that the farthingale appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy."

In another letter to the "Spectator," we find the following: "I and several of your other female readers have conformed ourselves to your rules, even to our very dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward petticoat to its ancient sizable circumference, though, indeed, we retain still the quilted one underneath, which makes us not altogether uncomfortable to the fashion."

Another writer gives an amusing account of the shape and varieties of hoops: "The hoop," he observes, "has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter churn to the circumference of three hogsheds; at one time, it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidal form; at another, it was bent upwards like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed upon both sides, came in contact with the ears. At present, it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce measures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer. The hoop has, indeed, lost much of its credit in the female world, and has suffered much from the innovation of short sacks and negliges."

The same writer proposes that there should be a female parliament to regulate matters relating to dress and ceremony; and, after speculating upon the improvements that would be made by such judicious lawgivers, he says: "And they would, at least, not suffer enormous hoops to spread themselves across the whole pavement, to the detri-

ment of all honest men going upon business along the street."

The petticoat of wide dimensions is also much censured: "Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her majesty's loving subjects from the same petticoats, as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the wares of industrious females in the streets."

"The ladies among us have a superior genius to the men; which have, for some years past, shot out in several exorbitant inventions, for the greater consumption of our manufacture. While the men have contented themselves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various scallop of the pocket, the ladies have sunk the head-dress, inclosed themselves in the circumference of the hoop petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been disposed at will, the stays have been lowered behind; not to mention the various rolling of the sleeve, and those other nice circumstances of dress, upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleasure."

Again it is observed: "I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under spreading petticoats; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in comparison to those places that were distinguished by flounces, fringes, and furbelows."

In a petition to the author of the "Tattler," is an amusing satire of these spreading petticoats, which seem to have engrossed the attention of most of the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: "Upon the late invention of Mrs. Catharine Crossstitch, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair, which was in use before the said invention. That, for the service of the said ladies, your petitioner has built a round chair in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it, the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated. That your petitioner has also invented a coach, for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top. That the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pul-

leys, to the great satisfaction of her lady and all who beheld her."

Patching was never more prevalent than during the reign of Queen Anne, and severely are those "black spots" censured by writers of the time, both French and English. A French author says: "L'usage des mouches n'est pas inconnu aux dames Françaises, mais il faut être jeune et jolie. En Angleterre, jeunes, vieilles, belles, laides, tout est emmouché jusqu'à la décrépitude; j'ai plusieurs fois compté quinze mouches et davantage, sur la noire et ridée face d'une vieille de soixante et dix ans. Les Anglaises raffinent ainsi sur nos modes."

We have other laughable accounts of these patches: "The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon, but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch, that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, that was upon the chin in the morning.

"About the middle of last winter, I went to see an opera at the Haymarket Theatre, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very pretty women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array, one against the other. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other, on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances, one upon another;

and that their patches were placed in those different situations as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between these two opposite bodies were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seem to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry, I found the body of Amazons, on my right hand, were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes, were a neutral party. \* \* Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that, in a late draught of marriage articles, a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases."

The absurdity is also thus attacked: "Madam, let me beg of you, to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face; except you would please to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyship's chin, and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the three patches above mentioned."

Washes for the complexion, rouge, and alabaster powder, were much used at this time, and continued fashionable for many years, but patches are said to have been finally banished towards the latter end of Anne's reign, chiefly through the censures of Addison, who waged continual war against them, and from whom many of the extracts given above have been derived.

#### THOUGHT.

WHAT is the warrior's sword compared with thee?

A brittle reed against a giant's might!

What are the tyrant's countless hosts? as light

As chaff before the tempest! Though he be

Shut in with guards, and by the bended knee

Be worshiped, like a god, thou still canst smite,

E'en then, with viewless arm, and from that height

Hurl him into the dust! for thou art free,

Boundless, omnipresent, like God, who gave

Thee for his crowning gift to man: and when

Thou work'st with thy best weapon, truth's calm pen,

To punish and reform, exalt and save,

Thou canst combine in one the minds of men,

Which strength like that of God, united have!

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

—IRVING has finished the fourth volume of his *Life of Washington*, and having brought his hero safely through the war, he leaves him at the threshold of the Presidency, and there the biographer pauses, alluding with modesty and feeling to himself. The whole work, as far as completed, and however much further it may be carried, will be the popular and universally read *Life of Washington*. The story of his career is told with a simplicity which is the ripe maturity of a lovely style, and with a sustained interest which will draw every reader, of every age, from chapter to chapter. Like the author's "Columbus" and "Mahomet," the "Washington" is invested with all the picturesqueness of which the subject seems capable. And yet with great differences; the countries and the times of his other heroes are, in themselves, romantic to the imagination. But by no possibility can that tender hue, which is the complexion of distance and strangeness, be imparted to recent or very modern events. But no other author could have done so much for this picturesqueness, by the mere charm of treatment, as Irving. He is beyond criticism, in a certain sense. His hold is so sure upon the public heart, that criticism cannot dispute his possession, it can only discriminate and compare his literary qualities. It is enough to say of his *Life of Washington*, that it is entirely the book which Washington Irving must write upon such a theme, and that, while other historians might have philosophized more upon Washington's character and due place in history, none could have told, with more sympathy, skill, and interest, the story of his life. We cannot forbear quoting the last words of the book, both for what the author says of his hero and of himself:

"In regard to the character and conduct of Washington, we have endeavored to place his deeds in the clearest light, and left them to speak for themselves, generally avoiding comment or eulogium. We have quoted his own words and writings largely, to explain his feelings and motives, and give the true key to his policy; for never did man leave a more

truthful mirror of his heart and mind, and a more thorough exponent of his conduct, than he has left in his copious correspondence. There his character is to be found in all its majestic simplicity, its massive grandeur and quiet colossal strength. He was no hero of romance; there was nothing of romantic heroism in his nature. As a warrior he was incapable of fear, but made no merit of defying danger. He fought for a cause, but not for personal renown. Gladly, when he had won the cause, he hung up his sword never again to take it down. Glory, that blatant word, which haunts some military minds like the bray of the trumpet, formed no part of his aspirations. To act justly was his instinct, to promote the public weal his constant effort, to deserve the 'affections of good men' his ambition. With such qualifications for the pure exercise of sound judgment and comprehensive wisdom, he ascended the Presidential chair.

"There for the present we leave him. So far our work is complete, comprehending the whole military life of Washington, and his agency in public affairs, up to the formation of our Constitution. How well we have executed it we leave to the public to determine; hoping to find it, as heretofore, far more easily satisfied at the result of our labors than we are ourselves. Should the measure of health and good spirits, with which a kind Providence has blessed us beyond the usual term of literary labor, be still continued, we may go on, and in another volume give the Presidential career and closing life of Washington. In the mean time, having found a resting-place in our task, we stay our hands, lay by our pen, and seek that relaxation and repose which gathering years require."

—Whoever wishes to read one of the most passionate and pathetic novels in English literature will take with him, during the summer vacation, *The Collegians*, by Gerald Griffin. He was a young Irishman, who died several years since, after writing a series of works—novels and poetry, which gave him little reputation during his life, but since his death have given him fame as, in our judgment, the best Irish novelist. The picture of Irish character and manners a half century since, in *The Collegians*, is masterly, and the power with which the fond, impetuous, passionate, thoroughly Celtic nature of Hardress Cregan is drawn, evinces rare genius. Griffin died young, a disappointed man. But this one story, if nothing else of his, will surely live among the very best novels of the time. It is full

of incident, and an absorbing interest allures the reader to the end, and leaves him with a melted heart and moistened eye. Love, pride, and prejudice are the themes. An Ophelia-like heroine is tossed upon the bitter waves of a sea of passion she cannot control, and the end is more piteous than Ophelia's. There have been at least two editions of the work published in this country at different times. The last one, before the present, was a very poor, cheap, Philadelphia edition, which could have done little for the reputation of *The Collegians*. But a new edition of the *Complete Works of Gerald Griffin*, to be concluded in about thirty weekly numbers, is now issuing by D. and J. Sadlier & Co., New York, and is more than a third part published. It is a very convenient and attractive edition. It will contain all his novels, dramas, and lyrics. The latter have a thoroughly Irish flavor, and will, we sincerely hope, be the means of making the talented young Irishman widely known, and, consequently, admired in this country.

—As the dog days approach, the novels multiply. Derby & Jackson continue their convenient family edition of Marryatt, and the standard old English novelists. The tastes of different times will differ, but Fielding and Smollett must still hold their places as delineators of the English manners of their epoch. They are invaluable companions to their contemporary history. In fact, no man has properly read history, who has not studied in their own works, and in descriptions of their manners and habits, the people whose government, and wars, and politics only, the pompous muse of history condescends to heed. Tom Jones is as essential a foot-note to the English life of the reign of George Second as the letters of Horace Walpole. Marryatt will always have a large and loving audience, so long as men and boys have the love of adventure in their hearts. There are few nautical novels better than *Peter Simple*, few more captivating to the genuine novel reader than *Jacob Faithful*.

—The Appletons give us Miss Yonge's last, *Dynevor Terrace*. It has the same careful details of what seem to us quite uninteresting events and people, that make up her other stories, excepting perhaps *The Heir of Redclyffe*. Merely to copy nature, is not necessarily to make a fine work of art, whether in painting or literature.

However, it is *de rigueur* to admire whatever the fair Yonge chooses to send us, and there will be no lack of sea-side and valley admirers of this last "effort of the distinguished authoress."

—Mr. Edward Stephens issues *The Heiress of Greenhurst*, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of *Fashion and Famine*. The other works of this lady belong properly to the melo-dramatic and sensation schools. From a rapid glance at this one, we should suppose it to be of the purely romantic school, and not less attractive and interesting than any of its predecessors.

—*Gerald Massey* is introduced in blue and gold by Ticknor & Fields. When he appeared in plain muslin, in his earlier days, we expressed our opinion of him at some length. He is evidently a man of warm feeling and a sensuous fancy, but we do not find great poetry in his handsome volume. It is still, to us, a mixture of Tennyson and Ebenezer Elliott; although so eminent a man as Landor alludes to Homer and Shakespeare, in speaking of Massey. The feeling is, beyond a question, strong and real; but the expression of it is, equally beyond doubt, determined by that of other men. Unpleasantly often there is an affectation of intensity, which, with so much genuine ardor, is entirely unnecessary.

—In the same series, Mrs. Jameson's *Diary of an Ennuyée* tastes of Italy, as dried rose-leaves of roses. The feminine grace of this writer is nowhere more agreeably displayed than in this little volume; and her womanly sense and feeling nowhere more eloquently expressed than in her *Sisters of Charity*, a new work just issued by the same house. She says that she believes that there exists at the core of our social condition a great mistake to be corrected, and a great want to be supplied; that men and women must learn to understand each other, and work together for the common good, before any amount of permanent moral and religious progress can be effected; and that, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, we need *Sisters of Charity* everywhere.

Mrs. Jameson treats the subject with the instinctive delicacy of a lady, but of one who understands that *woman* is the root of lady, as the vine is of the grape-blossom. Let every summer-lounger take, with the women's novels of the season,



this woman's view of woman's sphere and duty, and remember that Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Jameson, and Mrs. Norton are three English women, whose position in literature and general respect claim for their views of the "woman question," an attention which is rarely gravely given to it by the general public. And when, to their appeals, is added the splendor of Miss Nightingale's actions, the most determined reviler of Female Conventions may, with perfect propriety, retire to his closet and ask himself: "Is darning my stockings the whole duty of woman?"

—*The Family-Circle Glee-Book*, compiled by Elias Howe (Mason Brothers). Whoever makes a family sing is a social benefactor; but whoever makes them sing good songs is himself worthy of a *lobgesang*, a song of praise, which we desire with proper fire, at once to sing, and homage bring, and make our bow to Mr. Howe, and hope that Messrs. Mason Brothers will soon give us others of Mr. Howe's compilations. The present is an attractive collection of good old choice favorites, which are never, by any chance, heard in the Academy or in Mrs. Potiphar's drawing-room; but which are now sung, and have been, and will be, sung in a hundred happy homes, and are full, all of them, of associations sweet as their own music and tender as their own sentiment. We hope it may be the influence of such publications to tempt out the voices that are silent now, because they cannot warble the serenade of the *Trovatore* or the barcarole of *Lucrezia*. Modest voices, remember that there are Marios, and Giuglinis, and Brignolis to sing the Italian operas in great theatres, and to thousands of people; do you sing the songs you can, to the tens, to the fives, perhaps only to the one, who will listen in the sacred seclusion of home with the heart as well as with flounces and kid gloves.

—*The Life of Dr. Kane* is in preparation by Dr. William Elder, of Philadelphia (Childs & Peterson). These pages have already recorded our estimate of the value of that life, and the account of it cannot fail to be of the most permanent interest. No books are more entertaining than the lives of famous travelers and explorers, and all men of action, men who went where most of us go only in wishing and in imagination, and who did what poetry

makes men famous for doing. There is no more delightful story-book than "Southey's Life of Nelson;" a simple, graphic, coherent chronicle of the great admiral's career. Dr. Elder is well known as an eloquent and original orator, and his contributions to our literature, although sometimes eccentric beyond quaintness, have displayed an undoubted vigor, and fertility of resources. There is no reason why he should not make the biography of the brave young Kane one of the enduringly valuable works upon the library-shelf—a book to stand side by side with the hero's own fascinating Journals—side by side with Parry's, and Back's, and Franklin's, and all the stories of Arctic adventures.

—*Tom Brown's School-Life* (Ticknor & Fields) is a novel of school-life at Rugby, in England, in the days of the good and famous Dr. Arnold. It is exceedingly interesting and valuable to us Americans, as showing us the very interior of a life of which we know nothing. It is a curious companion-piece to Dickens' "Do-the-boys Hall," and Thackeray's "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends at Rodwell Regis." The book is written in an easy, idiomatic, and manly style, and is of a character to interest particularly the American reader; showing him how young Englishmen come often to live easy and manly lives as well as write in the same way.

—The Rev. John Bayley, of the Virginia annual conference, has published a work concerning *Marriage as it is, and as it should be* (M. W. Dodd). The question discussed is one in which the race is supposed to be profoundly interested, and ought to wish to be instructed. Perhaps the task of instruction may be difficult. But let the reader hear Mr. Bayley speak for himself concerning money in matrimony. "It is true when the match is in other respects a suitable one, wealth is not to be despised; but when the question is between wealth on the one hand, and a suitable husband or a wife on the other, it should never be forgotten that riches will never purchase intellect or virtue; but that these noble qualities may procure riches, and will never fail to secure all that is needful for happiness." The book is thus seen to be consolatory reading for mothers who will be compelled to return from their summer campaigns with daughters unmarried.

—*The Norse Folk*, by C. L. Brace, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society. (New York: C. Scribner). Mr. C. L. Brace some years since marked out a field of labor for himself, in which he has thoroughly enlisted the sympathy and spiritual companionship of good people of every creed and party, and of all parts of our country. This is sufficient evidence that an unusually good judgment is united in his character to genuine catholic and comprehensive benevolence. Whatever such a man writes for the Christian public is sure to obtain the Christian public's attention, and to be popular, instructive, and ably suggestive of needed social and philanthropic improvements. In the *Norse Folk*, Mr. Brace has given us a satisfactory insight of the condition, character, and manners of the people, together with a sketch of the existing government, church, and other institutions, especially those of a philanthropic character, of a region with regard to which Miss Bremer's works awakened a curiosity, in many respects, hitherto but little gratified. Mr. Brace's capital qualification as a writing-traveler, is his unwearying and remarkably general impulse of inquiry, and his faculty of making himself at home, and getting information directly and circumstantially from the people with whom chance brings him in contact. In this he even excels most other American travelers, though, as a personal observer, he is rather below their average; doubtless, because he is too often preoccupied with reflection. He is industrious in the examination of documents and statistics, and judicious in collation and condensation.

The same qualities of style which characterize the "*Home Life in Germany and Hungary in 1851*," of Mr. Brace, are found in this work, constantly evincing a tenderly discriminating and vigorous capacity of language. There are frequent infelicitous expressions, and sometimes a slipshod,

memorandum-like method of statement which would not be unbecoming in a newspaper market report, but is hardly in good taste when addressed to so large and respectable an audience as a work of this character is sure to command. It is neatly printed, and illustrated with tolerable engravings and wood-cuts; but, as a book for reference, would be more valuable if supplied with a map.

—*Sermons by Ephraim Peabody, with a Memoir* (Crosby, Nichols & Co.). This volume is a collection of discourses by one of the purest and noblest of men. His life was simple, uneventful, and pious. His character was of that rare beauty which foreshows the era of peace and good-will among men. The engraving prefixed to the volume, from Cheney's portrait, has the tender beatification of expression which that exquisite artist was wont to bestow upon all his friends. But the winning human face of Mr. Peabody was but a thin veil of the angelic beneath. He was not a man to be widely known; nor are his sermons of a nature to be generally read. But he was a man to be loved by those who knew him, as few men are loved, and to bequeath his memory to them as a perpetual plea for an honest and God-serving life: his own life having so unfailingly assured them that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—From the same house, we receive *Christian Consolations*; sermons by Rev. A. P. Peabody. This is a name of great clerical eminence in New England, and the volume in question is justly named. It is a series of discourses in which Christian truth is applied to life, and is especially intended for the afflicted. There is a mingled manliness and tenderness in the style which are quite sure to commend what is said to the thoughtful sympathy of the wise and good.

#### OUR WINDOW.

HERE we open a window that looks out upon the world: and here we shall sit, month by month, and watch all that passes; so that whoever looks with us will see whatever is most interesting at home and abroad.

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From this elevation we can catch the humorous aspects of events; we can make our little comments as one thing rapidly chases another before our eyes: here we can see objects that are lost to those passing in the street, objects which were worth re-

membering, but which have drifted down the month, and are forgotten.

We can hear the new singers, as they sing at home or far over the sea. We can see the new pictures that are painted at home or in England, in France, or Germany. We can assist with our eyes and ears at great festivals and solemnities wherever they occur. We can see the belle as she adjusts the skirt for the last time; the beau, as he perfects his cravat-tie; pride, spreading its plumage, and forgetting that, though it ornaments its ugliness, it does not conceal it; and folly flying fondly after its own tail.

From Our Window we can look into the windows of the Tuileries, and see if the Empress is really shedding hoops and cutting crinoline. We can gaze into the seamstress's attic-chamber, and see if she did really stain with tears the bridal robe she was stitching.

So, when you have done your day's work and your day's talk—when the light is tranquil and the air quiet, when the hour comes in which you wish neither to wrangle nor to study, but to refresh and revive the mind that is teased all day—then come, and lean with us out of Our Window, and see what motley the Old World is wearing.

Just when nature is loveliest with us, art puts forth its annual blossoms. We throw up Our Window to look at the cherry blossoms, and a "bit" of Casilear's salutes us. We think to see the faithful old apple orchards in their brief carnival and perfumed splendor, and behold the sumptuous Church or the fruity Gray. We look for summer—and the Arcadian serenity of Kensett, the soft repose of Durand are before our eyes: for the gushing fountains in the fields, and, lo! the impetuous vigor of Hicks, or the suppressed power of Page.

In fact, when the warm sun in the sky, and the airy muslins in the street, remind us that the time of the singing of birds has come, and we are on our loitering way to Hoboken, to hear the voice of the turtle—the old familiar face of the placard of the National Academy exhibition catches us by the eye, and allures us into realms of eternal spring, of unfading summer, and of relentless winter.

This year it was the thirty-second an-

nual exhibition, and, perhaps, thirty-two times better than any recent one. In the morning the rooms have been a quiet retreat for the student who wished to study, and learn to tell a Rossiter from a Huntington. In the evening, they have been thronged with a murmuring crowd, who lingered listlessly in the heat, and pronounced Church's Andes "beautiful! perfect!"

Probably no two visitors agreed upon any theory of art, or canon of artistic criticism. They all knew what pleased them, and they would have laughed as much at the terrible Mr. Ruskin, who says that you can know about pictures precisely as you know about the moral law, as at a jeweler, who should say that you had no moral right to prefer opals to diamonds.

Most of us who look into a gallery are entirely unfit to talk about pictures from any other point of view than our private pleasure. Those of us who have always lived among brick houses, and have seen green fields and blue sky, as a luxury to be taken in white coats, during a sultry summer month, wisely declare that Indigo, who has studied tint by tint the landscape he exhibits, gets his blues too dark, or his yellows too bright, while we are sure that Buff is no painter; for he "gets his reds too warm."

Now it seems to us as if Indigo and Buff probably knew a great deal more about their business than we do; and when you look around the brilliant walls of the Academy, and remember how many long hours of patient toil, how many days of hard struggle and exposure, how much devotion, and passion, and despair, are worked into that web of shifting color, how many of those pictures are the sacrifice of a life upon the shrine of beauty—is it not as well to see that the gray is properly cool, even if the red is warm; and that if the head you pass with a sniff, because it is catalogued in New York as the work of Tripe, were labeled in a foreign gallery, Titian, it would extort from you the most willing admiration.

Next year, when you ascend those stairs and pay your mite—let it be a double mite, for a season-ticket—to the admirable Mrs. Croker, whose presence is a pleasant part of the annual exhibition, remember that you are not going to see so many feet of canvas, covered with so many pounds of

paint, but fragments of the hope and talent of a hundred fellow-men. If they are not Claudes, or Raphaels, or Giorgiones, or Michael Angelos, what then? Must all flowers be roses, or relinquish the name and the ministry of flowers? You can surely say many a sharp thing as you survey the pictures, for you are a witty man; but remember that the arrow you fly, only for the sake of admiring its glittering point, strikes mortally the young bird newly trying its wings, or the stag pushing bravely through the forest.

The picture is poor enough, if you choose, that is clear; but how if the unprotected and appealing work could criticise you in turn? Stand before the poorest of all the pictures, and, having marked it well, ask yourself only—"Am I a better specimen of a man than that is of a picture?" So shall you learn humility, and abase your nodding crest of arrogance.

And has not every landscape-picture some touches and suggestions of lovely aspects of nature? The very outline and attempted coloring of quiet fields, and shadowy woods, and singing waters, do they not breathe a sweeter light into the day upon which they are seen, hung on city walls? If, in his dreary arctic night at the pole, the brave Kane could have seen even the poorest copy of the worst Claude, would it not have been to him as a glimpse of paradise?

Now Broadway, on a spring morning, swarming with the fresh toilettes of the brief season in which muslins may be worn, is not precisely like an arctic region with Esquimaux. Yet, for all that, whoever steps aside and dallies for an hour in the Academy gallery, may have, as Kane might have had, glimpses of paradise.

The doors are closed now, until another year, but still, from *Our Window*, we placidly survey what is past, and enjoy pleasures that are no more. Not that we count the seeing of pictures among past pleasures. Beauty has the immortal elixir, and never grows old to the eye or to the mind. Like the stars and the flowers, fine works of art are always fresh in the seeing or in the remembering. The thirty-second exhibition is closed. The wits have made merry over works that were not conceived nor executed with a laugh. The newspapers have extolled and decried. The artists have read with pride, or fury, or placid

disgust, whatever the public censors have said. The pictures have gone to parlor walls, the painters to their studios, and the public about its business.

But we are all agreed that it was a capital display—that Church was magnificent in his great sweeps of mountain ranges sunk in glorious haze, with cascades, streams, strange foliage, and all the luxuriant splendor of the tropics. Church copes adequately with great themes. He paints the Andes as easily as many men a river meadow. We are agreed, too, that Gray is the same fond lover of the Venetian bloom, and, in a world of modern notions, is faithful to the traditions of his art; that his compeer, Huntington, has not yet lost any cunning from his fingers, and holds his place; that the President, Durand, if more skillful in details, is not less placid and pastoral, our Thomson of the brush; that Kensett was surely born under a cloudless sky, so serene and full of summer joy are his beautiful pictures; that Rossiter would outdazzle the day, if pigments were sunbeams; that Hicks's vigor found never a fitter subject than Henry Ward Beecher; that Casilear's muse of inspiration should be a flitting, shy Egeria, so rare, and delicate, and tender is his touch; that Cropsey's hand is still unequal to his teeming fancy; that Greene and Baker take rank with our best portrait-painters; that Hall, and Hubbard, and Shattuck, and a score more beside them, illuminate the walls with glowing prophecies of the future glory of Academy exhibitions; and that Page, in a grand, melancholy way, vindicates his position as the greatest master of portrait we have yet produced.

Upon some of these things, perhaps, we are all agreed. But each mistress liked her lover's picture best, and each friend his friend's. And no one could leave the rooms without a higher respect for the performance as well as the prospect of American art. There have been many poorer exhibitions in older places. We will not say that there have been poorer ones in London; but we will see what pictures London was looking at in the same spring days, that we may bring the artists of the two countries together, in our annual survey.

Thus speaks London of this year's English pictures:

"We miss from among the exhibitors this year, with special regret, Mr. E. M. Ward and Mr. Webster. Sir Charles Eastlake, also, and Mr. Lee are unrepresented, and we have from Mr. Herbert only a scene 'On the coast of France;' a wide prospect of sea and coast, which is certainly a pleasant little picture, although not what we are taught to look for from his hands. But if we miss some familiar artists, we have compensation in the reappearance of, at any rate, one whose handiwork has been of late years little seen. There is a picture by Mr. Mulready, painted in accordance with the will of Mr. Vernon, for the Vernon Gallery, called 'The Young Brother.' A sister holds him, and an elder brother tickles him lovingly behind the ear. His gesture and expression are delightful. Last year, again, Mr. Maclise did not exhibit; this year he has supplied, in his 'Peter the Great,' one of the most important pictures of the season. Peter, working with his companions in the Deptford Dockyard, is visited by William the Third. The rough Muscovite, who is intent on modeling, not only a ship, but an empire—vigorous and youthful, with rugged locks, a fearless look, bare arms, of which the veins are full with recent labor, and limbs spread abroad—contrasts significantly, as young Russia, with the King of England, who stands with his limbs all in a line, erect, gloved tightly, frilled, wigged, and no longer young. Close to the hand of the half-barbarous Peter are the luxuries of the flesh, which were essential to his happiness—the fruits, the wine, the actresses, the dwarf, and monkey; but while there is all that kind of life surrounding him, there is expressed throughout the whole picture his appetite and passion for the science of the west. The marvelous execution of the details in this work does not strike the eye so soon as its complete expression of a thought. Mr. Maclise furnishes, also, this year, a special attraction to the North Room, in the shape of forty-two noble designs in outline, illustrative of the 'Story of the Conquest.'

"Over Mr. Maclise's 'Peter' hangs a grand study of deer upon a misty peak, 'Scene in Braemar,' the chief work for this year of Sir Edwin Landseer, and one of the best works he has exhibited. The other contributions of this painter are a study of a 'Rough and Ready' pony, and a bit of dog-

fancy, entitled 'Uncle Tom and his Wife for sale;' Uncle Tom being a black-faced bull terrier, chained with his spouse against a wall, and within sight of a dog-whip. The picture is, indeed, not to be seen without emotion; but it is meant to beget mirth, not melancholy.

"Mr. Stanfield's best work for the season represents the wreck of a vessel that had been part of the Spanish Armada, and that had been firing at rocks, mistaken for a castle, in the bay now called after this incident 'Port na Spania, near the Giant's Causeway, on the coast of Ireland. Incidents of the wreck are mingled with the surging of the waters, and, through mist and spray, the weird cliffs of the Giant's Causeway show a coast entirely pitiless. Mr. Stanfield exhibits three other good works, of which we shall speak in future notices.

"Mr. Augustus Egg's picture of 'Esmond's Return after the Battle of Wynecdel' attracted constant admiration at the private view. Its quiet fullness of thought is remarkable. The figures of Beatrice and Esmond, faultless in conception, are, without one trace of exaggeration, perfect in expression.

"Mr. David Roberts has sent three pictures: two of church interiors—one of them a fine 'Interior of the Duomo at Milan'—and a square in Rome, the 'Piazza Navona;' by these works he is very well represented.

"Mr. Millais exhibits three pictures, and appears in them to better advantage than he did in the works contributed last year. His *News from Home* represents a young Highlander on duty in a trench before Sebastopol, shouldering his musket while he treads among the shot and shell that tell the danger of his post, and reads a letter from home with a softened look upon his face that wins the heart as one observes it. The *Sir Isambard at the Ford*, too, is a picture full of good expression. The gray-haired knight in heavy mail, who rides the good horse Lancelot across the stream, with a barefooted girl before him and a barefooted boy behind, the girl clasped in the armor, the boy clasping it, is so painted that one may sit and dream before the work. The third picture, that of the *Escape of a Heretic*—of a girl saved by her lover from an *auto-da-fé*, we like least of the three at a first glance, but the attitude



of shelter and protection in the lover, who is become to the girl a haven and a fortress, is conceived most skillfully.

"Of Mr. Creswick's fresh and airy English landscapes there are three, and there are four pictures by Mr. Redgrave. Mr. Witherington sends also four landscapes, two of which are especially worthy of his name. Among Mr. Cooke's pictures is a very real bit of the English coast, a *Crab and Lobster Shore*.

"Attention is caught very surely by Mr. Dyce's little picture of *Titian preparing to make his First Essay in Coloring*—with juices of flowers; the artist-spirit and determined purpose of the boy speak here plainly enough out of his face.

"Mr. Cope's large picture of the *Pilgrim Fathers* quitting the Dutch coast for New England demands more attention than we have yet given to it. We now simply place it upon record among notable things of the season. His little domestic scene of *Morning Games at Breakfast-time* is to be seen at a glance, and liked of course.

"But at the head of the domestic pictures of the year we must place Mr. Faëd's *First Break in the Family*. The mail coach has gone by a moorland cottage, and has borne "our bonnie young Willie awa'." Mother and father, grandmother, a sister budding into womanhood, and younger ones, with the dog in front, who is half disposed to run after his vanished play-fellow—all have come forth to gaze until the coach is out of sight. The grouping, the expression given to each person in the little moorland family, has been exquisitely felt by the painter. One sentiment pervades every corner of the canvas, even to the perplexity of the hen who has all her chickens with her except one, which is on the other side of a gate, and cries because it can't get over.

"All notice of the portraits we defer, only indulging ourselves with a mention of Mr. Grant's *Marquis of Lansdowne*. Of the sterling character of several of the pictures, which have not been named in the preceding sketch, we can give no better evidence than by saying that among them is Mr. Leslie's *Sir Roger de Coverley at Church*."

It seems impossible for America to make a musical fame. Paris and London will not

receive the New York approval of a singer as final. And this is not wonderful; for either we do not believe in our own opinions, or we feel that we do not know enough to make them.

From Our Window we looked into the Academy of Music, here in New York, and beheld the melancholy failure of Signor Jacopi, whose portrait had illuminated the shop windows. "Dry up, Jacobs!" was the dreadful fiat laughed down from the terrible gods in the gallery. The gods knew Mr. Charles Jacobs, in Chatham street, and would not tolerate any Signor Jacopi, in Irving Place. It was a just judgment of the gods; but how could they inflict it? The tortures of the old martyrs were mild in the comparison.

Madame Cora de Wilhorst with her shrill and uninteresting, but flexible and trained voice, has sailed for Italy to study and, let us hope, to succeed. She seems resolved upon success; and hearty resolution always deserves it. But Europe will not care a straw what we thought of her. She has a great deal more reputation in New York than ever Parodi had in London. And yet when Parodi was brought here, she was to be a triumph *because* London had approved her. How long will it be before London applauds *because* New York approves? We cannot even control Boston yet, and Philadelphia sets up a prima donna of its own, and does not care how coldly we smile upon Gazzaniga.

This will continue just as long as the foreign estimate is a judgment of intelligence based upon certain canons of art. In Europe people know that there are great limitations to every art and artist. In America we forget that Jenny Lind is, after all, no miracle but only a woman who sings, and so we are disappointed.

We had Bosio and we thought her a very pretty singer. Bosio went to Europe, and Europe instantly knew that there were only a very few living women who sang better, and ranked her accordingly.

But whatever our knowledge or judgment may be, there is no doubt that we like to hear of good singers as well as to hear them. Whoever sings with brilliant success anywhere, will hereafter look to an American career as, peculiarly, the most important of all. The artists laugh at us; but they find a hundred cents in every one of our dollars.

And now that phoenix, a really fine tenor, has appeared in London. The *Leader* gives a satisfactory account of him in Bellini's *Puritani*.

"Signor Giuglini has fairly taken rank in London as the legitimate successor of Rubini. In Bellini's music he is thoroughly at ease, and in the prodigal succession of lovely airs he revels in all the luxuriant richness of his voice with an evident sense of power and enjoyment in its manifestation. In the more energetic passages, and in the recitatives, Signor Giuglini sang with equal strength and spirit, and always with the most finished elegance; and in the last act he startled the oldest inhabitant of the stalls into a belief that Rubini himself was here again, so wonderfully did the transcendent quality of the voice, the style, and the expression, resemble the great *Arturo* of other days. Not to forego the privilege of criticism, we must, however, again hesitate a doubt of Signor Giuglini's falsetto, which, we confess, is not to our liking. Probably it has been little cultivated by a singer who can happily do without it so well; but in the *Puritan* the falsetto is indispensable, and we find Signor Giuglini's somewhat weak and flat in tone. Study and practice will, no doubt, amend this defect; but while we are critical, let us be permitted to add that Signor Giuglini would do well to moderate a tendency to conventional gesticulation, and to restrain the *scooping* motion of his arms. These are trifles, perhaps, but in a dramatic artist so near to the promise of perfection they deserve to be noted and to be corrected."

And the truculent *Athenum* says of the same singer in the same opera:

"Signor Giuglini's *Arturo* did not give us a word to unseat of his singing as we judged it from hearing him in 'La Favorita.' His voice is delicious, his method is pure; but his feeling for his music seems subservient to that for his voice and method. To ourselves he would be more welcome did he sing less in the 'vein of *Narcissus*'; but this may be individual fancy alone, for the public appears to have accepted him as first favorite, and there can be no question that, with the exception of Signor Belletti, he is the only real singer who has been heard this year at *Her Majesty's Theatre*."

So one day, we may depend upon hearing Signor Giuglini in Irving Place.

Of a new soprano, with a deliciously succulent name, there are also fair reports.

"The best thing at present to be done for Mlle. Ortolani, who fills up the complement of Mr. Lumley's *soprani* for the season, and who appeared on Tuesday at *Her Majesty's Theatre* in 'I Puritani,' is to state that she was as rapturously received, applauded, and *encored* as Madame Grial was on the same boards when the opera and the *polacca* (and the lady) were all young—as rapturously, too, as any of Madame Grial's London successors in the part of *Elvira*; yet these have been only Mesdames Persiani, Sontag, Lind, and Bosio. Why, then, for the hour disturb a dream that because of this rapture the new lady must be as good an *Elvira* as they? There are cases in which it is lost labor to protest, to compare, and to analyze—perhaps this may *not* prove the case with Mlle. Ortolani in her second part, for which we shall wait."

And another witness says:

"Mlle. Ortolani, the *débutante*, is an elegant lady, with a pleasing but not particularly expressive face, a light and slender figure, and a refined demeanor. Not having what is called a good stage face, she is scarcely capable of impersonating the strongest emotions; but there is a sort of tearful prettiness, a beseeching gentleness in her voice and manner, that engages the preference of an indulgent public. Her voice may be strictly denominated a pure, unmixed soprano; it ranges exceedingly high, and is purest and sweetest in the highest notes, becoming feeble and thin in tone as it descends. Dryness and harshness are its besetting sins, and in pathetic moments an inclination to whine. Mlle. Ortolani came heralded by no notes of admiration, and she has succeeded in making a favorable impression. The tremulousness of her voice on the first evening was, we dare say, only occasional; the flexibility, the brilliancy, and the facility of her vocalization, are sure to tell with increasing effect the more they are known; and we doubt not Mlle. Ortolani will gain in favor as the season proceeds. Apparently, she will be heard to greater advantage in the concert-room than on the stage."

It is not so clear that we may depend upon hearing Signora Ortolani at the Academy.

Surely our readers will be glad to hear the praise of an old favorite, the blithe Beneventano, always prompt and ready to pour out upon the little house in Astor Place, even more voice than was required. Beneventano was the "realization" of a befitting baritone, when he was encored in the *Carlo Magno* chorus of *Ernani*.

"We are particularly happy to be able to say a hearty word of praise for Signor Beneventano, whom we may have seemed too little disposed to appreciate. On this occasion we shall not even take his legs in vain, but pronounce a decided opinion that his *Riccardo* is, on the whole, an admirable performance. In the beautiful airs with which the part is studded, he sang with marked discretion, and a delicacy for which we were not prepared, and in the famous *Suona la tromba* his really noble voice, encouraged and excited by the alliance with Belletti, vibrated through the house with immense effect. If the duo was not audible at Bologna, it was powerful enough to shake the Austrian Empire to its base. We never heard it sung with more enthusiasm or with more success. After the curtain had fallen, the audience insisted on its repetition, and the two singers vied with each other in the power and intensity with which they declaimed in unison, ringing out the *Liberte* like the tocsin of awakened Italy. At Milan *Libertà* would have been pronounced *Lèalta*.

New York has drawn an elephant, and cannot keep him in the back parlor. What shall be done with the Crystal Palace? It pleads for itself. It is the most beautiful building in New York. But what will you do with it? Like a princess born to a red republican, New York has always been perplexed with its lovely toy. The feeling that led to its erection was a foolish imitation of foreign enterprise. Then it had a wet President to open it; then Barnum inaugurated his falling fortunes with it; then it was a great, desolate, beautiful hall; and now, like a blind royal Belisarius, it stands upon the top of Murray Hill, and asks an alms of sympathy and interest.

Viewed from Our Window, it really

seems as if the free and enlightened must confess they made a miscalculation in blowing the beautiful bubble of Murray Hill.

They manage Worlds' Fairs better in the Old World than in the New. They make the great ones lasting institutions, and, while we are wondering over the fate of our Crystal Palace, the London palace grows into a permanent popular resort at Sydenham. Then they have constant smaller ones. The last is open now in Manchester. It is not a collection of everything, but limits itself to works of art. In a broad interpretation, says the *Athenum* in a careful and elaborate notice, "it is a vast epitome of art, ancient and modern, the best of its kind ever attempted. Everything is to see, and nothing to sell. Rich tapestries deck the walls; Vandykes and Holbeins bloom above us; cases of ivories and bronzes, each worth a king's ransom, are piled on either side of us; trophies of Raphael ware, such as were heaped on the buffets of the Medici, delight our eyes on the right; on the left, the red and black vases of Etruria have been disinterred to again delight the living. Gold and silver are crowded in vases and flagons, till we seem to have all the wealth of Manchester incarnate before our gaze. Gems and porcelain, gilded armor, statuary, swell into one vast diapason of art, that has taken nineteen centuries and more to think out, to hew out, to shape out, and to bring together.

"It is at once humiliating and encouraging to think how little of this great encyclopædia Pericles saw, and how little Raphael beheld. Behind one, lies all mediæval art—behind the other, all the climax and results of the *renaissance* of classical art and the rise of the romantic and platonic schools of thinking. What nation but the English could let millions lie quiet in such luxuries? What provincial city but Manchester would have desired, or could have got together, or would have wished for, such a sight? It is as much as to say, O brothers! we are weary of this spider-spinning, this weaving thin lilacs and blue-striped stuffs for the men of Ashantee—wearied of iron bars and such materialities—wearied of ever-revolving wheels, and the jar and buzz of many-tiered factories. Give us finer results of a life; steel beaten to filagree—ivory fretted thin as a dra-

gon-fly's wing—china frail and white as the lily's bell—and, above all, pictures, those magic results of oil, and earth, and canvas—the grapple of Rubens, the cathedral twilight of Titian, the gentleness of Vandyke, the saintliness of Correggio, the tenderness of Guido. The men of Manchester wished, and lo! the Exhibition!

"For beauty, this third Exhibition cannot be compared with that of the Park or that on the Hill, at Sydenham; it has not the great trees of the one, nor the hanging flowers and sprinkling fragrance of the other. It is not so crystalline and luminous, nor so transparent, nor is it such a Dom-daniel of glass, as either. It is not musical with fountains, nor does it echo with the notes of birds. It is not an Indian bazaar nor a glass Louvre. Architectural art is scarcely visible, while at Sydenham it is the chief feature; Greek art is only seen here reflected through the minds of Gibson and Macdowell—at Penge Park it rules the eye, and turns the mediæval into splay religious eccentricities. The three tubes: with the red and white brick front, and the flat shed-like wings, are sensible and pleasing, but not astonishing: the great hall, with its long slip of skylight overhead, and the neat transept and the two side galleries, do not lead the eye up, but drive it down on the three lines of statues that hem you in with beauty on either hand. The busts on the side-walls, the cases of the Soulaiges and Bernal collections, the water-color and engraving galleries, all lead up well to the great organ gallery at the west end. The bluish-gray coloring is clear and simple. The right-hand gallery is devoted to modern pictures, beginning with Hogarth and going down—or rather up, as most think—to Landseer, Ward, and other living worthies. The left-hand gallery is devoted to the Old Masters, beginning "with the beginning," as Pantagruel wished the story told. Down the right and left side-walks of the great middle hall come the historical Portrait Gallery, beginning with Richard the Second and coming down to our own times. This is Mr. Peter Cunningham's province, while Mr. Scharf puts the Old Masters into order, and Mr. Egg draws up the moderns in rank and file, as nearly chronologically as may be. The centre of the great hall is devoted to cases of metal work and Ivories, china, armor, etc.; before these

comes the statuary, and here, too, is the Oriental court that Dr. Royle marshals, leaving Mr. Waring to the Soulaiges and Bernal collections, that are here too. Bronze vases, old chests and furniture are heaped about the glass-cases of smaller works and curiosities, and the galleries hold the photographs, engravings, and water-colors. Thus under one roof we see a complete epitome of art; we have the wayside block of marble, overgrown once with wild laurel, that some wandering Dædalus first toilsomely chipped into a fireside god—the rude picture that the Italian first called a saint and gilt and crowned—the iron shell of armor that by degrees grew a trophy of the engraver's art—the beautiful burned earth that the Chinese first shaped and hardened—the Indian's pennyworth of ivory that an Italian's lifetime turned into a casket worth its weight in jewels, the transforming, in fact, of a base thing, whether canvas, wood, steel, or clay, into a glorified and more spiritual creation."

So says John Bull, properly proud of his country, in the *Athenæum*, and adds the following account of some of the most striking contributions:

"Etty, whom Manchester may be said to have discovered, and which had the honor of fostering his genius, makes a splendid stand here. His women, with their voluptuous bosoms, raven hair, killing eyes, spaced out with driving blue skies, and scarlet draperies, and fruit and jewels, shine out here like lamps amid the quieter works of lower-toned men. His 'Satyrs and Nymphs' is gorgeous in its contrasts of brown and white skin. His 'Cleopatra on the Cydnus' is a prodigal eastern galaxy of color, with its adoring slaves and the diving girls; of thought not much, but a prodigality of artful contrasts and composition—the flying Cupids spoil it and turn it into mere allegory. Then there is the 'Storm,' a sort of Tom Moore fancy, and the 'Idle Lake,' two people swimming in an oyster shell, and the 'Sirens,' a fine imagination. Who can match his carnations—he the pink of painters? Wilkie is not so well represented. There is, however, his 'Ratcatchers,' 'Distraint for Rent,' 'The Jew's Harp,' 'Guess my Name,' and 'Blind Man's Buff.' The 'Ratcatchers' is a small diploma picture, painted small because it was a gift.

'The Distraint for Rent' is beautiful in its expression of the varieties of grief, from petulant scolding to the sleepy torpor of a despair. The touch, fairy-like and silvery, super-delicate often, but always true, precise, cool, and sure.

"A few interesting pictures preserve the memory of Turner. 'Saltash,' a deep-toned, wonderful piece of work, and a 'Sunrise on the Coast,' with a white burning sea and a blue film of haze, as delicious as if it had been distilled from the salvia blossom. To Turner a single pearl was a universe of color.

"Phillips has a portrait of Lord Thurlow, and Duncan the 'Entry of the Pretender into Edinburgh,' ghostly and almost putrid, as Scotch color generally is since Wilkie's day, but brimful of character—the barber frightened by the rush of the Lochaber axe-man, the old lord cheering, the pretty and hooded girls, are all excellent.

"Constable's dewy, speckled, shiny impasto, is well seen in a picture of his here, with a dull-colored rainbow and an earthy look about the grass. Mr. Mulready's pleasant Goldsmith feeling is shown in his 'Barber's Shop,' a heavy black picture, almost a caricature; his 'Forgotten Word,' which, below Etty's 'Jean of Arc,' and his 'Mercy interceding for the Vanquished,' perhaps the finest thing the York man ever did, are as refreshing as spring blue sky after winter rain. It is a pity Mr. Mulready's boys should all wear cinnamon-colored jackets, though it may be good for color. His 'Traveling Druggist' is a good example of his larger style; the subject is good, and the sick boy's face excellent, though we wish he had been younger; but Mr. Mulready generally paints boys about fourteen. Here, too, we see his 'Haymaking,' that is, just a bit of one of Tennyson's Idyls, but dress and color a little sham.

"Of Sir E. Landseer we have a splendid specimen, 'There's life in the Old Dog yet,' a low-toned picture, but such a picture, such a block of a man's life and mind in it. The poor dog with a glazing eye and feeble gaze, the dead deer, the momentariness of the shock, the depth of the chasm, the gray slabs of table rock, the eager and business-like look of the gillie raise this picture to the highest rank. The visitor would do well, too, to compare

Sir E. Landseer's 'Ratcatching' with Wilkie's, and observe the difference of style. The 'Bloodhound' is like a line from an epic, it is so robust in its painting.

"Of Mr. Frith's grace, and witty, epigrammatic style of painting, now courtly as Chesterfield, now smart as a French *grisette*, there are some excellent specimens—a frame of pretty faces and 'The Highwayman.' Scene, the interior of a stage-coach; at the window, dark against the sky, looks in an ugly highwayman in a black mask with a suspicious-looking hole in it over the left temple. The barrel of his pistol shows what he wants. On one side, a pretty woman whitens and faints; at her side, a bragging officer betrays unmistakable fear, in spite of his sword; on the right is terror in other shapes. Through the window we see a lonely common, and a thief swinging from a gibbet. Never was story told better. Mr. Wallis's 'Death of Chatterton' and Mr. Goodall's 'Village Festival' are too well known to need praise at our hand; nor need we say much of Mr. Leslie's 'Death of Queen Catharine' or his famous scene of 'Uncle Toby and the Widow'—the last a delicious contrast of guile and innocence. The color in this picture is not, as is too common in Mr. Leslie's works, purple and decomposed.

"The Pre-Raphaelites are not numerous, and we hope not from any jealousy. Mr. Millais has the twilight 'Autumn Leaves,' and Mr. Holman Hunt his 'Claudio and Isabella,' the scene from 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'The Idle Shepherd,' and, we believe, a 'Scene from the Holy Land.' His almost fanatical earnestness, his religious labor, his marvelous finish, and exquisite yet speckled color may be seen here to great advantage.

"There is a great want of landscapes, perhaps owing to the choice depending upon one whose ambition lies in figures. Some Lees and Linnels stand first among the few we see. We should like to have seen specimens of the rising Pre-Raphaelite landscape-painters—Mr. Inchbold, for instance, whose exquisite finish we have often praised. We saw no Creswick, and men of lesser note should have had a place. We had forgot a fine 'Ferry' by Mr. Danby, very luminous and calming."

"The Raphael tapestry, for which Raphael executed his cartoons, bright still with needle-work colors, adorn the walls



of the side-gallery. The *dilettante* will have a rich treat, too, in the miscellaneous cases full of cinque-cento work of the costliest and most delicate kind. Here is one of fine locksmith's work of the best French and Italian periods. This Venetian coffer is covered with scrolls and leaves in low relief; the handle is partly of chiseled bronze. It is such a chest as Philip of Burgundy may have kept his deeds and blank charters in, and his red canceled ones, with the seals cut off, too. It seems a writing-desk. Beyond it is a chiseled lock, adorned with niches and small statues of Christ, St. John, and the Virgin. Who but a fairy blacksmith could have shaped it; for it has the crumbly prettiness of a cork model? The statuettes and canopies are superhumanly small and cleanly wrought; and here is another like it, but still richer, with flamboyant perforated work—the side-panels filled with rich tracery, and the canopies crocheted, pierced through with openings no larger than a needle could make—and yet wrought out by rude hands, that could slice a coat of mail open at a blow. Then come ruder wooden locks, with coarse keys; and then, for contrast, keys of the Medicean period, with the bow formed of figures of sirens, and with grace and expression, too, though so small; then there are gilded nymphs for watch-keys, and keys with the wards as fine as the teeth of a comb, astonishing you with the feeling of perverted and transmuted material of steel turned to ivory or horn.

"The chocolate-colored Wedgwoods we may class with the miscellaneous china. Agate ware, Peruvian pottery, brown Tygs tazzas, snuff-boxes, crowd upon the eye with a conflicting richness of colors—leaf-shaped dishes, nautilus-shaped tureens, terra-cotta vases, gold reflex water-bottles, help to fill one case, and make a rich show, that Palisy would have crawled to Cologne on hands and knees to see."

Here is evidently a Mecca to which the feet of all our Summer-pilgrims abroad will surely turn.

The English Government has abandoned the search for Sir John Franklin. But Lady Franklin will not believe that her husband may not be found, alive or dead. She asked for the loan of the *Resolute*, which

our Government returned to the English; but, failing to obtain it, she proposed to undertake the heroic service alone. Many eminent geographical and naval men support her faith as well as her hope by the public expression of their opinion, and copious pecuniary contributions to the "*Lady Franklin's Search-fund*." Sir Roderick Murchison gives a hundred pounds, Captain Barrow twenty-five, Rear-Admiral Beaufort, fifty, the Hon. Mrs. Fairholme, a hundred and fifty, and many others large sums.

Lady Franklin has purchased the steamer-yacht *Fox*, the property of the late Sir Richard Sutton, and has given orders to have her strengthened for Arctic service. She will proceed to the Arctic Seas, *via* Barrow's Straits, during the present month of July, under the command of Captain M'Clintock, who will endeavor to reach the mouth of the Fish river, carefully examining the land and sea in that locality.

We find the following authentic account of this enterprise, in which all Americans must feel a peculiar interest:

"The plan of Lady Franklin's Arctic Expedition is now arranged. A glance at any recent map of the Arctic regions shows that nearly the whole area east and west of the outlet of the Fish river has been swept by Government searching expeditions. Apart, then, from the fact that Esquimaux reports point to a very limited locality where the great Arctic mystery lies concealed, we are warranted in hoping that a search within an area embracing not more than 370 miles of coast, may be rewarded by the discovery of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Capt. M'Clintock proposes to make his way down Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence through Bellot's Strait to the field of search; or, should the ice permit, to proceed direct to it by going down Peel Sound, which he has good reasons for believing to be a strait. If prevented by the ice from passing through Bellot's Strait, or going down Peel Sound, he will abandon the idea of taking his ship through these channels, and, leaving her in safety in Prince Regent's Inlet, will proceed to search for the *Erebus* and *Terror*, by sledging parties, so successfully used in the late expedition, in conducting which Capt. M'Clintock particularly distinguished himself.

"We regret to say, that a strong memorial, recently transmitted from the United States, praying our Admiralty to send the Resolute out on a final searching expedition, has failed to arouse official sympathy with a cause now stirring all England. This is the more surprising as the work which remains to be done is extremely small, and Arctic experience shows that the probable risk is slight. The rate of mortality of all the Arctic Expeditions since 1818 (exclusive of that of the missing Expedition) is less than one and a half per cent. Sir Charles Wood, therefore, as the oracle of the Admiralty, has no foundation for saying that 'he does not feel justified in exposing to the risks inseparable from such explorations the lives of further officers and men.' Previous searching expeditions, which were necessarily dispatched to unknown regions, have, as we have seen, been singularly fortunate in regard to the slight mortality, and the proposed Expedition, which will have the advantage of being within easy reach of the large dépôts of stores and provisions at Beechey Island and Port Leopold, will certainly not be attended with greater risk than those which have preceded it. Great scientific interest attaches, moreover, to Lady Franklin's final search, as it will be carried on in the neighborhood of the North Magnetic Pole. Let us, then, hope that the appeal of Lady Franklin will meet a ready response. 'I have cherished the hope,' says Lady Franklin, in her letter to Lord Palmerston, 'in common with others, that we are not waiting in vain. Should, however, that decision unfortunately throw upon me the responsibility and the cost of sending out a vessel myself, I beg to assure your lordship that I shall not shrink either from that weighty responsibility or from the sacrifice of my entire available fortune for the purpose, supported as I am in my convictions by such high authorities as those whose opinions are on record in your lordship's hands, and by the hearty sympathy of many more.'—'Surely, then, I may plead that a careful search be made for any possible survivor; that the bones of the dead be sought for and gathered together; that their buried records be unearthed, or recovered from the hands of the Esquimaux; and above all, that their last written words, so precious to their bereaved families and friends, be saved

from destruction. A mission so sacred is worthy of a Government which has grudged and spared nothing for its heroic soldiers and sailors in other fields of warfare, and will surely be approved by our gracious Queen, who overlooks none of her loyal subjects suffering and dying for their country's honor.'—'This final and exhausting search is all I seek in behalf of the first and only martyrs to Arctic discovery in modern times, and it is all I ever intend to ask.'"

Who can fail to cry God-speed! Do you know, though the ointment might have been sold and given to the poor, it was better to waste it upon those precious feet!

MATTHEW ARNOLD, the poet, of whom we have more than once spoken in the *Monthly*, has been appointed Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford. 'He is a scholar, a poet, a gentleman, and worthily sustains the honor of the name he has inherited from his father, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, the historian. It is an appointment in which every lover of literature will heartily sympathize.

In our last number we regaled our readers with a savory ballad of '77, and this month we have another, singularly suitable for the season, although a little pre-revolutionary.

#### THE REPULSE.

A BALLAD.

In 1693,

The Charter of our embryo state  
Was deemed a broad, protective shield,  
As potent as a bond of fate.  
It bore a front, the like of which  
No proud crusader's ever knew,  
Where desperate blows from haughty foes  
Fell harmless as the summer dew.

The king, though claiming right divine,  
Must yet succumb to public will:  
He might be strong, but still would find  
That chartered rights were stronger still  
Wherefore, the stern, high-minded men  
Who laid fair freedom's corner-stone,  
Were prompt to peril life and limb  
Against encroachments from the throne.

So, when the Royal Duke of York  
His pompous emissary sent  
To take command of all our troops,  
And thus the Charter circumvent,  
That parchment shield was found to wield  
A power no duke could set aside,  
That never bent to Parliament,  
And which no king could override.

This fact caused young Connecticut  
To battle stoutly for her rights;  
And, when tall Colonel Fletcher came,  
He saw some unexpected sights.  
Our notions did not square with his,  
Which caused an internecine war,  
That ended only with the flight  
Of this ill-starred ambassador.

And yet, pursuant to his wish,  
The men were mustered under arms;  
And stalwart troops they were to see,  
With sturdy limbs and horny palms.  
Their captain, Wadsworth, was a man  
Of slender build and modest mien,  
But who a loftier spirit bore  
Than many a belted knight, I ween.

The line was formed. And Bayard then,  
In voice sonorous, loud, and clear,  
Began; but, e'er a page was read,  
No word could any listener hear.  
"Beat drums!" the irate captain cried,  
And drum it was, with right good will,  
Until one might as well have tried  
To hearken in a fulling mill.

"Silence!" the colonel thundered forth—  
And straight the drummers ceased their  
play;  
Till Bayard raised his voice again,  
When Wadsworth shouted—"Drum, I  
say!"  
"Silence, you rebels!" shrieked the chief—  
The dauntless captain answered "drum!"  
And drumsticks flew till Fletcher ceased,  
And then the music, too, was dumb.

The little captain's spunk was up—  
While Fletcher's face grew red with rage,  
To find his aid was baffled thus  
In reading the initial page.  
"Stand back!" the fearless soldier cried,  
As Fletcher glared with looks of fury;  
"Another word, and this good sword,  
By Jove! shall let the daylight through  
ye!"

He *did* stand back; and, hot with wrath,  
Turned on his heel to quit the ground;  
For well he wot the captain's words  
Were something more than empty sound.  
His cocked hat in the distance loomed,  
His angry voice sank low and lower,  
Until his coat-tails disappeared  
Behind the neighboring tavern door.

And thus the chief, who warrant held  
From one who royal duke was dubbed,  
In presence of a Yankee crowd  
Was most incontinently snubbed.  
Discomfited he stalked away,  
Pursued by much derisive laughter,  
And harbored in his ear a flea  
Of largest size, for some time after.

In gallant trim the troops moved on,  
With lofty step, to Court-house Square,  
Where Captain Wadsworth made a speech  
That stirred each soldier's heart and hair.  
Then, with three cheers for chartered rights,  
And three for their unsullied flag,  
They fled away, as fife and drum  
Struck up the vigorous "double drag."

The heirs of that determined band,  
Our Governor's Guards, are living yet;  
And the same spirit nerves their arms  
That nerved the men whom Fletcher met:  
Bear witness each election day,  
When their tight-gaitered legs we see  
March to the tune their fathers marched,  
In 1693.

It seems we are all in the wrong about  
"Toby." Toby was neither a valet nor a  
man Friday, but a sailor and adventurer  
like all others. We have been put right  
by the following communication from the  
veritable Toby. It is, indeed, a most per-  
plexing question for ourselves—for how  
if somebody else should claim to be the  
original Toby? Nay—how if some other  
Herman should suddenly claim to be the  
original Melville! There is no foreseeing  
the end of such doubts and controversies.

*To the Editor:*

In the April number of *Putnam*, I saw an  
article on our authors—among others Herman  
Melville is spoken of. As I am the veritable  
"Toby" of which he wrote in "Typee," I  
would like to correct an error which many  
have fallen into respecting myself. I am  
often spoken of as Melville's valet, his "man  
Friday," etc., and by some as a myth. Now  
that I exist is true, and the book "Typee" is  
true, but I was not Herman Melville's valet,  
man Friday, or anything of the sort. I stood  
on the same footing with Melville. We both  
shipped as foremast hands on board a whale  
ship, in one of the whaling ports in Massa-  
chusetts, and from there made the romantic  
trip from which he wrote his "Typee." I  
was his companion from the time of our enter-  
ing on board the whaler, until our separation  
on the Marquise islands, as related by him-  
self in "Typee." A friendly communication  
exists between us, and I presume it is amus-  
ing to him to see "Toby" spoken of as his  
valet.

Amid all the summer reading on green  
lawns under spreading trees, there will  
hardly be a more exquisitely melodious  
and melancholy strain than the love-song  
of George Darley, which we insert for the  
benefit of all who are, who will be, or who  
have been, lovers.

"Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty  
slumbers,  
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through  
her hair!  
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy  
numbers  
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely  
air?"

"Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is  
teeming

To wind round the willow-banks that lure  
him from above—  
O, that in tears, from my rocky prison  
streaming,  
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!

"Ah, where the woodbines, with sleepy arms,  
have wound her,  
Opens she her eyelids at the dream of my  
lay,  
Listening, like the dove while the fountains  
echo round her,  
To her lost mate's call in the forests far  
away!

"Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou  
ever bearest,  
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me—  
Come, this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my  
fairest,  
Bleeds with its death-wound—but deeper  
yet for thee!"

— *Punch* is the wittiest and freshest  
critic of society in our literature. It  
is the type of the best of the contem-  
porary novels of society. To read it,  
from week to week, is like turning over  
the portfolio of studies from which the  
authors are going to paint their great  
novels. Lately we find something so  
apposite to American "society" as well as  
to English, that we quote it, for its good-  
humor and sharp, just sarcasm, for the be-  
nefit of all sufferers by this dreadful social  
institution of "calling:"

"MR. PUNCH—What holds society to-  
gether? Mutual services, acts of kindness  
done in moments of need or sorrow, self-  
interest, the pleasure of conversation, the  
love of scandal, weariness of ourselves, en-  
joyment of the company of others, or mere  
instinctive gregariousness?

"None of these, so far as I can gather  
from my experiences as a married man,  
and a London householder. Society here  
seems to me to be built up of pasteboard—  
a veritable house of cards.

"Nine-tenths of the social intercourse  
of this metropolis appears to be carried on  
either as a solemn and costly ceremonial,  
or as a dreary penance.

"Dinners, routs, balls, breakfasts—wed-  
ding and others—belong to the first, or cere-  
monial order of social rites.

"Calling is the principal form of social  
penance. It is against this penance I wish  
to pour out my feelings.

"It is only married men who know at  
what cost of time, money, and temper  
this penance is performed. A bachelor's  
calls are seldom penal. Your bachelor, if

he ever makes calls, does it because he  
likes it. What more natural than that  
Jack Easy, on his stroll from the Club to  
the Park, should drop in of an afternoon  
on pretty Mrs. Bellairs in May Fair? The  
chances are ten to one he will find Mrs.  
Bellairs at home, for he knows her hours,  
and wants to see her. And he is certain  
to come in for a bright face, a pretty morn-  
ing-dress, an elegant little boudoir, and a  
lively half-hour's gossip—with, perhaps, a  
cup of tea, at the end of it—Jack has  
treated himself to a pleasure. He called  
with that object. Mrs. Bellairs will have  
half-a-dozen such calls, this afternoon,  
most of them from her male acquaintance.  
The ladies purse their lips, when Mrs. Bell-  
airs is mentioned. She is too agreeable.  
She has flung off the ceremonies, and re-  
fuses to perform the penances of society.  
Her dinners are unpretending and propor-  
tioned to her kitchen and her establishment.  
She does not swell her household with  
green-grocers, or have her *entrées* from the  
pastry-cook's. When you call, as I have  
said, you find her at home. She has ar-  
ranged her house and ways for enjoyment,  
and not as if for the discharge of a painful  
duty. Hence, perhaps, the undeniable  
fact, that she counts, in her circle, three  
bachelors for one wedded-pair. The mar-  
ried couples you do meet at her house are  
apt to be young ones, and of the uncere-  
monious or off-hand kind, who take life as  
if it concerned themselves more than their  
neighbors.

"Women, too, have their non-penal  
calls. When two young ladies for ex-  
ample—dear friends—meet to exchange  
patterns or experiences—to talk over the  
triumphs and trials of last night's ball—  
to compare notes as to husbands, and  
house-keeping—to bewail the backslidings  
of butlers, the contrariness of cooks, or  
the high-flyings of housemaids, I do not  
doubt that they really enjoy themselves.  
I can readily imagine two vicious old  
maids, keenly relishing a good 'go in' at  
the reputation or circumstances of their  
friends. I can conceive their bitter pleas-  
ure in tearing to pieces some fair young  
fame—or in routing out some grim skele-  
ton from its closet in the house of a com-  
mon acquaintance; or in letting loose  
from its bag some cat, likely to run about  
freely, and to bite and scratch a great  
many people in the neighborhood.

"There is enjoyment in a call on an artist in his studio, provided you know him well enough to rummage his portfolios, or turn his canvases from the wall while he continues at work. Unless you are on these terms with him, you have no business to interrupt an artist, except on invitation, and on ceremonial or penal occasions; as, for instance, when Podgers, A. R. A., has expressed in writing the pleasure it will give him to see you for inspection of his pictures intended for the Academy on the 3rd, 4th, or 5th of April. *That* is one of the penal performances. If you go, you must make one of a shoal of people, who flock into the place on each other's heels the whole day through, most of them knowing nothing of art. The few who do, are debarred by politeness from speaking their mind on the works before them, where they cannot honestly approve; but they are all pouring out the same commonplaces of compliment to Podgers's face, and venturing on 'shys' of criticism whenever the poor man's back is turned, while poor Podgers is beaming about, full of himself, feeding on honey and butter, and believing all the compliments sincere in spite of his better judgment—so sweet is praise—till the *Times* comes out, the day after the Private View, and omits all mention of Podgers, or damns him with faint praise, or cuts him up, perhaps, root and branch.

"But the real penance of penances is that social performance called 'leaving cards.' Every day, when I come home from my office, I find my hall-table littered with these pieces of pasteboard. There is a physiognomy about them. Take the newly-married card, for instance, on which Mr. and Mrs. Coobiddy always figure in couples, a sort of connubial four-poster among the pack; or Captain Blunderbore's card—the most tiny and lady-like square of glazed pasteboard, with letters so small, they almost require the help of a magnifying glass to make them out; or Lady Mangelwurzel's solid and substantial ticket, heavy as her ladyship's jointure, the letters square as her bank-account, and as firmly impressed on the paper as her ladyship's dignity and importance on her mind. Here is the pasteboard representative of lively Mrs. Marabout—limp, light, spider-charactered, engraved in Paris; and here mediævally-minded Mr. Pyxon has stamped

himself in Gothic characters as difficult to decipher as the directions to strangers in the New Houses of Parliament.

"But what is the meaning of this pack of pasteboard from the Juggernauts? Why has Mr. Juggernaut left two cards, and Mrs. Juggernaut two cards, and Miss Juggernaut two cards, and Mr. Frederick Juggernaut two cards? And why are they all turned up at one corner? The Juggernauts are the most determined doers of social penance I know. This shower of cards is meant to represent a visit from every individual member of their family to every individual member of mine. Well, if it have saved us from an affliction of the Juggernauts in person, let us be thankful. These pasteboard proxies are blessed inventions, after all. There could be only one thing better: to get rid of the printed pasteboard—even as we have got rid of the human buckram it represents. Why call upon each other—O my brethren and sisters—you who bore me—you whom I bore—even in pasteboard! Why not drop it altogether—and live apart? People who care for each other will find time and opportunity to meet, I will answer for it. Why should those who do not pine in a self-inflicted and superfluous suffering? Think what you are exposing yourselves and me to. I or my wife might be at home when you call. We might all have to endure half-an-hour of each other—a constrained, unhappy half-hour, of baffled attempts at keeping our mask from slipping on one side, and showing the fawns, and flat melancholy behind them.

"Then this penance is not merely painful in itself. It costs time and money.

"One morning in every three weeks or so, I find my wife at her writing-table, struggling with the Red-Book and the Map of London. She is making out her lists of calls, she tells me. These lists are in duplicate. One is for her own guidance, the other for the driver of the Brougham, which is hired for the day's penance. There is a sovereign for *that*, including the tip to the driver. Of course, she can't be expected to make her calls in a cab.

"I once, out of curiosity, accompanied my unhappy wife on one of these penal rounds of hers. I never saw more suffering, of various kinds, condensed into six hours. First, there is the consideration of



the route—by what line the greatest number of calls could be got through in the least time, with the greatest economy of ground. This settled with the driver, begins the painful process itself, in Tyburnia—let us say—or Belgravia, or the regions around Bedford Square—if one dare own to acquaintances in that quarter,

“Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.”

“You reach No. 1 on your list: a pull at the check-string: ten to one the driver has overshot the door: he turns round: descends: knocks: the door is opened: ‘Mrs. Harris not at home’—of course: your cards are dropped: drive on to No. 2: driver has a difficulty about the street: this you discuss and finally settle with him through the front window: drive a hundred yards: check-string again: knock: door opened: not at home: card dropped as before: then on to No. 3: and so the weary routine goes on from one o’clock till six. Of course, there are episodes of peculiar dreariness. Sometimes Mrs. Harris is at home, and being at home, has neglected to say that she is not. If you have rashly asked the formal question, you must go in, and the pasteboard performance is turned into the real penance of a *bona fide* call. Or your coachman is stupid, and keeps turning up wrong streets: or cannot read, and invariably stops at the wrong numbers: or is obstinate, and has a theory of his own as to the order in which the houses on your list are to be taken, and so forth.

“The worst of all, as I have already said, is when the people called upon happen to be at home. This, chance has to be faced at every house, and adds seriously to the day’s unhappiness. I shall not soon forget my wife’s face of consternation when, on dropping her cards at the address of our dreary old friend, Mrs. Boreham, who is at once deaf, curious, and ill-natured—the servant who took the cards, instead of shutting the door as usual, advanced to the carriage—‘Good Graciously!’ exclaimed my wife, in a voice of dismay, ‘She’s at home!’

“‘Mrs. Boreham at home?’ she inquired the next moment, with the blindest smile.

“‘No, ma’am,’ was the answer; ‘but she told me to say, if you called, she was going to Brighton for a month.’

“‘God bless her!’ rapped out my wife. The footman thought the ejaculation one of pious affection. Under this impression he might well look astonished. Had he understood the words in their true sense—as an utterance of thankfulness that his mistress was out of the way—he would, probably, have said ‘Amen,’ for Mrs. B.’s hand is heavy on her household. I have never joined my wife in a day of visitation since that morning. But I am always paying bills for lots of cards, and the Brougham forms a serious item in our quarterly accounts.

“But after all it is not so much the waste of money and time that irritates one as the hollowness of the business. If these lying pasteboards must be deposited, why not dispatch them by post, like tradesmen’s circulars? I hear that some fine ladies do send round their maids on this penance. I applaud them for it. I have serious thoughts of insisting on my wife’s employing the crossing-sweeper—who does our confidential errands extraordinary—to deliver her cards. He is a most trustworthy man, and would be thankful for the day’s work, for which he might be fitted out respectably in one of my old suits.

“This groan, I feel, ought, by rights, to have come not from me, but from my wife. It is the poor women, especially, who have to do this penance. But we men suffer from it in twenty ways, besides the direct ones of money out of pocket, and a wife’s time abstracted from home and home duties. The huge lie it embodies works all through society. This pasteboard acquaintance invites and is invited. To it I owe the splendid dullness of many dinners every season—the heat and weariness of many crushes under the name of drums, routs, concerts, and so forth—the necessity of bowing and smiling to, and professing a sort of interest in the concerns of hundreds of people I don’t care a rap for. Thanks to it, in short, I perform an uncounted number of journeys in that prison-van I have already alluded to, in whose stifling cells we most of us pass so much of our unhappy lives, on our way, self-condemned that we are, to hard labor on the Social Tread-mill.

“When shall we have the courage to put down this instrument of torture, as we have

had the good sense to abolish its infinitely less heart-breaking prison-equivalent?

"I am, Mr. Punch,

"Yours, respectfully,

"A SUFFERER."

The death of Alfred de Musset reminds us, as we look from Our Window, of soft spring nights in Paris, when Madame Allan played his proverbs at the *Français*, with exquisite grace; and, more sadly, it adds another to the list of talent early gone astray and lost. The following notice is from the *London Leader*, and touches with the gentleness of friendship the frailties of genius:

"In the midst of a dry heap of diplomatic and political news in the *Times* of last Tuesday, appeared the following short paragraph:—

"M. Alfred de Musset, one of the youngest and most distinguished members of the French Academy, died yesterday, after a short illness."

"Two paces of the vilest earth are all that remains even to a King when once the breath is out of his body; and two, or at the most three, lines are all that can be spared to a poor poet—a mere child of grace and genius, whose lamp of life is shattered, and whose light in the dust lies dead—when the movements of a Grand Duke and of the *Crédit Mobilier* have columns at their service. Nevertheless, as it is the fashion of Courts to go in mourning for their great ones, we may be allowed in this place to offer, from beyond the sea, the last tribute of respect to the memory of a poet. Alfred de Musset was one of those 'children of a summer star,' who lose their way early in this busy world of harsh and cold realities; who drain the wine of life with fevered lips to the very dregs, exhaust the bitter and the sweet of love, and awake from disenchantment to despair. His last volume of minor poems was published in 1850, and in those few pages there was nothing that bore a later date than '39—'42.

"To him, as to many other greater men, the reward of fame came late. For many years he had been treated by the serious critics as a trifler; and although his *Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*, his *Spectacle dans un Fauteuil*, and his exquisite lyrics were the delight of women and of young men;

although his life had enough of romance in it to be interesting, it was not until about ten years ago that the singular success of one of his Proverbs (*Le Caprice*) gave a sudden lustre to his name. Two or three more of his Proverbs were subsequently performed at the *Français*—*Il ne faut jurer de rien*, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, and his dramatic pieces, *La Quenouille de Barberine*, *Les Caprices de Marianne*—with a success belonging rather to the poet than to the dramatist, as the failure of the drama, *Andre del Sarto*, a fine subject wasted, clearly proved. It was one thing to compose with a diamond pen a *Proverbe*, and another to construct a drama of sustained interest and passion. We incline to believe, that it will be for his minor poems that Alfred de Musset will be remembered. In these, the passionate warmth of color, the reckless elegance, the mocking grace, the almost feminine languor and inconstancy of humor smiling through tears, are infinitely charming. The influence of Byron upon the young countryman of Voltaire is easily perceived, but enough remains of individuality to give the poet a personal rank. His election into the Academy was especially remarked at the time, as it was almost a single instance of pure literature being admitted by the disbanded senators who fill the benches of that august body, and conspire in choice language against the Order that is not of their making. No doubt, his literary title to academic election was a sound one. A romanticist by habit and association, he was always a rigid classicist in theory. But poor Alfred de Musset was not at home in the Palais Mazarin; and, indeed, wherever he appeared of late, it was as a ghostly visitant from some *débrailé* world. His way of life had become perplexed in the extreme; silent and shattered was that fragile lute

"On whose harmonious strings  
The breath of heaven did wander, a bright stream

Once fed with many-voiced waves, a dream  
Of youth which night and time have quenched  
forever!"

"Peace be with him! As he wrote of a  
brother poet of Italy, Leopardi—

"L'heure dernière vint, tant de fois appelée.  
Tu la vis arriver sans crainte et sans remord,  
Et tu goûtas enfin le charme de la mort!"